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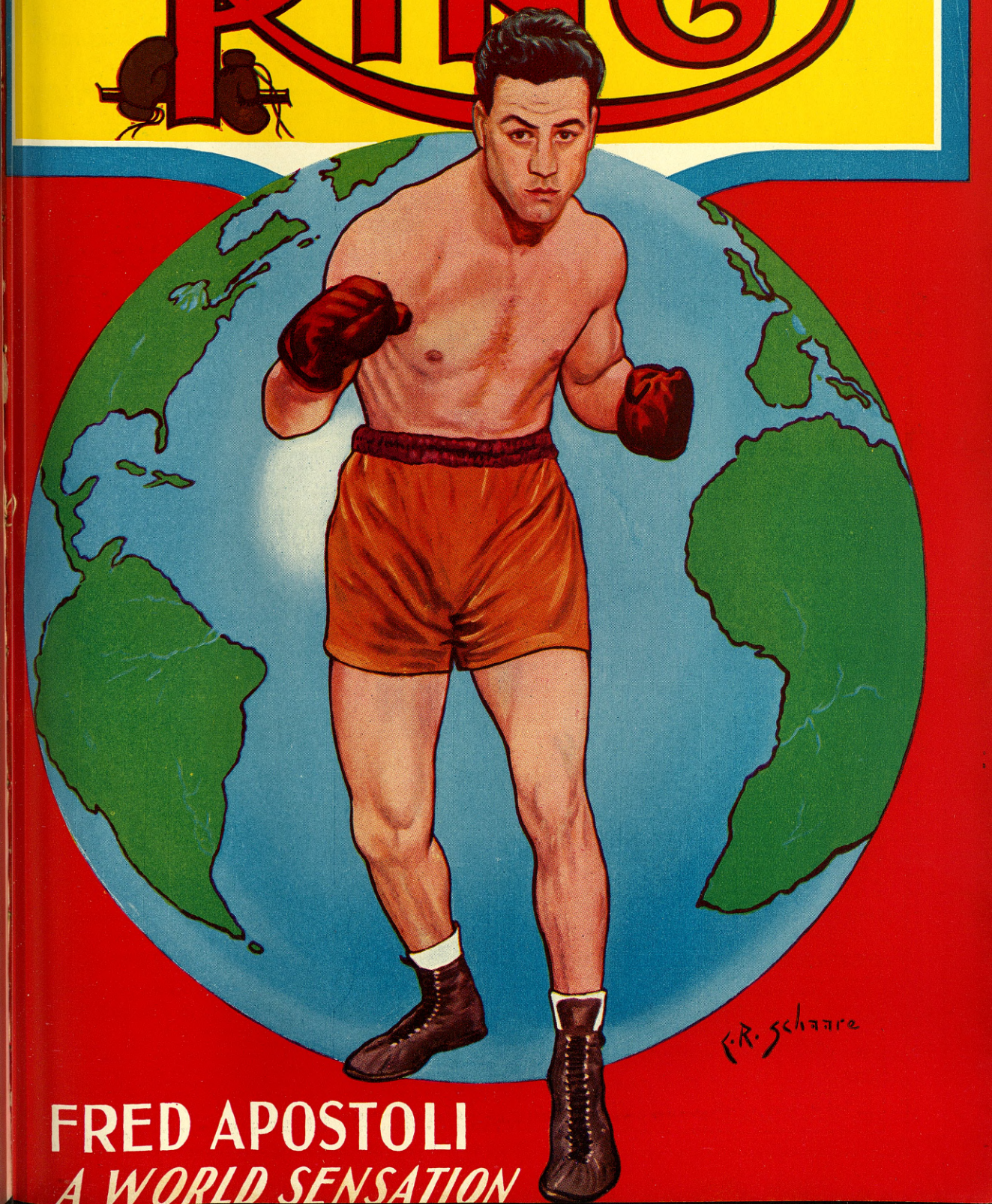

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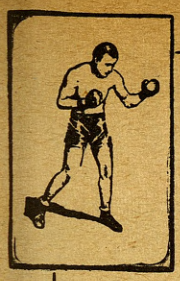

The RING

World's Foremost Boxing Magazine

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Vol. XVII **MAY, 1938** **No. 4**

Published Monthly by The Ring, Inc.

Cable Address—"NATRING"—New York

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In Our Next Issue

Photographs are the rage these days. That's why we are going in for bigger and better picture displays than ever in The Ring. If there is an action photo worth while in boxing or wrestling, you'll find it in this publication.

The Louis-Thomas world heavyweight championship fight and the Henry Armstrong-Lew Feldman bout are among those which will be covered in picture and story form for you in the June number.

Color—that's what the fight fans want these days. Give them a fighter who is picturesque and they'll come out in droves. Max Baer, Joe Louis and Henry Armstrong have proved that. We'll let Hype Igoe tell you about that fascinating thing promoters go after—colorful fighters. Read what this internationally famous writer has to say about Max Baer and his comeback.

Reminiscenses—eighty-six years and still going strong! That's the remarkable record of A. D. Phillips, the oldest living sports writer in the world. A recent visit to his old haunts in New England brought back fond memories of half a century ago and we are going to have him tell you about them. You'll enjoy his story on the famous characters of bygone days.

Gun-shyness—that's a timely article on Joe Louis by T. W. McNiel that will give you much food for thought.

These in addition to special stories by George T. Pardy, Bob Edgren, Bill Doherty, Daniel M. Daniel, Meyer Ackerman and Nat Fleischer.

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The Ring, Inc., 29 Worthington Street, Springfield, Mass.
Subscription Editorial and Executive Offices—Madison Square Garden 307 W. 49th Street, New York City—Telephone Circle 7-3845
Send subscriptions to The Ring, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

Sole British Distributors of The Ring Magazine, Atlas Pub. and Distributing Co., Ltd., 18, Bride Lane, Fleet Street, London, E. C. 4, England.

Nathaniel Fleischer, President and Editor.
A. D. Phillips, Secretary. Advertising Manager, D. P. Riker, Madison Square Garden, New York City.

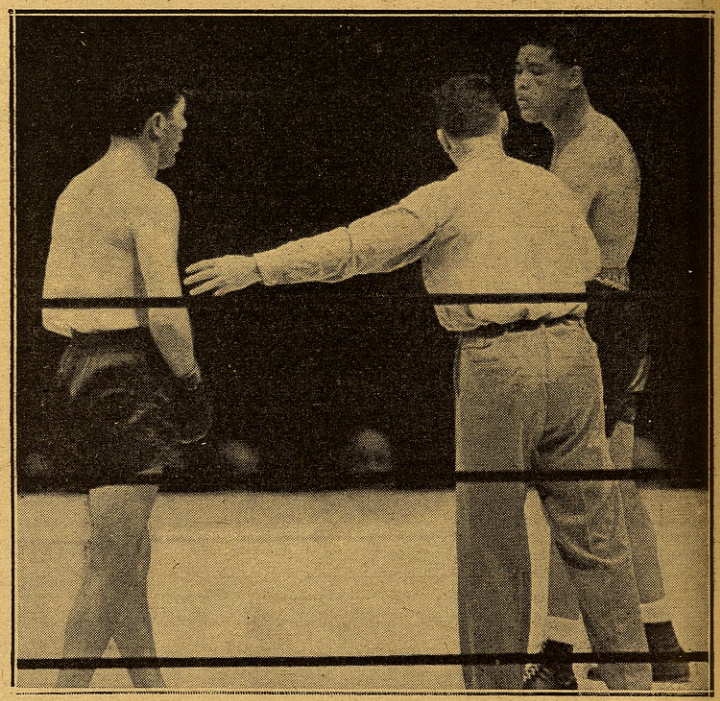
Price—25 cents per copy in United States and Canada. Subscription Price—$2.50 per year in United States and possessions; Canada, Cuba, Panama and Mexico, $3.25, and all other countries, $4.00 in U. S. currency.

Entered as second-class matter January 17, 1933, at the Post Office at Springfield, Mass., under the Act of March 3, 1879. Additional entry at New York, N. Y.

Printed in the U. S. A. by Phelps Publishing Co., Springfield, Mass.

White Hope Campaign

Collapse of Mann and Buddy Baer Hopes Finds Louis With Scant Opposition — Schmeling Situation is Analyzed



Will Schmeling be able to repeat this when he meets Louis? No doubt but that the German's right will connect at least once unless Joe gets him first.

WHAT a fine kettle of fish! In so far as the American White Hope campaign is concerned, the condition is one of bankruptcy. Busted, broke, on the bum. And what a beautiful picture it made only a little while back. Men were coming up so fast, bouts were shaping up so beautifully, promoters rubbed their hands in glee and experts dilated on the renaissance of heavyweight interest and productive activity.

But what is the situation today? The only white fighter who appears to have a chance against Joe Louis is Max Schmeling. And if the Schmeling bout with Ben Foord is to be taken seriously—which many wise heads insist it should not—there isn't the assurance of even one serious bidder against the Detroit Negro. The general impression is that Max carried Foord for future effect.

Let us see what has happened of late. Of primary importance was Louis' three-round knockout victory over Nathan Mann, New Haven Italian.

Then we must note the collapse of the Buddy Baer campaign. Buddy ran into a renovated, refurbished Gunnar Barlund, and was belted out in the seventh heat, the referee, Billy Cavanaugh, halting the uneven proceedings at the obvious request of the big boy of the Baers.

Those who figured Adamick a serious prospect now are sitting back and wondering. They saw their boy have a tough time of it in his ten-rounder with Thomas in New York, and they now know that Adamick is not yet ready for the top flighters—such as they are.

Of course there is Tommy Farr, the Welsh coal miner. But the Farr-Max Baer fight contributed nothing important to the scene or to boxing history.

* * *

THAT brings us right back again to Schmeling. In his twelve-round bout with Foord, a fourth rater, the Uhlan looked far from impressive. Schmeling looked like a stable worn old-timer, soft from easy living, prompted by no fire of burning ambition, old beyond his years, just going through the motions against a man whom, two years ago, he would have knocked out in two heats.

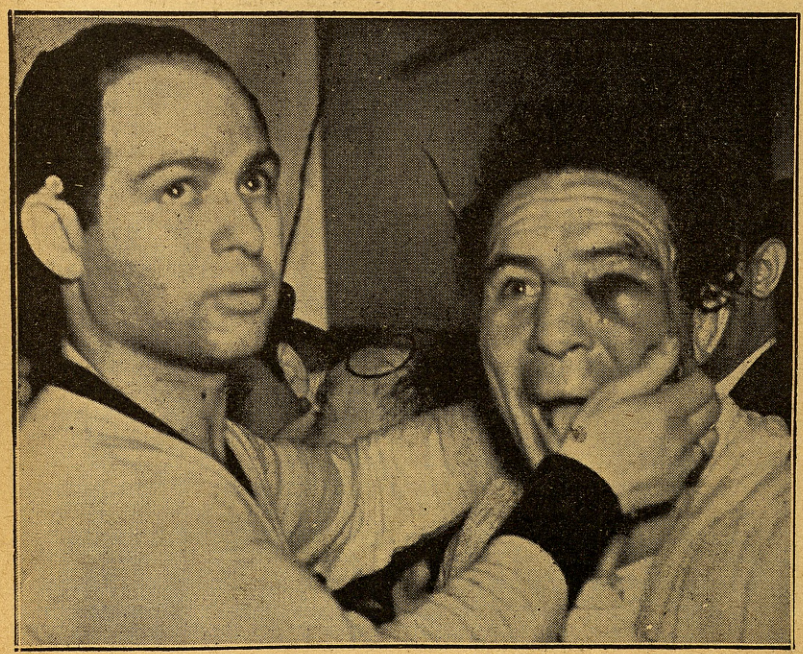
The wise acres insist that this appearance of retrogression by Schmeling is not to be taken too seriously.

They say that Schmeling appreciates that the fight with Louis, though scheduled for June 24, must not yet be taken for granted. They figure that in an effort to build up Joe's willingness to meet him, Max made a conscious try to look bad. To be sure, he was bad. But he tried to look worse, the tracers of sinister influences will insist.

The other day I ran into one of the wisest heads in boxing. This man has managed so many champions he can't remember their names. He is a shrewd maneuverer.

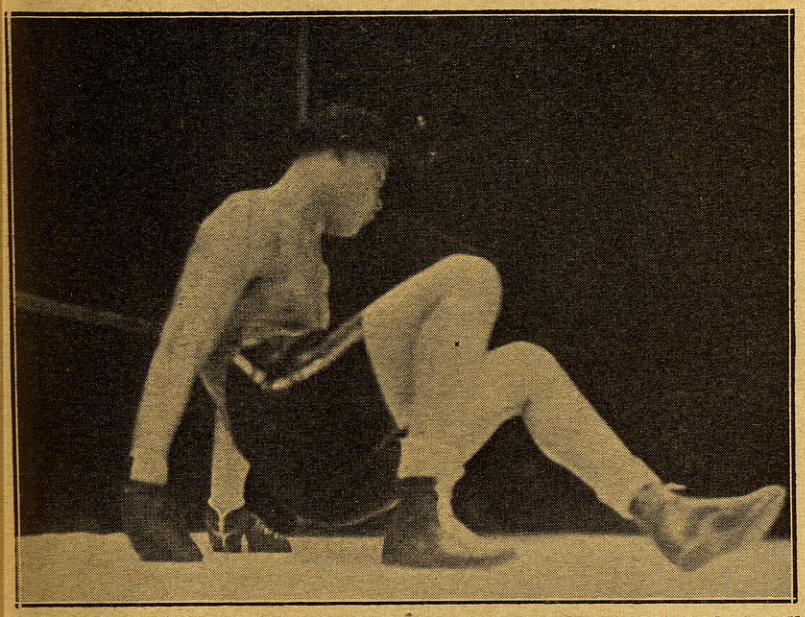
"Pay no attention to Schmeling's fight with Foord, because Max is trying to strengthen Louis' desire to fight him," the veteran said.

"With Louis winner over Mann so quickly, and Schmeling winner over Foord so poorly, and the certainty that Mann could stop Foord in less than half a dozen rounds, the situation



The Happy Warrior, Max Baer, as he looked in his dressing room after his fight with Tommy Farr. Note his left eye.

Leaves Us With Max



If this happens when Schmeling and Louis meet in June, history will be made. It will be the first time that a heavyweight, once dethroned, will have regained his crown.

By
DANIEL M. DANIEL

which the German diplomacy has been straining for has been arrived at. When you consider foreign fighters, especially the Schmeling type, always look for diplomacy. Over in Germany they do nothing without diplomatic moves, the ulterior aim. Don't sell this Max guy short."

* * *

WELL, that may be, and it may not be. From detailed accounts of the fight, Schmeling certainly could not have looked any worse if he had ignored training and just gone through the Foord affair for a laugh.

Just how important Louis' victory over Mann really was, we find it hard to say. Mann did not look strong. Very likely he would have been overmatched even if he had come into the ring as powerful as the bull of Bashan and as virile as a Samson.

Mann fought exactly the sort of fight Louis wanted him to fight. Nathan for some reason thought he could slug with Joe. You see, when they fight the Negro, they figure that the best defense is a violent attack, and that there is no percentage in remaining around for eight or nine rounds taking a serious shellacking. So the boys shoot the works, and pray.

Mann's progress to the Louis bout was an impressive one. He had sailed right through Barlund, Eddie Blunt, Abie Feldman, Godoy and Bob Pastor. The Italian has built up a reputation for cleverness. He had proved he could take it. He still is a far greater fighter than he looked that night against Louis, and perhaps Time will prove it.

But, for the nonce, he no longer can be rated a factor, and in the current picture, he cannot hope for a return match this year.

Buddy Baer's showing against Barlund was pathetic. Barlund had been taken by Feldman and Strickland. When the Norseman came here, he was hailed as a contender. But it wasn't long before he dropped back among the stumble bums. Against Baer he was a 12 to 5 long shot, and the layers gave better than even money Buddy would knock him out.

* * *

BUT Baer never had a chance. At last Barlund lived up to all the fine things his backers had expected of him. He walloped the big Baer from pillar to post, and as he hung on the ropes in his own corner in 1:36 of the seventh round, was called out.

In other fights, Baer had shown amazing stamina, a grand fighting heart, great rallying power. Often had he been walloped around for a couple of rounds, only to pick himself up and stop his man. You may recollect his battle with Man Mountain Simon.

But this time Baer was too much and too long on the receiving end, and he knew when he had had enough. His admirers were disappointed he did not go down fighting. But sometimes discretion really is the better part of valor.

Thus we find Buddy Baer, stopped by a non-ranking heavyweight, also out of the picture, commiserating with Mann.

Adamick's battle with Thomas was not satisfactory. Thomas is only a fourth rater himself. And Adamick had quite a time solving his defense and lashing over his own attack. It was touch and go most of the way and Adamick did not win by anything like a city block, or even an alley.

And so we are back again to Joe Louis, Negro, champion of the world, a better-looking fighter after the Mann victory.

At the start of this piece, I said something about the White Hope campaign. Let me go into this for a while.

There is no conscious effort on the part of the whites of the United States to dethrone the Negro title-holder.

The feeling which existed when Jack Johnson was the champion no longer controls the emotions of the fight fans and their desires.

In the United States there is complete satisfaction with Louis as a champion, and as an American. There is not one iota of feeling that the Negro is an interloper, and that if we cannot have a white American at the top, the division is in the doldrums. And the White Race disgraced. What nonsense. Louis is an American, and a darn good one at that. Why all this hubbub—all this shouting—all the razzing this fine American gets!

* * *

TO be sure, we would like to see a great white heavyweight take up where Jack Dempsey left off. But Louis suits us right now. He has increased interest in boxing—and has done everything asked of him. Let's be fair.

Times have changed—for the better. The psychology which was behind the White Hope campaign when Jack Johnson was champion does not exist today. The whites want a great fighter of their color because they want competition of a serious sort in the heavyweight division, but they must not belittle the present title-holder.

Louis suits the fight fans as a man and a fighter, and an American. That much for the reference to the White Hope campaign.

And now—will Louis and Schmeling really meet this coming Summer?

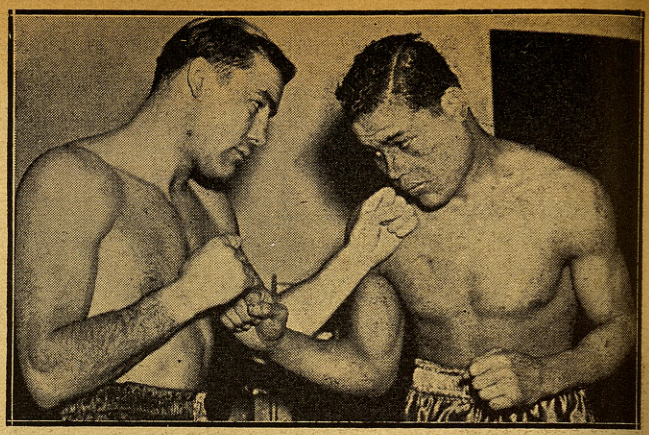
Mike Jacobs, the promoter, insists they will.

Ed Barrow, business manager of the Yankees, insists that they will—right in the Yankee Stadium in New York.

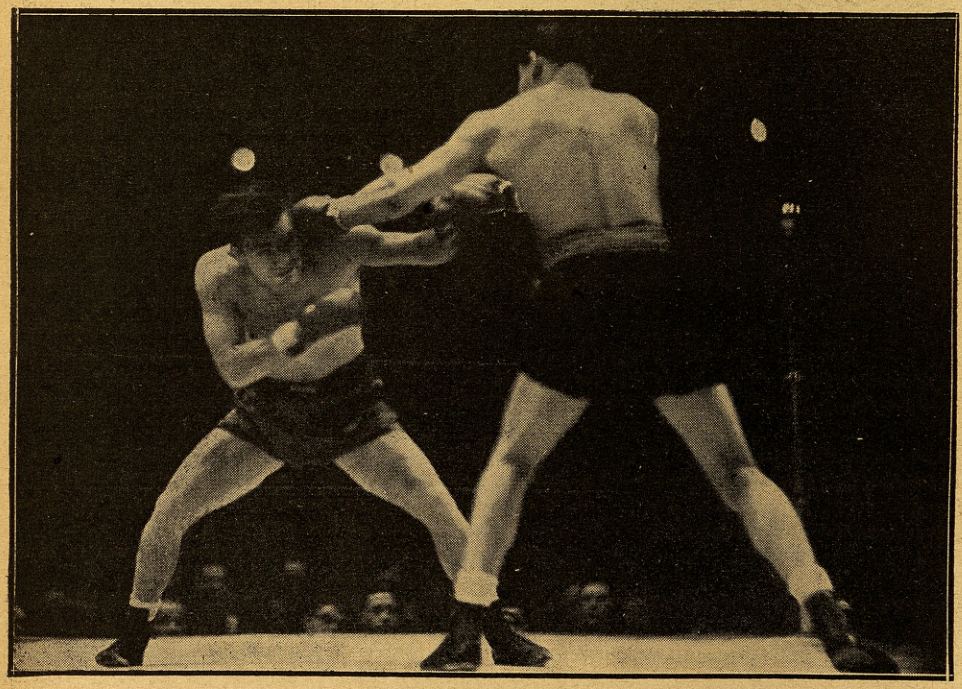
Chicago is just as sure they will mingle in that city. Detroit hopes there will be a shift to its reconstructed ball park, which could accommodate some 80,000 for a fight.

But there are many close students of the situation who are not so sure that Louis will *(Continued on page 47)*

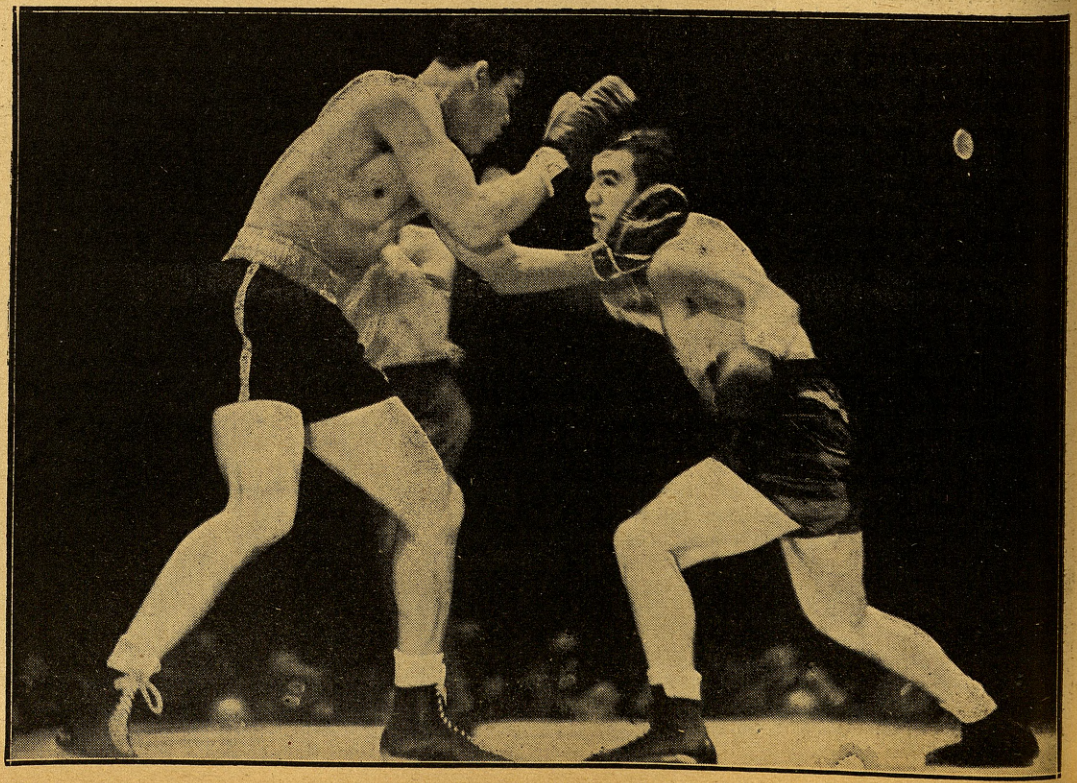
Joe Sets Him Up



Here's how Joe Louis, world heavyweight king (right), looked as he posed with Nathan Mann after weighing in.

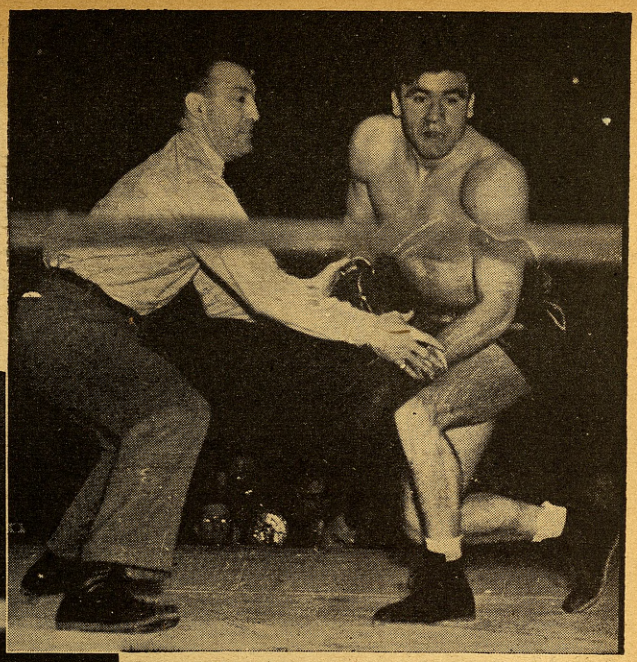


The New Haven challenger, fearless, faced the Bomber in the first round prepared to exchange blow for blow. They traded punches with abandon in that hectic session in which the majority of the sports critics gave Nathan the edge. A perfect right hand smash to the jaw in that session, sent Louis' head back with a snap and drove him into the ropes while Mann's followers raised the roof with their shouting.

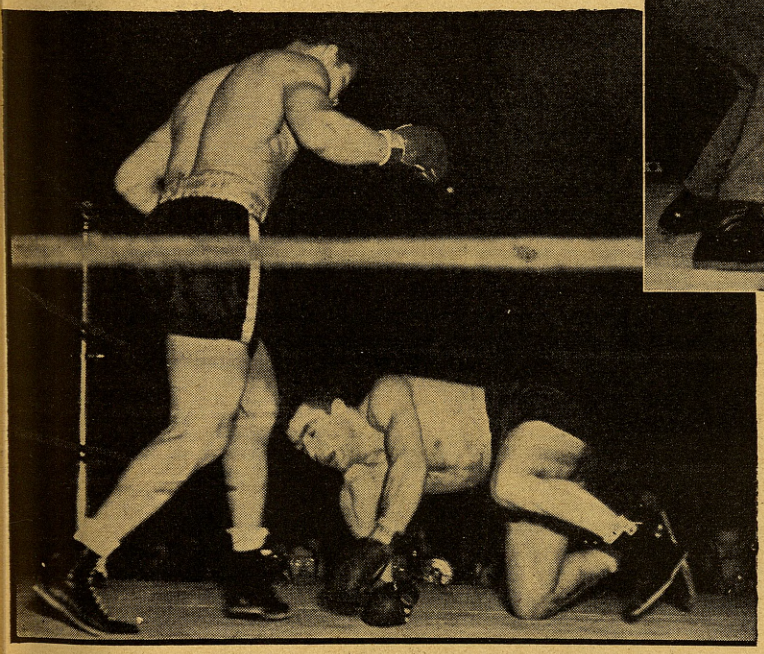


Louis, however, regained his equilibrium in a jiffy and after landing a left to the head, tried a left hook, but as you'll note, Mann sidestepped and the punch went over Nathan's shoulder.

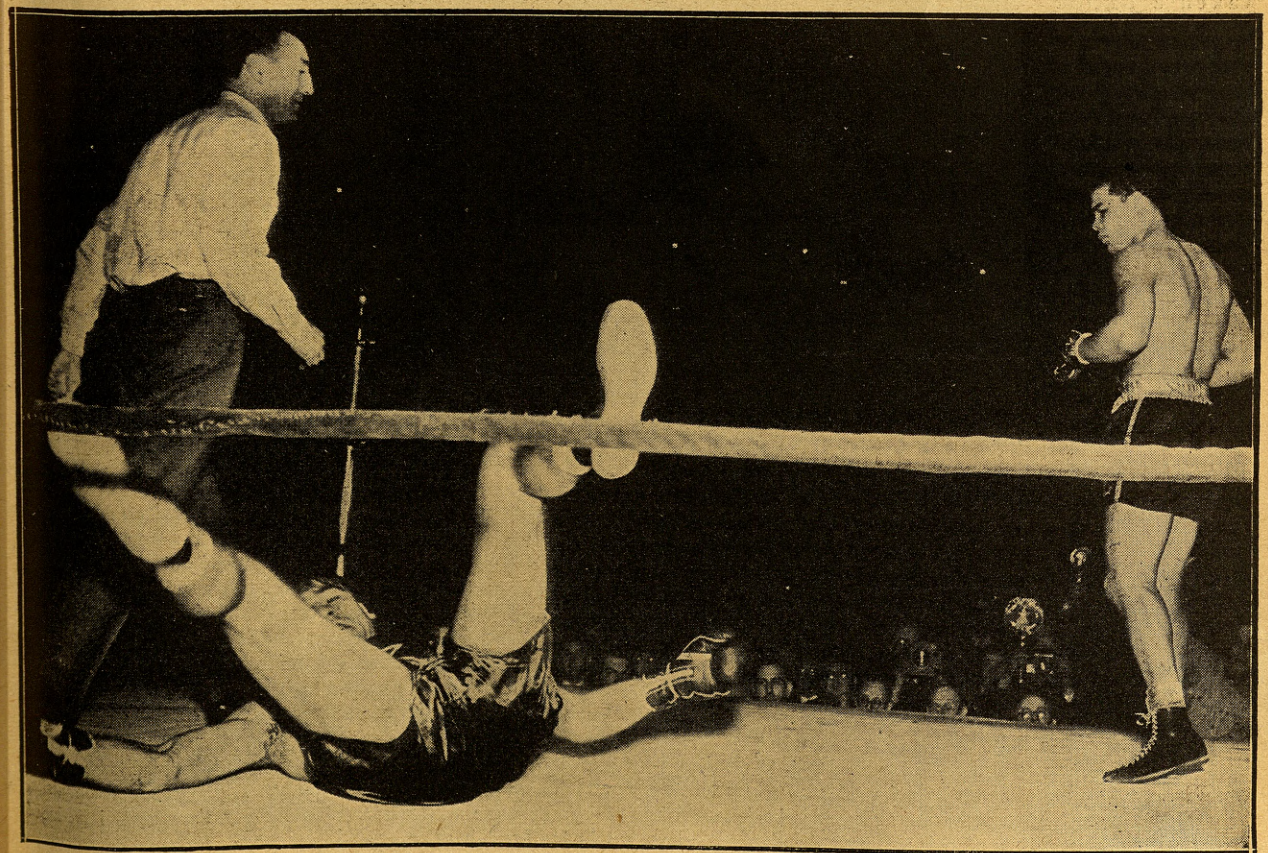
Then He Settles It



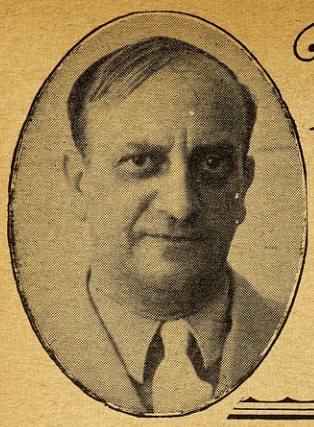
As Mann rises from that second heat knockdown, Referee Arthur Donovan wipes his gloves. Nathan looks terrible, doesn't he? The claret was flowing freely from Mann's mouth as he reached his feet.



Down went Mann in the second round, from a furious fusillade by the Negro. It was a pretty left hook that turned the trick.



The finish! Third round, with Mann down and out, a dream ended. After an exchange of blows, Mann landed a right to the head and Louis came back with a right uppercut that spelled "finis."

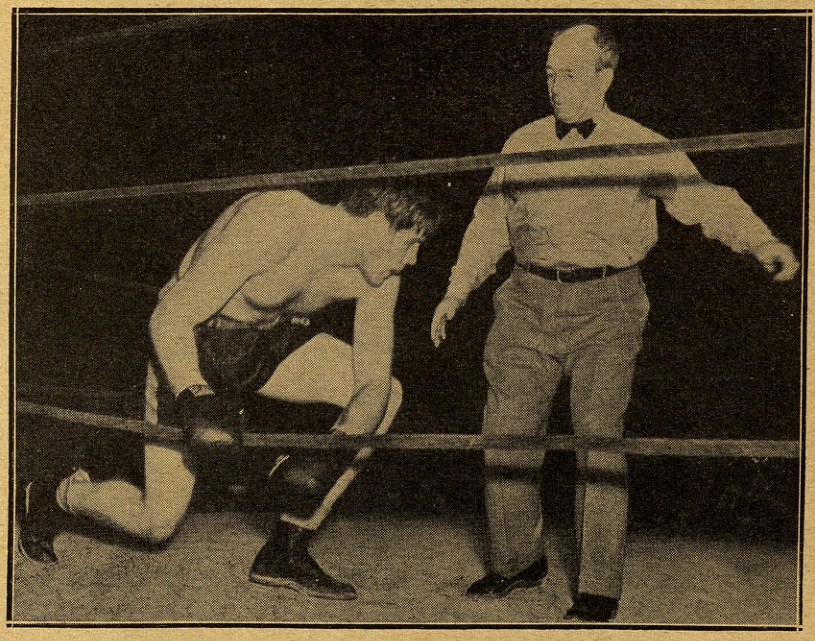


Nat FLEISCHER says:

Lack of Sportsmanship Shown in Booing Louis Deserves Same Courtesy as Foreign Fighters Barlund Back in the Heavyweight Scramble

JOE LOUIS, true to his statement when he won the world heavyweight crown from Jim Braddock that he would be a fighting champion, will go down into fistic history as one of the few heavyweight kings who kept his word in that respect. It didn't take the Brown Bomber long to start the ball rolling after he had gained the top rung of the ladder. On June 22 he won the crown and on August 30 he tackled Tommy Farr in the first defense of his title. Unlike other champions of recent years, Jack Dempsey included, who fought sometimes once a year and in some cases, not even once in two years, Louis insists on getting into the ring as often as an opponent can be obtained with whom he can make some dough.

While other champions have considered the title their property, to do with it as they pleased, the Detroit Slugger has taken a different view. Before he won the championship he considered his public, those who have enabled him to become a wealthy man through their patronage and since gaining the highest honors in pugilism, he has continued to consider the fans by keeping the fight game in the public eye with frequent appearances in the roped square.



Buddy Baer starts to rise after falling through the ropes in the sixth round following an onslaught by Gunnar Barlund.

Five months after he had successfully defended the title against Farr, Joe tackled a tough youngster from New Haven, inexperienced for such a tremendous task as faced him, yet the outstanding fighter in the division as he had proved, and again the Bomber came through with a victory. This time he smothered his opponent with an avalanche of blows that felled Mann four times, the final knockdown dooming Nathan to a knockout. Fighting twice over a stretch of seven months is something new for a heavyweight king, and according to the unwritten law of "Cauliflower Preferred," this would have been ample. But Louis is a fighting champion who doesn't believe in inactivity. No sooner was the fight with Mann over than he asked his mentors to get him a fight for Chicago where he feels he owes the home folk an obligation and as this book makes its appearance on the stands, Joe Louis will have defended his crown for the third time since acquiring it, Harry Thomas being his latest opponent. Think what you might of Louis as a fighter compared to the truly greats of the past, but one thing you cannot take from him—he is the "fightingest" champion the heavyweight ranks have had in forty years. His frequent title bouts have done more for boxing than Jack Dempsey did during his entire career.

Louis has kept the sport alive. He has instilled new life into the game. He has been responsible for the appearance and the development of new heavyweight talent that has kept the pot boiling. He has been the biggest factor in the revival of interest in boxing and with that revival, he has brought back to the sport prosperity.

Boxing has enabled this young man from Alabama who three years ago didn't have enough for a square meal, to put aside a snug fortune, a sum that with proper care should keep the wolf from the door for the rest of his life, and Louis in turn has paid his debt to the sport by doing everything that could possibly be asked of him.

* * *

I MAKE this statement only because of the poor sportsmanship displayed by a certain type of ring patron who, just to show that he can still boo, tries to make life uncomfortable for Joe every time he enters the ring. Why the hisses, catcalls and boos that greeted the Bomber when he faced Nathan Mann! Why such an ovation for Nathan Mann and such a contrasting scene when the world heavyweight king entered the ring! Amazing, indeed!

Shocking as it is to see such scenes when the Bronx Cheers are merited, doubly shocking it is when for no reason whatsoever, a real, honest-to-goodness champion, a title holder who has brought back the game to the high place it occupied during the height of prosperity, is razzed only because he happens to be the champion.

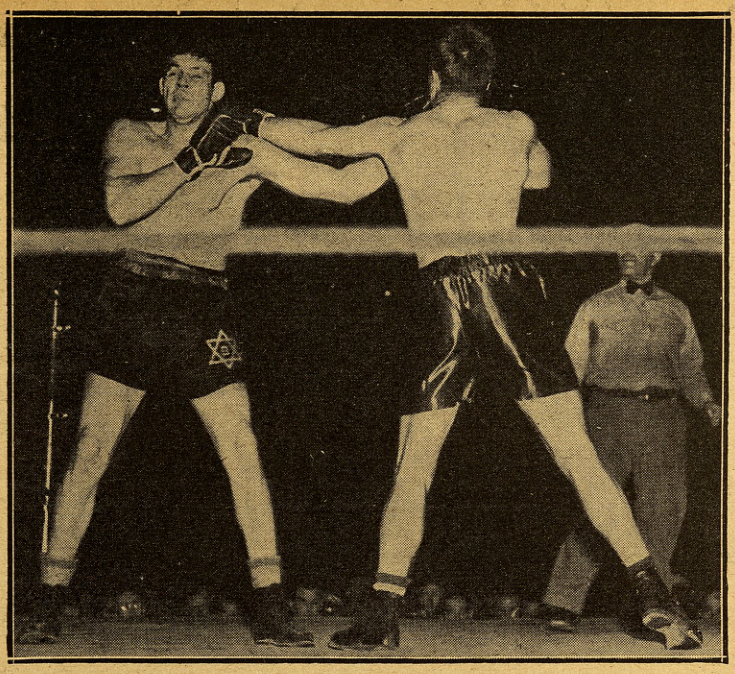
What has Max Schmeling done to earn the plaudits he receives when he comes to America? What has Tommy Farr accomplished here to receive such wild applause every time he is introduced, that Joe Louis hasn't?

Let's be fair, boys. Joe Louis is a great fighter regardless of what you may think about his fights with Pastor, Farr and

Schmeling. He is a champion who has done credit to the sport that has made him wealthy. He is the king of all heavyweights until such time as he loses the crown or retires and as such he deserves the same courtesy that is extended to our foreign heavyweights who have done far less than has the Bomber to help the sport.

* * *

IT was most pleasing to see the reception Louis received after he had scored the knockout. The fans then, for the first time it seemed, fully realized that a true sportsman and champion had given them what they had paid to see—a thrilling performance. He proved to them that his fists were still mighty and that he could take a punch just as well as he could give it. But he still can be hit!



The start of the finish in the seventh round when Barlund smashed lefts and rights with rapidity to Buddy's face until he had Baer in a helpless condition. Gunnar's left snapped back Buddy's head repeatedly.

Staggered twice in the first round by a left hook and a right hand to the chin, Joe came back with a viciousness that resembled in many respects that so frequently displayed by Jack Dempsey and battered his opponent into submission. It was that "killing of the prey" that finally caused the crowd of 20,000 to change its attitude and give to the champion his just due.

I hope that the ringing cheers that greeted the triumphant champion then, will be the kind of cheers Joe Louis continues to receive just so long as he remains title holder and lives in a manner that can bring nothing but the highest respect. If Louis should whip Thomas as I'm certain he will be the kayo route, then let's all, like true Americans, lionize him for a time, instead of the foreigners who have been getting the best of the breaks, Max Schmeling included. When Joe fights the German, let's not forget to give as hearty a cheer for our world champion as will undoubtedly be forthcoming when Herr Max enters the ring.

* * *

AS for the fight with Mann, it proved one of several things. Joe Louis is the most destructive heavyweight the game has seen, and the greatest finisher of fighters in the world today. He is a cool, calculating, killer with flashing fists that spit fire with deadly destruction. The Bomber is still an easy target for a right hand punch to the jaw, and it is within the realm of reason that a fighter with a harder wallop than that possessed by the New Haven challenger who made a futile bid to lift the crown from the capable shoulders of Louis, would have caused more damage to the chin of the Detroiter. That right is what may beat him when he meets Schmeling again.

As for Mann, he missed a golden opportunity when he had the champion apparently hurt on several occasions and went into an exchange of punches. That proved his downfall. A more experienced fighter would have realized his momentary advantage, and would have continued a body attack to further weaken the Bomber. Instead of moving around to bewilder the champion, Mann drew back his right hand for another shot at Joe's chin, and it proved to be his doom. Louis beat him to the punch with a fast and dynamite laden left hook that spilled the New Haven youngster to the canvas and brought about the beginning of the end.

Apparently the only way to deprive the champion of his crown is to lay back for an opening with which to shoot your right hand, and to keep shooting that right. It seems to be Joe's weakness. Nobody has yet been able to walk in and swap punches with Louis without feeling the discharge of Joe's fists. In the battle with Mann, Louis punched with devastating fury. Never has the champion shown to better advantage against an opponent. Aside from not being able to get away from a right hand punch to the jaw, Louis was nearer to fighting perfection than at any other time in his career. He was the perfect picture fighter.

A resume of the round-by-round blows shows that after Mann had taken the first round, he never had a look in. Misled by Joe's meekness in the opening session, Nathan, as already told, made the great error of trying to slug with the deadly Detroit puncher with the inevitable result.

He was dropped for a count of nine in the second round and three times in the third before he was counted out in 1.56. He had taken counts of two and three prior to that. A wicked left hook that almost took the head off the challenger, ended the fight. It was the most impressive performance the Bomber has ever given.

Mann came out in a daze in the third round. Several left jabs set him for a left and right to the head and then Joe smashed home two terrific rights to the jaw after which Mann fought back bravely. A right to the jaw dropped Nathan and then it was just a matter of seconds more before a right uppercut put him down again for a three count. A left hook with all the force he could muster, ended the agony for the New Havenite.

* * *

IF what Louis did against Mann is a criterion, then Schmeling had better look after his laurels next summer. Joe is a much improved fighter over what he showed the night he floundered around the ring after Schmeling hit him and with youth in his favor, he should be at least an even bet to avenge himself next June against his conqueror.

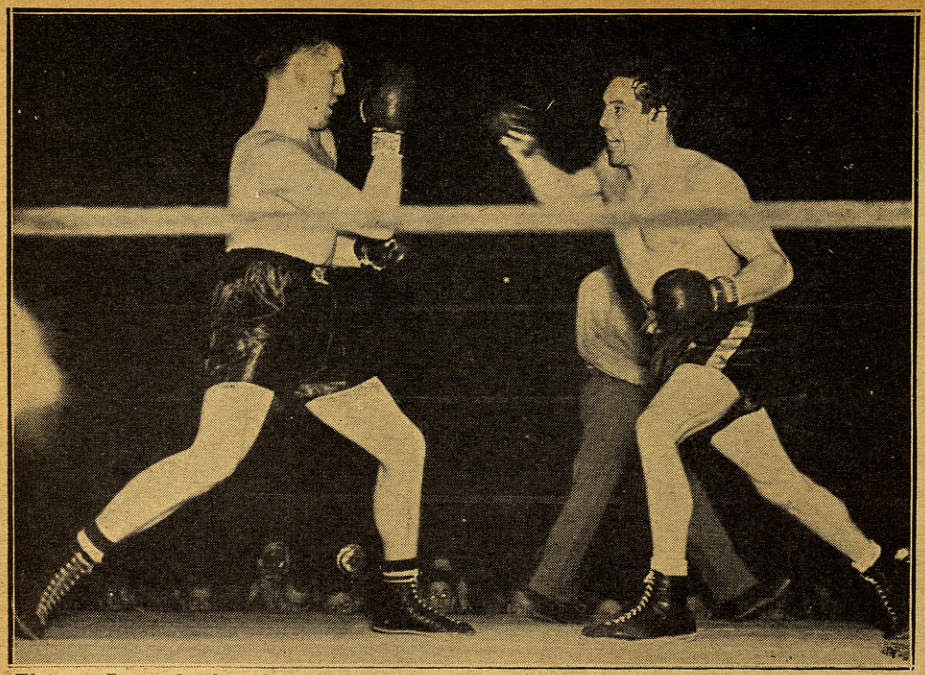
Joe has mastered the knack of putting power behind his punches and not even Jack Dempsey delivered a blow with more effectiveness than did the Bomber against Mann. And as for the perfect, tantalizing left jab that the Bomber has developed, it is the kind that jars and stings and should be a big factor in his fight with Herr Max. Those of us who were hopeful that out of the large number of youngsters who have come forth in the last six months there would develop at least one militant menace to Louis' crown, had our hopes shattered when Mann, the best of the youngsters at this stage, was thoroughly outclassed. With him out of the way, there remain only two men to threaten Joe's post, the veteran, hard hitting Schmeling, and the Finn, Gunnar Barlund.

* * *

BARLUND'S unexpected victory over Buddy Baer, whom he stopped in Madison Square Garden in 1.36 of the seventh round, places the Finn in an enviable position among the heavyweights. In fact, it gives him the post of honor among those who are challenging Joe Louis for a title shot, for with the exception of Max Schmeling, there is *(Continued on page 41)*

BAER, *Back In Spotlight*

By THE PUBLISHER



The new Baer—the fiery demon who pushed himself back into the heavyweight picture. Note the fighting spirit—something he hadn't displayed since he whipped Schmeling.

THE fight between Max Baer and Tommy Farr developed into a far more important affair than was anticipated. It tossed Livermore Max right back into the heavyweight picture. The Great Lover, riled beyond words by the razzing he received from the crowd of 18,222 persons as he entered the ring in the Garden, went into that battle with determination to do or die, and what a performance he gave!

The Baer who so decisively defeated Farr to gain the unanimous verdict of the fans and officials and a rousing reception, following the victory, fought as he did against Schmeling. He hit much harder, and were it not for the fact that he had his left eye tightly closed during the last seven rounds, there is no telling how far he would have gone. The chances are that he would have scored a knockout, for he did to Tommy, the British heavyweight king, what neither Braddock nor Joe Louis could accomplish—he dropped the visitor three times.

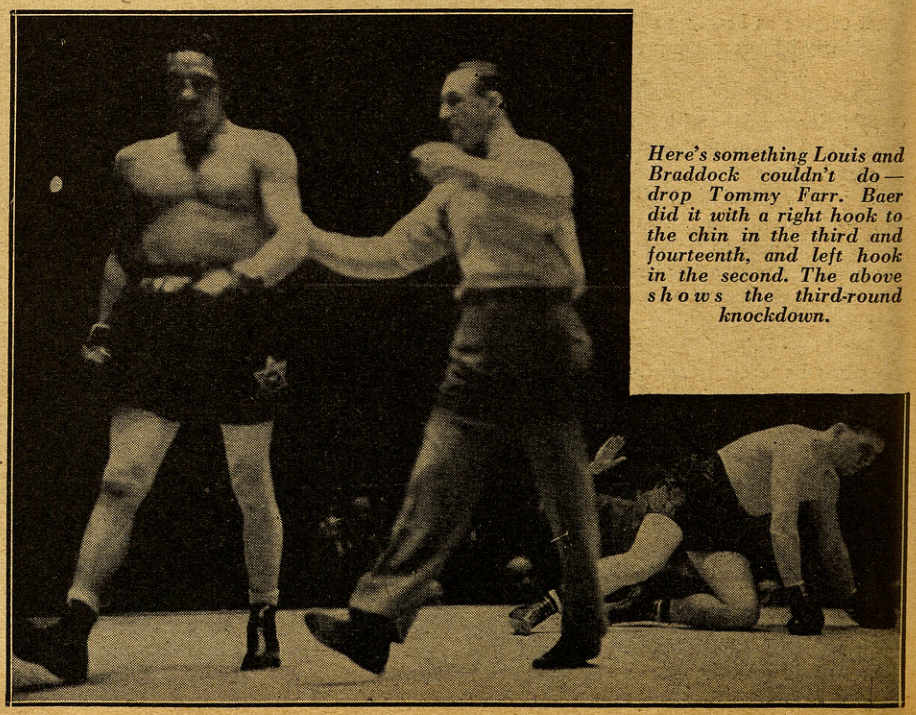
The first knockdown came in the second round when Baer hooked a beautiful left to the body and Farr went down but jumped right up. The second came in the third round when a right to the chin sent Tommy spinning to the canvas, where he remained for a count of six, and the last knockdown was the result of a right to the chin in the fourteenth round. The punch caught Tommy off balance.

* * *

THE fight was one of the best heavyweight battles seen in New York since the Schmeling-Baer and Schmeling-Louis tilts and brought rounds of cheers for victor and vanquished. It was thought that Baer would not only be whipped by Farr but would be stopped, because of his long layoff and the effect of his brother's defeat at the hands of Barlund, but the Baer who faced Farr seemed to possess new life. He was a determined fighter. He was battling for his life, so to speak, because he would have gone into oblivion had Tommy repeated his victory of last summer. Livermore Max proved that in proper condition, he could still fight, and as for gameness, he could display that also when required, despite the taunts of the crowd and the Farr management that he was a "yellow-bellied quitter."

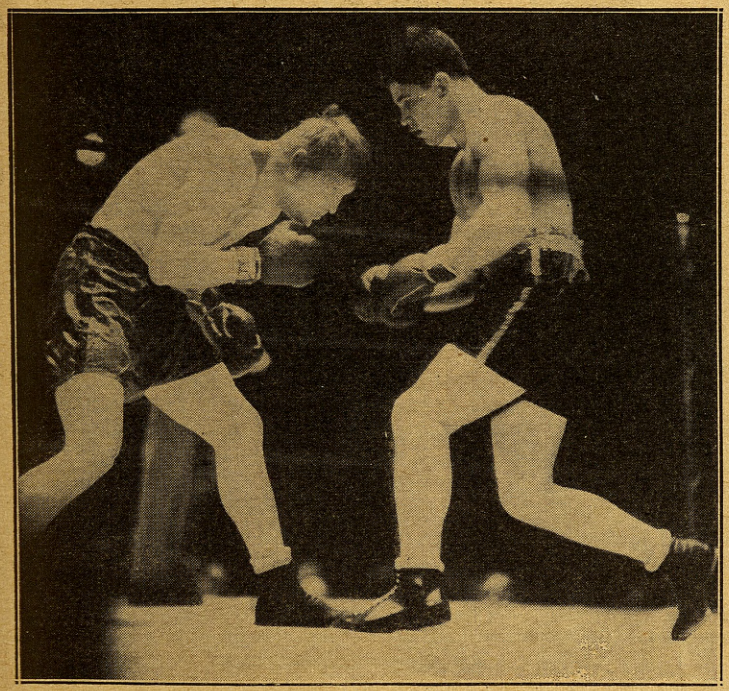
Max proved otherwise. There was no quitting in his make-up on the night of the Farr fight. He was there to prove that the Baer family was a fighting family, and how he did! Tommy Farr can testify to that. Though Arthur Donovan, the referee, gave thirteen rounds to Baer and two to Farr, my score card showed ten for Baer, four for Farr and one even. Judge Healy gave eleven to Baer, three to Farr and one even, and Judge LeCron had nine for Baer, five for Farr and one even.

Though Baer's left eye was completely *(Continued on page 47)*

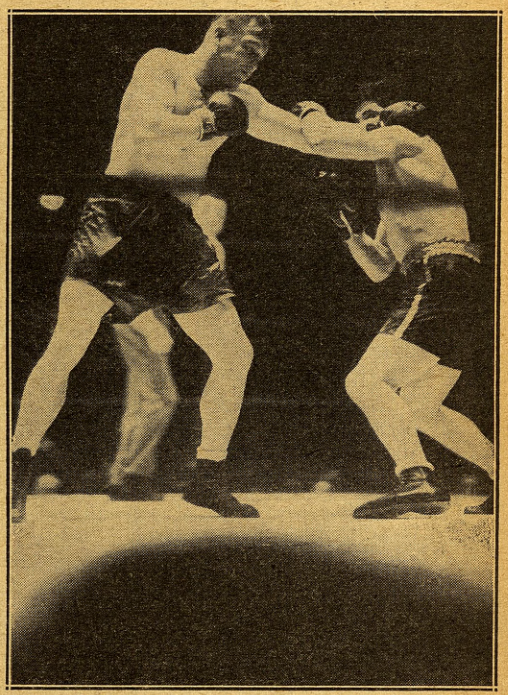


Here's something Louis and Braddock couldn't do—drop Tommy Farr. Baer did it with a right hook to the chin in the third and fourteenth, and left hook in the second. The above shows the third-round knockdown.

NOT SO HOT, *ADAMICK!*

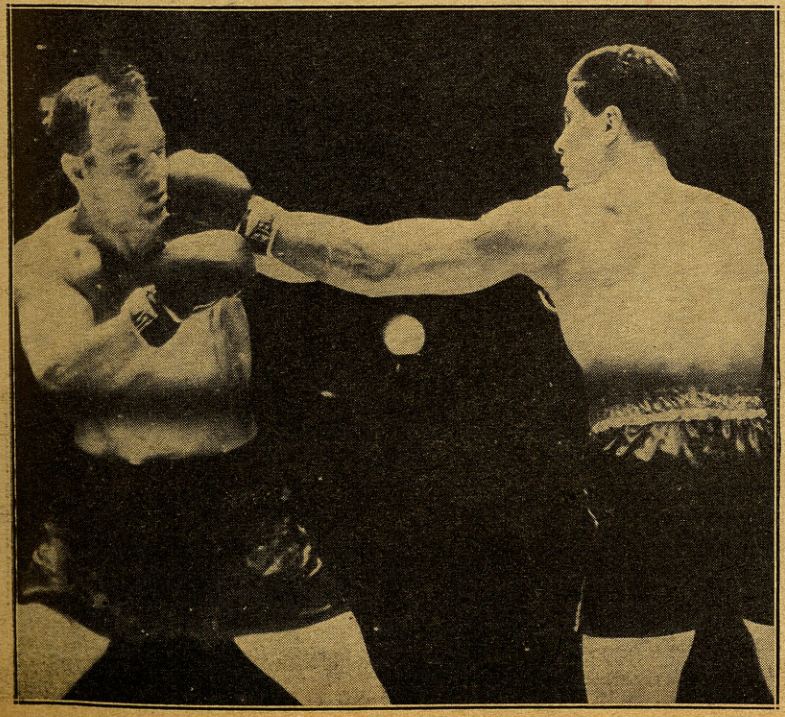


Thomas (on the left) adopts one of those Jeffries crouches and it is not easy to tell whether he is trying to puzzle Adamick or whether he is hurt.

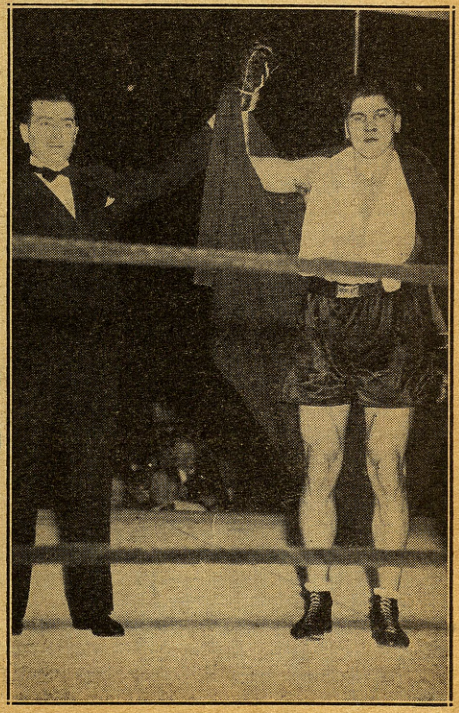


Adamick (on the right) succeeds in blocking off the eager Minnesotan.

Thomas (on left) exchanges left leads for the face with Adamick in an early round.



Here we see Adamick being acclaimed the victor by Announcer Balogh.



ESCOBAR REGAINS TITLE

Exciting Scenes Mark Championship Fight in Puerto Rico—Dispute Over Judges and Dock Strike Mar Affair and Cause Financial loss—Harry Jeffra Sustains Double Fracture of the Jaw—Dropped Three Times for Counts of Nine in Thrilling Mill

By NAT FLEISCHER

Just a mere handful of the thousands who turned out for the official greeting of Sixto Escobar on Washington's Birthday, to celebrate his victory over Jeffra. Every city on the triumphant march to his home town, Barceloneta, furnished its quota.

IN a thrilling battle, amidst scenes unprecedented around a ring side, Sixto Escobar regained the world bantamweight championship from Harry Jeffra at the Escambron Beach Base Ball Park of San Juan on February 20, and through the victory, he gained a place in boxing's Hall of Fame as one of the few fighters in the history of pugilism to win back a crown from the man who previously had taken it from him. The record books show that never except in the case of Jack Britton and Ted Kid Lewis, has a pugilist regained his title from the same rival, hence the feat of Escobar in winning back the world crown from Jeffra, places him in the same class as those welter kings. Sixto previously had lost and won the American bantamweight championship from Lou Salica and then repeated in world title bouts with Jeffra. Only on one other occasion has a title holder turned the trick of winning back the crown from the man to whom he lost, Joe Lynch doing that in his bouts with Pete Herman.

The feat of Escobar at San Juan was greater than any of those mentioned above, because in his case, he wasn't conceded a chance by any of the experts, yet came through with as brilliant a triumph as ever has been recorded in the division. It was a battle in which courage to the highest degree was displayed by both victor and vanquisher, a fight in which terrific hitting, and splendid scientific boxing by Sixto held the reins.

Sixto won solely on his merits as a fighter. He gave an exhibition that ranks him with the leaders of the bantam class over a stretch of the last quarter century. Those who witnessed the bout between Jeffra and Sixto at the Yankee Stadium last September in which Jeffra gave a masterful boxing exhibition to win the world crown, and were fortunate to see Escobar in action also in Puerto Rico, couldn't believe their eyes. It was a rejuvenated Sixto who was out to fight to the last ditch to bring back to his native land the title he had lost in the States, and he made good.

* * *

IT was a battle that can be described only in superlatives, even though it was rather one-sided after the midway point had been passed. On the one hand, there was little Sixto, the cheers of his people urging him on, and on the other, there was one of the gamest kids I have seen in action in many moons. Beaten beyond hopes, dropped three times for counts of nine, his face badly puffed, his side bruised and eye cut, and suffering from a double dislocation of the jaw, game Harry Jeffra went down to defeat like a real fighting champion. It was no disgrace to lose in the manner he did. He struggled against great odds, weakened by body punishment and weight reducing, but wouldn't yield. No one would have blamed him had he quit under fire, but he possessed the fighting heart of a fighting champion and he fought as such to the final bell.

When in the thirteenth and again in the fifteenth rounds he found the odds so great against him that it didn't seem he could carry on any longer, he saved himself as did Gene Tunney after his knockdown at the hands of Jack Dempsey in their Chicago bout, and no one could blame Harry for his action though he was booed by the partisan rooters who sensed "the kill" and wanted it consummated by Escobar. Such is the way with fight fans, especially in Latin-American countries.

For seven rounds the fight was an even affair. As round after round was fought during those sessions, it seemed that whichever won, the victory would be by a hairline decision. Then came a collapse—in fact it was like a total eclipse. Starting with the eighth round, Jeffra was so far outclassed by Sixto that the champion failed to take a single round.

The score cards of Johnny McAvoy, the referee; Edgar T. Thompson, head of the "G" men of Puerto Rico, and myself, showed Sixto the winner of every round from the eighth to the fifteenth inclusive. That tells the story of Jeffra's downfall and Escobar's triumph.

* * *

FOR seven sessions it was a nip and tuck affair, first the title holder and then Escobar gaining the upper hand. Sharp hitting and clever boxing featured in those early rounds, with Sixto the calmer fighter, always ready to take advantage of any opening. It became apparent from the very start that Escobar's famous right would be his chief means of attack and it was a right that started Jeffra on the road to ruin.

In that round Escobar found the opening he had been looking for and he crashed a short right hook to the chin that caused Jeffra to clinch. It became apparent that the blow had landed with telling effect, and that if Sixto could follow it up he would open up a big advantage. And Sixto did just that.

Jeffra started that round off with a rush and carried the fighting to his challenger. He landed some hefty wallops to Sixto's face until the tide turned. Then it was a case of Escobar all the way.

Any doubts about the final outcome of the fight were eliminated in the next round when Sixto tore into Harry like a little wild man and never gave the champion a chance to catch his breath. It was a case of fight, fight, fight, all the way by the Puerto Rican challenger.

A right stinger to the mouth less than thirty seconds after the round got under way, took Jeffra by surprise. It sent Harry's head back with a snap and made his eyes roll. You could read the sign, "trouble ahead."

Sixto, too, noted the signs of distress and as Harry came towards him in an effort to get into a clinch, Escobar, following the advice of his seconds, shifted to one side and then let loose a beautiful left hook that cut a gash in Harry's right eye and the blood trickled down his cheek.

That claret seemed to annoy Harry. He rubbed it often during the remainder of the round and Escobar, taking advantage of the annoyance, kept up a continuous bombardment. It was by far the best round of the Puerto Rican to date.

Lefts and rights to eye and mouth featured the Escobar attack. When the bell sounded Jeffra walked wobbly to his corner, a sad, grave look on his face.

* * *

HIS seconds sent him out for the next round, refreshed, but it wasn't long after the bell had sounded sending both lads on their way for the succeeding canto, that Sixto opened another furious attack. He reopened the eye wound, and this time the claret flowed more freely to the delight of the Puerto Rican fans who shouted, gesticulated, leaped on benches, pushed the police aside and rushed to the ringside to see the milling from closer quarters. Bleacherites became the holders of the ringside seats while those who paid $10 were shoved into the background.

Ringside patrons were crushed and pushed from their seats while the rush was on and only the governor and his staff were free from molestation. That's how excited the natives were as they began to realize that the world bantamweight championship was again within Sixto's grasp. They had come to the ball park in expectation of seeing Escobar whipped for the fourth time, and instead, they were seeing their Sixto slowly but surely conquering his nemesis.

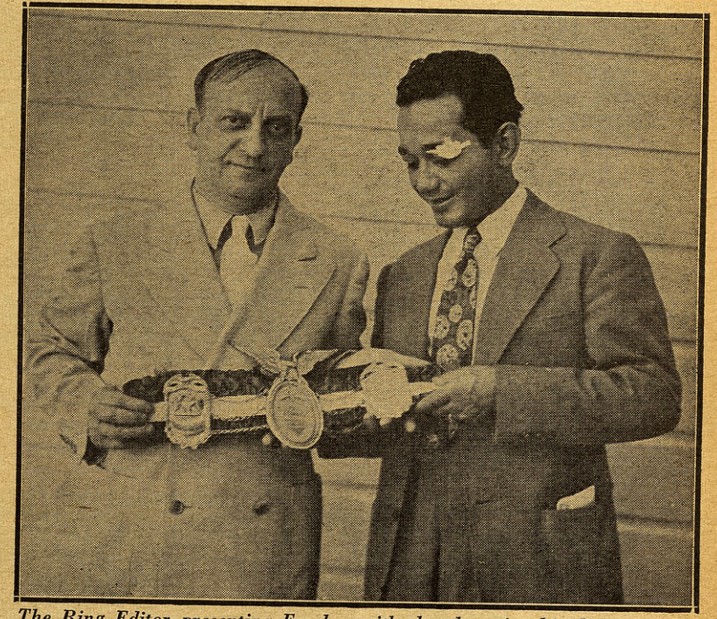
After a hectic tenth round in which the fighting on both sides was very good, with Sixto again taking the lead through a face bombardment that repeatedly jarred the title holder, Escobar practically clinched victory in the eleventh when he scored his first knockdown. Jeffra didn't have a look in. He didn't connect with more than four punches in the entire session, so busy was he trying to ward off the challenger's attack.

Two right hooks to the body started the action for Sixto. The second one almost doubled up Harry, who winced with pain. Quick as a flash, while Jeffra was still in a slightly bending position, up came a terrific right hook, short and to the point. It crashed against Jeffra's jaw and dropped him for a count of nine.

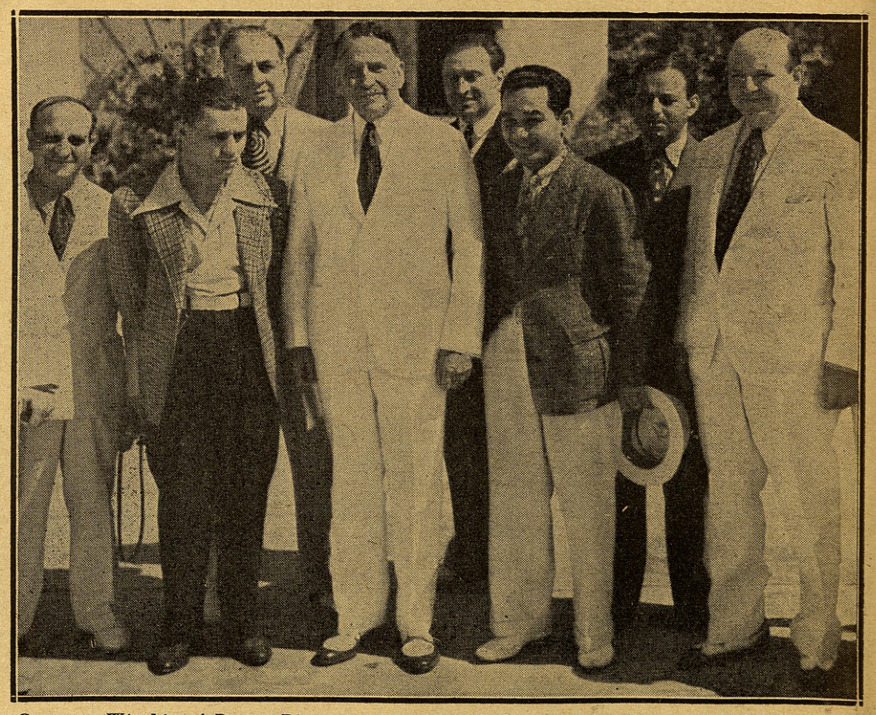
He had tasted the sting of a knockdown only once before, in his fight with Danny London in the early part of his career. The blow from Escobar's fist carried T.N.T. with it. It stung and partially numbed him. He glanced at his seconds who were shouting all kinds of advice and pleading with him to get up. As the count of nine was chanted, Harry gained his feet only to meet a rushing Sixto, who, with fire in his eyes, was bent on avenging himself on the man who had thrice taken his measure.

* * *

REELING around the ring, the claret flowing freely from the wounded eye, the other eye puffed, black and blue from the force of impact of Sixto's fists and jaw swollen, Jeffra took a severe shellacking in that session. Had the bout been staged in New York, it never would have gone beyond that round, but McAvoy acted properly because of the circumstances, in

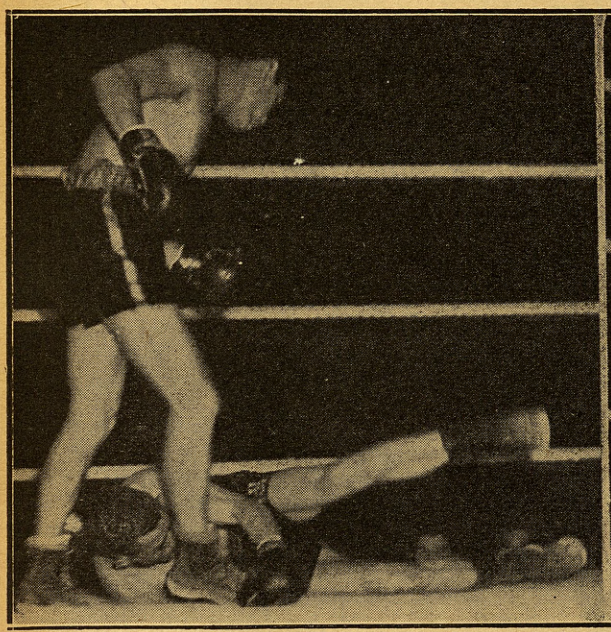


The Ring Editor presenting Escobar with the championship belt after he defeated Jeffra. It was the second belt Sixto was awarded by this publication.

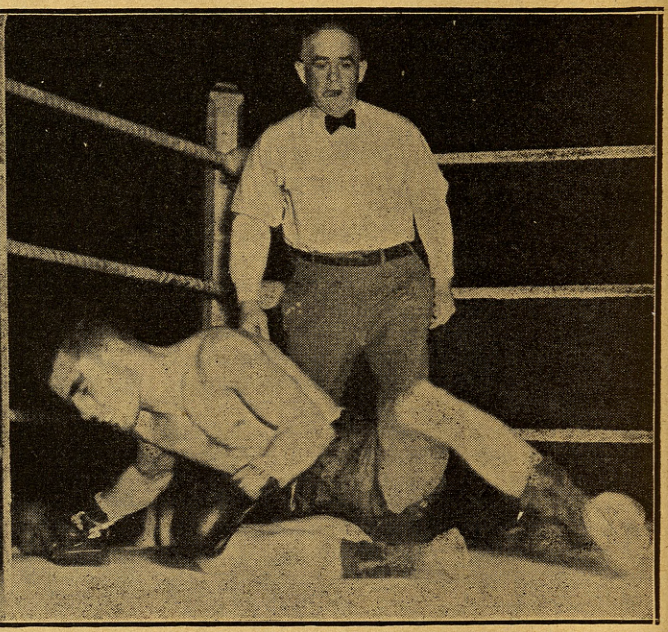


Governor Winship of Puerto Rico greets the New York contingent that came to San Juan for the championship fight between Jeffra and Escobar. Left to right, standing on the porch of the Governor's home are the Governor's secretary; Nat Fleischer, one of the judges; Harry Jeffra; Bill Farnsworth, promoter; Governor Winship; Paul Meyers, in charge of the tickets; Sixto Escobar, Lionel Levy, the architect and Lou Brix.

A King Is Crowned

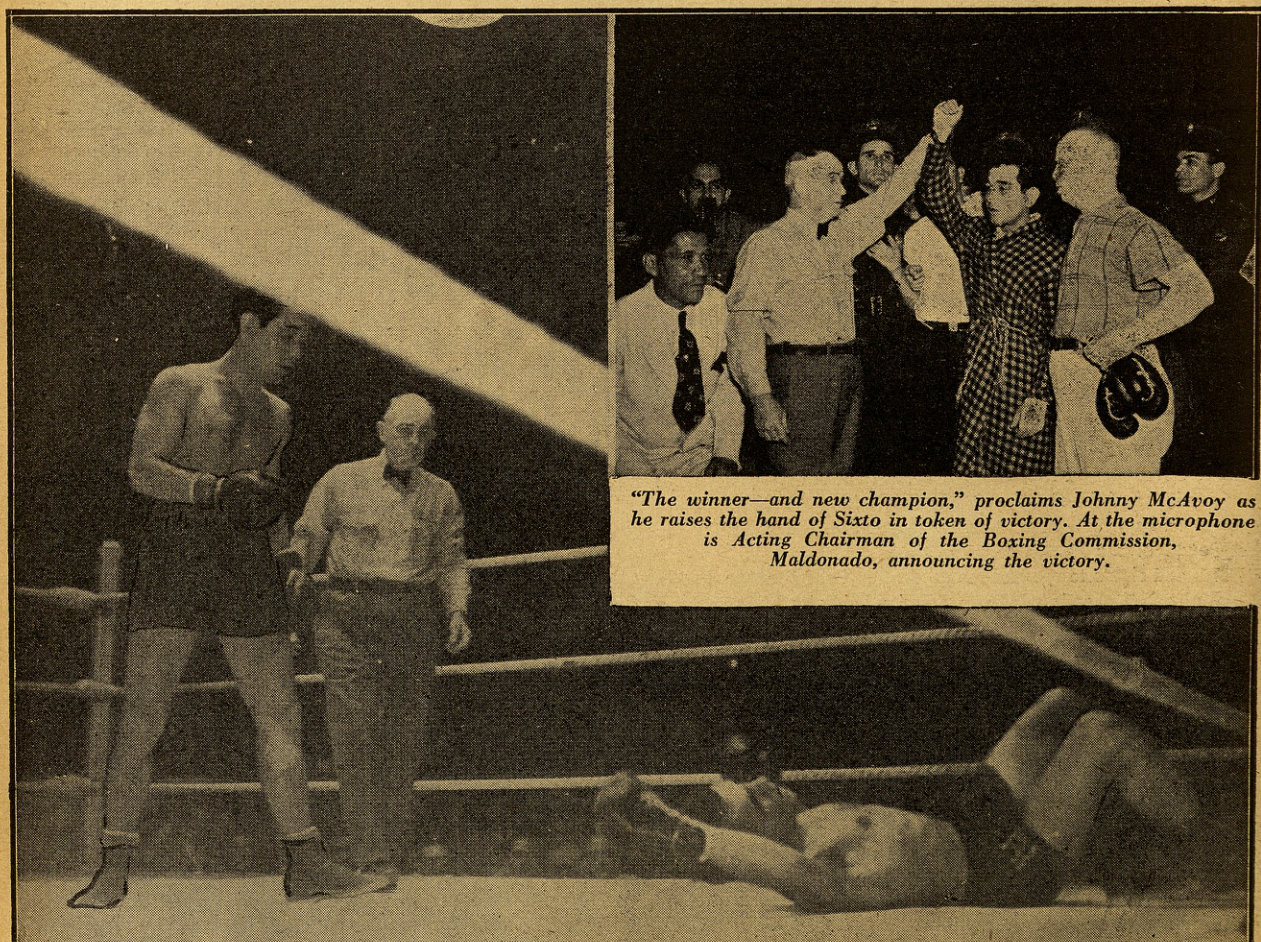


The first knockdown in the eleventh round. Jeffra dropped on the side, after a short right hook struck full force on the chin and broke his jaw.



This is how Jeffra looked when he was dropped for the second time in the same session, following a right and left hook to the body and another short hook to the chin.

"The winner—and new champion," proclaims Johnny McAvoy as he raises the hand of Sixto in token of victory. At the microphone is Acting Chairman of the Boxing Commission, Maldonado, announcing the victory.



The final knockdown of the bantam king in the fourteenth round. Jeffra cut Escobar's left eye with a right swing and immediately after Sixto avenged "the insult" by crashing a right hook to the chin and a left to the body and the above is the position in which Harry landed on the canvas.

letting the boys continue so long as no request was made by Jeffra to halt it. Driving into a neutral corner, Escobar, with only 50 seconds of the round to go, drove home three powerful lefts to the body and as Harry was about to cave in, Sixto connected again with a right hook to the chin that didn't travel more than a few inches and Jeffra again landed on the canvas.

This time he hit the deck with his back, and it looked like it was all over. The crowd went wild. Pandemonium reigned. Hats flew into the air and another wild, mad rush towards the ringside was on. Again the cops and spectators were rushed, pell-mell out of their places as everybody in the rear, tearing everything before them, came forward. Never has such a wild scene been duplicated at a fight at which I have been a spectator. Then followed a wild commotion caused by the action of Heinie Blaustein, co-manager of Jeffra with Max Waxman.

Heinie, as the count began, leaped to the ring, grabbed the ropes and rushed along the outside of the ring to where Jeffra was trying to raise himself, agony written all over his face, and yelling at the top of his voice, advised his charge to get up.

"Get up, Harry. You can still beat him. *You're not licked.* Get up, Harry."

Those remarks, shouted it seemed dozens of times during the nine seconds, incensed the spectators and that they didn't tear Heinie apart, was a miracle. Had Heinie attempted that in any state of the Union, Jeffra would never have had the chance to fight the remaining rounds. That Heinie inspired his boy, goes without saying. His pleas kept Jeffra in the fight. The Puerto Rican scribes appealed to Johnny McAvoy to disqualify Jeffra through Blaustein's action, but Johnny placed the affair right into the hands of the Chairman of the Boxing Commission, but he ignored their pleas.

* * *

WORKING like beavers in their corner, Jeffra's seconds prepared him for the twelfth session. When he came to scratch, it was obvious that Harry had been badly injured. He came forth with gloves covering his jaw, but Sixto battered down his guard after cornering the champion, and then began another attack during which Jeffra's ribs were battered to such extent that it was feared they were broken.

In my blow-by-blow count which I had recorded even while judging the fight, my report shows that Jeffra landed only five clean punches in that session. Twice while trying to connect with the haymaker, Escobar hit Jeffra safely ten times in the face without a single return. The only telling blow that Harry crashed home, was a left hook to the body that made Sixto wince, but he came back with rights and lefts to the chin and body that gave him the round by a wide margin.

Jeffra went to his corner groggy and came out still partially numb from the severe attack of the previous session. Harry tried hard to stave off the attack by swinging his blows upon the advice of his seconds who hoped that at least one might connect and turn the tide, but every attempt went wild. Sinking blow after blow to the mid-section, Escobar weakened the champ to such extent, he could hardly stand up. Hooks and uppercuts played a prominent part in the attack as the fight neared the finish.

* * *

THEN, contrary to expectations, came a thrilling round. Just when it seemed that Jeffra was hopelessly outclassed, he came through a session of fighting and courage that gained for him the admiration of all, especially Governor Winship and Federal Judge Cooper, who applauded the visitor with vim. Jeffra swung a left and it caught Escobar on the mouth. His head was tossed back and he looked up in surprise. He didn't think there was any more fight left in Jeffra, but that convinced him that he was still facing a courageous champion who was going down to defeat only as real title holders go.

As Escobar came in, another left caught him in the stomach and then infuriated, Sixto drove home two vicious rights to the wounded jaw and two left hooks to the body that caused Harry to drop his guard and enabled Sixto to crash home a vicious left to the mouth that brought the claret. Jeffra wouldn't give in. He fought back as best he could and in a mix-up at close range, a right hook cut a deep gash in Sixto's left eye and the blood gushed from the wound.

Shocked by the turn of affairs, as if struck by lightning, the native gathering was momentarily silenced while the tourists took up where the Puerto Ricans had left off. They shouted themselves hoarse, giving advice to the underdog—Jeffra. But that scene was changed in a jiffy. Quicker than it takes to write it, Escobar, like a maddened bull, rushed at his man, laced home a beautiful short right hook to the chin and a left to the midsection and down went Jeffra for the third time. He was badly hurt. You could see that from the agony written on his face.

Again he took the count of nine and when he came to his feet, it was a hopelessly whipped champion who was still making a game, most courageous attempt to turn the tide. It was then that he started to do the Tunney act.

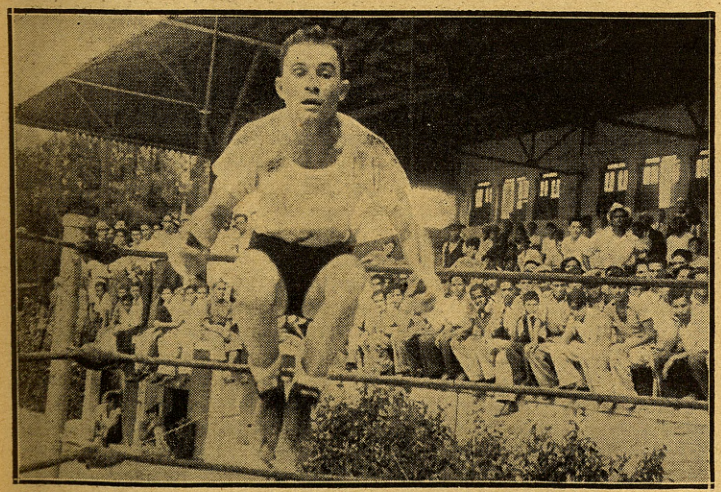
He danced around the ring, left hand high, covering his jaw for protection and right stuck out straight to ward off Sixto's blows. While the crowd jeered, Escobar, a sneering smile covering his phiz, stood in the center of the ring as if inviting Jeffra to have it out with him in a final setto. Jeffra couldn't be blamed for his action. Any sane fighter would have done just that. It was ring strategy and it saved the day for him to the extent of enabling him to remain on his feet instead of going down to defeat via the knockout route.

* * *

THAT round brought to an end the knockdowns, although how Jeffra survived the fifteenth was a miracle. Hooks, jabs and uppercuts came fast and often in the final session, with the champion on the receiving end. Jeffra was as wild as a March hare. He swung his left often but his efforts availed little because the blows landed on the ozone. Several times he connected with lefts to the body, but the punches were weak. As the last thirty seconds were reached, the champion stood near the ropes, groggy, a look of agony on his face, only his fighting spirit, the gameness of a true title holder, saving him from a knockout.

There could be no division of votes among the officials. The fists of Sixto Escobar had made matters simple for the judges and Referee McAvoy, who feared the worst had the fight been close, because of the troublesome times the promoter had during the last seventy-two hours prior to the fight.

The cards of the officials showed that Referee McAvoy had given eleven rounds to Escobar, two for Jeffra and two even; Judge Thompson gave Sixto ten rounds, three to Jeffra and two even and I, as



Training at Escambron Beach Base Ball Park was a treat to San Juan's idle. 2000 or more fans daily crowded the stands to see Sixto and Harry. Here is a typical gathering during a workout. Jeffra is skipping the rope.

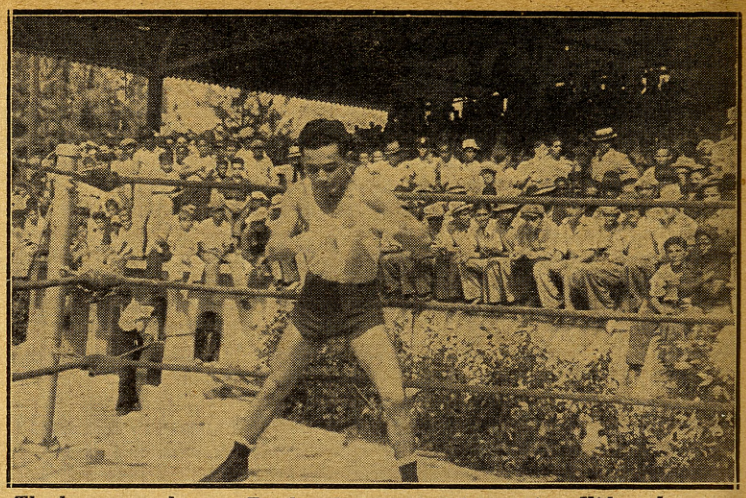
the other judge, tabbed eleven rounds for Escobar and four for Jeffra. Two of those four could have been called even, but I gave the champion the benefit of it in scoring the points. I decided to award every even round to the defending title holder.

Here is how the fight was scored:

																Total		
Referee	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10	11	12	13	14	15	J	E	Even
Mc Avoy	J	J	E	X	E	E	E	X	E	E		E	E	E	E	E	2	11	2
Judge Thompson	J	E	E	X	E	E	J	J	E	E		E	E	X	E	X	3	10	2
Judge Fleischer	J	E	E	J	E	J	J	E	E	E		E	E	E	E	E	4	11	

Thus a new champion, the first of the year, was crowned. Escobar had accomplished what few had thought it possible for him to do—he had regained the crown from the man who so easily beat him for the title only a few months previously. It was a great fight as clean a championship mill as I've ever witnessed.

* * *



The home crowd greets Escobar during a training session. Kids and grown-ups packed the stands to see Sixto work. And how they cheered a hard wallop!

SO badly injured was Jeffra that immediately after the fight he was removed to the Presbyterian Hospital where he remained over night for observation. The surgeon, after examining the X-Ray plates declared that there was no break in the jaw, yet on the trip home Harry suffered intense pain and his face swelled to twice its normal size. When he reached his home, it was found that he had double fracture.

For three weeks after the battle, the Baltimore lad showed the effects of the beating he received. Harry's appearance was ample evidence of the savagery of the Escobar attack. Sixto on the other hand, suffered only a cut above the left eye in which five stitches had to be taken.

Jeffra was a heart-broken kid. He was so keen on winning the fight and retaining the title that he was in a daze for several days as a result of the upset. And to add to his discomfiture, the Puerto Rican papers carried a reprint from the Baltimore *News* in which Jeffra was quoted as having written to his mother that the Puerto Ricans were "a bunch of savages." Though in interviews with San Juan scribes he emphatically denied the statement attributed to him. Harry was hounded during the rest of his stay.

Personally I don't believe he ever said what was printed because he is a most likeable lad, a gentleman who knows better than to insult his hosts. The treatment we Americans from the States received from the island folk was of the best. Puerto Ricans are among the most courteous people in the world and such a report as was published in the Baltimore *News* was uncalled for.

* * *

THE low attendance was a shock to the promoters. The cause for the poor turnout could be attributed to half a dozen things, but primarily to the difficulty that arose over the judges. Three days before the fight, when Ned Brown arrived from New York with Waxman, manager of Jeffra, the commission received word from Escobar that he would not fight if Brown were appointed a judge. He balked at Brown's name from the very start. He declared in strong terms that Brown, being a member of the Dempsey-Waxman business combine, and Waxman being the manager of record of Jeffra, it wouldn't be fair to him to have Brown sit in as judge. He further declared that Ned, some time ago, in a conversation with Escobar, had told him that Jeffra was the better fighter and therefore had disqualified himself as an official.

The Boxing Commission, in an effort to settle the argument, held a meeting at which the members declared that there would be no fight unless one of the officials would be a Puerto Rican. So far as that was concerned, I think that the Commission was correct in its demands. When the stand of the Commission had reached the point where a threat was made that the Commission would take the prerogative granted it under the law, and name its own referee and judges, it was thought that Jeffra's managers would yield, but even that had no effect on Blaustein and Waxman who stood their ground that without Ned Brown as judge, there would be no fight.

* *

IT was then that I stepped into the picture. I declared that the Commission was not unreasonable in its request for a local representation, and to settle the difficulty, I announced that I would be happy to resign my position as judge to give the board a chance to appoint a native of the island in my place. Escobar had appeared in the meantime and announced that if Brown officiated, there would be no fight and the Commission again encountered a hazard. After additional arguments, all parties agreed that McAvoy would be the referee and there would be one American and one local judge, we all believing that Brown would be the American, now that I had quit.

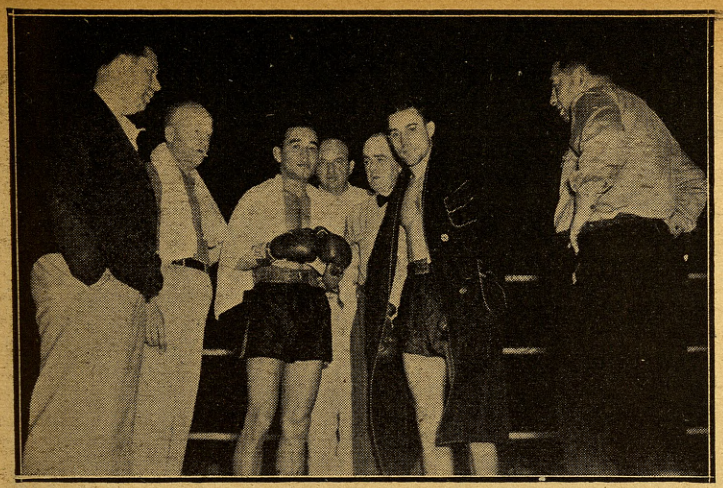
An executive session of the commission was held and in a few minutes the body returned and announced that it had appointed me as the American judge and the Sports Editor of *El Mundo* as the Puerto Rican and that Brown was out. That started another rumpus. Waxman and Blaustein insisted that under such a ruling Escobar, the challenger, would have two Puerto Rican judges their arguments including the statement that I was so well liked on the island that I would be apt to favor Escobar to keep the good will of the Puerto Ricans. The Commission refused to yield. Then Lionel Levy, the promoter, declared himself. He insisted that I was the choice of Lou Brix, manager of Sixto, and not of both managers as I had been led to believe when I left New York for San Juan. I took the bull by the horns and declared in emphatic terms that had I known that before I left New York, I would never have consented to judge the fight. I had no favorites, wouldn't sit as the judge to represent any one fighter and again I resigned. Before doing so, I proved through Waxman that Levy erred and that both he and Brix had invited me to judge. Thus I left the field free for the appointment of Brown. It was a nasty mess and I did what I thought would save the day and halt further unfavorable publicity and save the promoter from further embarrassment.

* * *

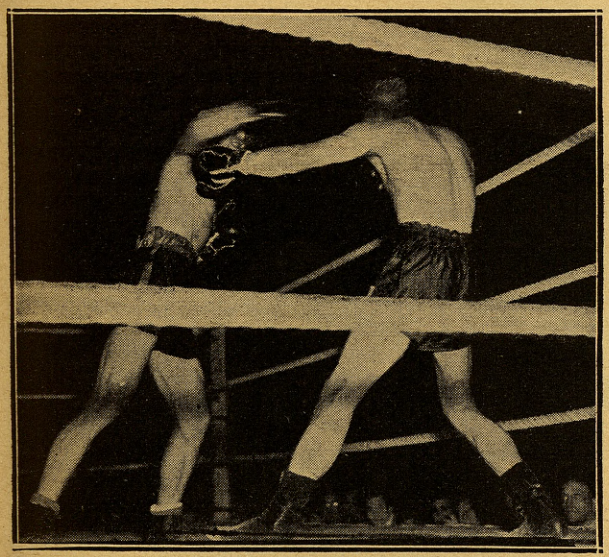
MY resignation was accepted and Ned Brown was selected to take my place. The following day he received his license and then came the biggest part of the battle. Escobar, insisted there would be no fight. He fought the Brown appointment. Stories were published to the effect that I was pushed out of the picture to favor Jeffra through Brown and the general impression was that the fight would not take place because of Sixto's demand that Brown quit.

On the morning of the fight, when weighing in time arrived, the principals, appeared on the scene, but Blaustein wouldn't budge with Jeffra unless the Commission definitely ruled that Brown would be a judge. When that was met with a rebuff, a verbal tilt took place which almost resulted in fists flying. Brix insisted that the weighing in take *(Continued on page 40)*

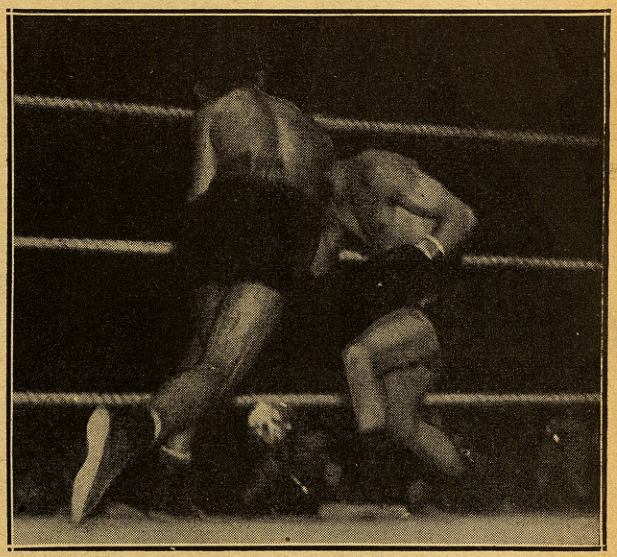
Action Scenes in Title Bout



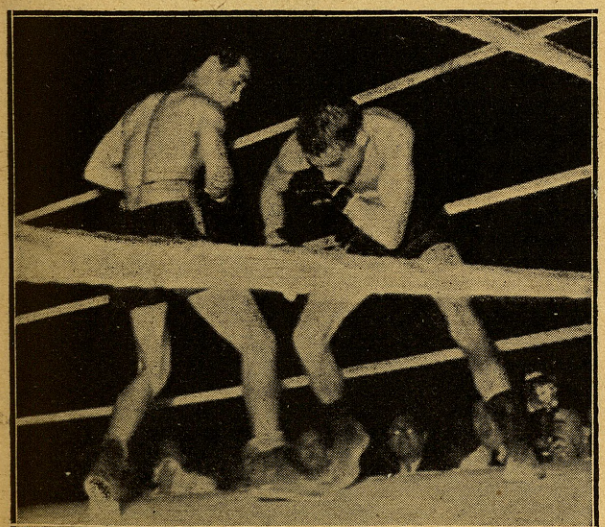
Harry Jeffra (right) and Sixto Escobar receiving instructions from Referee McAvoy. Lew Brix, manager of Sixto, stands between Escobar and McAvoy. On the extreme left, is Heinie Blaustein and on right, is Max Waxman, co-managers of Jeffra. Whitey Bimstein, trainer of Sixto, stands next to Heinie.



One of the few solid wallops that Jeffra landed on his rival. It was a powerful left drive to the chin in the fourth round that rocked the Puerto Rican.



The force with which Sixto landed his right on Harry's jaw can be seen from the above action photo. Note the muscles in Sixto's legs as he lands to score the first knockdown.

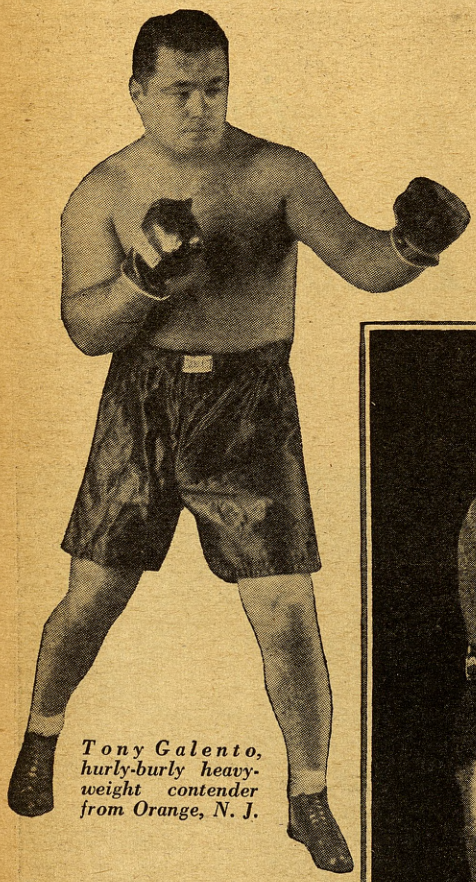


Jeffra covering up after Sixto's right caught him on the mouth. The next blow sent Jeffra to the canvas for the second time.

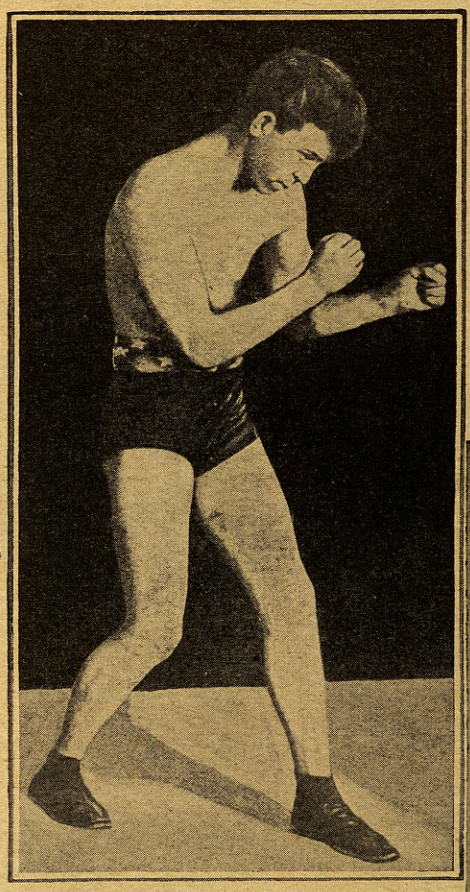
The happy warrior, the newly crowned bantam king, joyous over the fact that he had regained the title from the man who had beat him.

Passing of "Whoop-De-Doos"

Igoe Lists Screwballs and Sockers of Boxing History —Galento and Lee Throwbacks to Filbert Class



Tony Galento, hurly-burly heavyweight contender from Orange, N. J.



Battling Nelson, the Durable Dane of another era

A LOT of the old boys were fanning in New York recently, and the talk ranged to HITTERS and the old type "whoop-dee-doo" fighters, the fellows who smacked them dead in their tracks, and the freaks, clowns and daredevils of the ring.

Kid McPartland, the New York referee and a great lightweight in his day, was one of the talkers. There was "Dumb Dan" Morgan, noted as the manager of Jack Britton, Knockout Brown, and many others who made ring history. Little Johnny McAvoy, the referee whose vote decided the issue between Jim Braddock and Tommy Farr, had his list of great hitters and how they compared with the sockers of today. Doc Bagley, superb second and the best man on "cuts" in a corner since the days of "Spider" Kelly, one-time manager of Willie Jackson, the first man ever to knock out Johnny Dundee, was in with a roll of sweet thumpers.

I added a few myself, having seen some of the best who ever lived over a stretch of forty years.

It was not my good fortune to see John L. Sullivan when he was a real hitter. The best line I had on John was when he sparred in vaudeville with old Jake Kilrain. They were grizzled and bent, and their punch had turned to paunch.

One of the great hitters among the older heavyweights who came within my vision was Peter Jackson and he, too, had long since passed his peak.

I'll always remember it as one of the tragedies of the ring when big, young, powerful Jim Jeffries knocked Jackson out in San Francisco. It was, in reality, Peter's last stand. He fought with the knowledge that he was making enough money to buy his fare back to Australia, where he died.

In those days, this writer doubled with the camera and a caricaturist's pencil. Bill Naughton was the Sports Editor of the San Francisco *Examiner* where we both worked. Bill had taken me to Croll's Gardens to see Peter finish his training. I made many snaps of the great Peter as he posed this way and that.

* * *

WHEN he boxed with Patsy Corrigan, a pugnacious little old trial horse, and Patsy actually thrashed Peter. Never have I been able to understand why Naughton, who had brought Jackson from Australia years before, said to Peter:

"Nice work, Peter. You're still the great man of Down Under. You're still Peter The Great with me."

The chances are that Naughton, a keen judge, was merely being kind to a man who he knew was all through. Naughton was fine and generous in his praise and it has always been my belief that Naughton, as well as many others, considered Peter's last stand a benefit. Surely he was no match for the ponderous, powerful Jeffries.

Then I came up with two other great hitters, both little men, weighing around 128 pounds, yet two of the hardest punchers of all time in any division. Aurelio Herrera,

Harry Greb, a middleweight of a few years ago, who could have done nicely with the middleweight opposition of today.

Robs Ring of Color

By HYPE IGOE

the Mexican, and Dal Hawkins of San Francisco, were my nominees.

Morgan, McPartland, Bagley and McAvoy confessed they'd have to let my hitters in. I amplified this by mentioning Jack Dempsey, Stanley Ketchel, Bob Fitzsimmons, Sam Langford, Joe Wolcott, Jim Barry and that lightweight terror, Kid Lavigne.

* * *

McPARTLAND had fought Lavigne, Joe Gans, Dal Hawkins and Terry McGovern so that, after all, he knew his subject. He declared that no man ever hit him on the chin so hard as Hawkins. He told an amusing story of that encounter.

Hawkins knocked him into a jellyfish in the fifth round. The Kid lived in Brooklyn at the time and after the fight, he was riding back home on a trolley car. The usual company of followers, even though he had lost, was seeing the Kid home.

They talked of the fight and McPartland entered into the spirit of the thing, even agreeing to some of the mistakes he had made in that he had left at least one fatal opening for Dal's terrific left hook.

The brother at his side explained how the Kid had fallen, they went into minute details of what had been done in an effort to restore him to normalcy, how they had helped him down the steps and to his dressing room. Then McPartland knocked all of them for a twister. With all the seriousness in the world, McPartland faced around and addressing them as a whole, asked:

"Who won that fight between Dal Hawkins and Kid McPartland?"

They looked at the Kid and then they looked at each other. McPartland's brother, fearing that the Kid had suffered a brain injury, became alarmed. He watched the Kid all night and with morning come, he was a vastly relieved man when the Kid talked rationally.

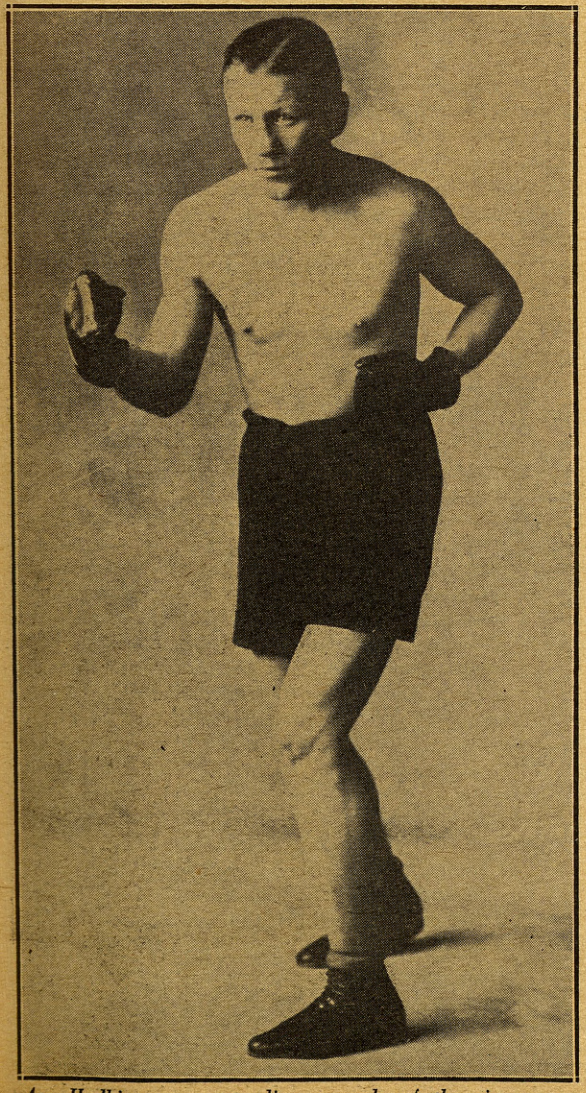
The same thing happened to Johnny Dundee when Bagley's Willie Jackson hit him on the chin and spread the little speed marvel out on the floor.

In the dressing room an hour later, Dundee sat on a bench, in full ring attire, muttering:

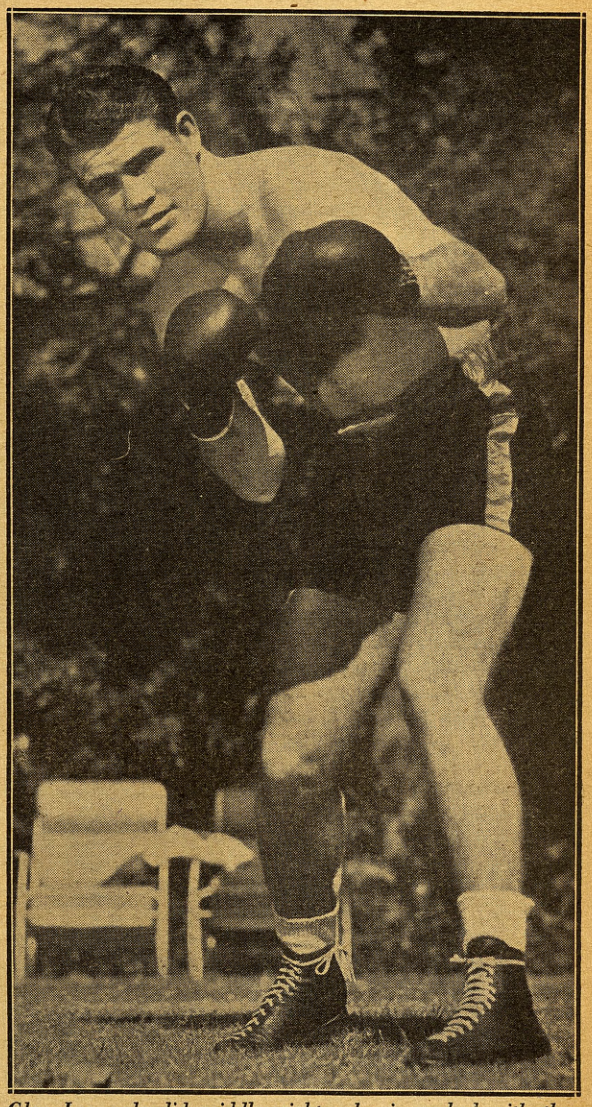
"Come on, come on, let's get this fight over. What's the delay? I gotta date to take the wife dancing."

* * *

THREE or four hours later, Dundee came to, and realized that he had been knocked out for the first time in his life. They had permitted him to sit there, feeling that he would return to normalcy sooner than if they *(Continued on page 43)*



Ace Hudkins, an outstanding example of the ring genus "screwball."



Glen Lee, splendid middleweight, who is ranked with the current crop of "whoop-de-doos."

FEARED FIGHTERS

By TED CARROLL

DOWN through the years there has always been a select group of boxers who have been more "select" than selected—that is, as ring foes by their contemporaries. As a rule every division has one or two performers who find it exceedingly difficult to get the leaders of their respective classes to mingle with them fistically. This has always been so and the same thing holds true right down to the present day.

Some of the more celebrated members of the "poison" fraternity in days gone by have been the dreaded Sam Langford, George K.O. Chaney, Jeff Smith, Benny Valgar, Kid Norfolk, Baby Joe Gans and George Godfrey. All of them, for one reason or another, were about as welcome to the champions of their day as opponents as a cageful of starved tigers. Prospective present day members of this distinguished group are big Roscoe Toles, rugged Gus Lesnevich, and hard-hitting Ossie Stewart. Probably the most shunned of this isolated trio is the tan-skinned Detroit husky, Mr. Roscoe Toles.

The schedules of the big name heavies never seem to include Roscoe although there is always a hue and cry over the lack of good heavyweight material among the fight mob, and Roscoe's record is most impressive. Roscoe Toles' career to date has been intertwined to some extent with that of Joe Louis, whom he resembles quite a bit. His name first appeared in the newspapers of the nation as a knockout victim of the Brown Bomber back in 1935. However, there are extenuating circumstances connected with this affair that cover Toles with considerable reflected glory.

* * *

A 19-YEAR-OLD novice at the time, he was originally carded to meet the Bomber in what was supposed to be a four-round exhibition. Arriving in Flint, Mich., scene of the contest, Toles was informed that he was slated for a six-round battle with the great belter with five-ounce gloves. Toles withholds no credit from Louis and takes great pride in the fact he was able to last as long as he did at that time with the bone-crushing champion and he also reasons that what he learned about Louis might some day stand him in good stead if he is ever lucky enough to meet him for that title.

Toles came out of a Newton Falls, Ohio, steel mill from whence he drifted to Detroit where his path crossed that of Kid Roberts, one-time crack welterweight, and an extremely clever boxer of the early twenties. The Kid was just the man for the crude youngster and speedily transformed him into a polished, capable workman. Dapper Jack Kearns at first cast longing eyes at the big, brown-skinned boy, but as Jimmy Adamick was beginning to attract attention at the same time, decided that the Midland lad offered more to work with because of the "white hope" angle. Kearns has lost none of his respect for Toles as those who have been suggesting a Toles-Adamick match have found out.

Toles has dropped only four decisions in his four-year career. The cagy Maxie Rosenbloom outslapped him last March, he dropped close ones to Johnny Whiters and Al Delaney and there was the Louis affair. He has not lost a duke in some time, however, and finished in front of rough Arturo Godoy and game Harry Thomas in the past year. He is the only man to ever stop Prof. Billy McCarney's rough and ready Steve Dudas, a feat he performed in Detroit December 11, 1936. Like Louis, an Alabama-born Detroiter, Roscoe at present is being guided along the pugilistic trail by that competent and respected veteran pair, Joe Woodman and George Lawrence. Joe Woodman is no stranger to the headaches connected with managing a highly respected fighter, as he struggled along for years with one of the greatest of all time, Sam Langford, and Joe insists that getting the headliners to meet Toles will be just a vacation compared to the labor involved with getting anybody in the same ring with the old Boston Tar Baby.

GUS LESNEVICH'S pals like to call him the Russian Lion, and the ranking middles and light-heavies have shown just about as much inclination to fight him as they would his four-footed namesake. The Cliffside, N. J., boy boasts one of the most impressive records in his division. Many a man has headlined the Garden with far less striking a list of achievements. Such capable warriors as Carmen Barth, Ray Actis, Alabama Kid, Atilio Sabatino, Bandit Romero and Young Stuhley have been beaten by Gus, but still the Jerseyite has difficulty crashing the first flight of contenders.

A native of New Jersey, Lesnevich was an outstanding amateur around New York for some time. He won many titles, turned pro, fought his way up through the preliminary ranks around the metropolitan district and then headed for the Coast where he scored victory after victory until the Steele catastrophe. Returned to his native East, he was tossed in with Herbie Katz, sensational New Yorker, who had compiled a long winning streak.

The rugged Russian defeated the youngster handily last November in their Garden go, but the response was still "nobody home" when he looked around for additional work. Paying heed to the old adage concerning a prophet being without honor in his own country, Gus drifted southward this time, and turned a trick that has made him a national figure.

* * *

DOWN in Dixie Ben Brown was being hailed as a seventh wonder of the world. The eminent Damon Runyon—no less—had come out with the statement in his nationally syndicated column that the young Atlantan was the coming heavyweight champion. There were other praise shouters of course, but celebrated Damon's dictum turned the eyes of the country's sporting population upon young Ben Brown.

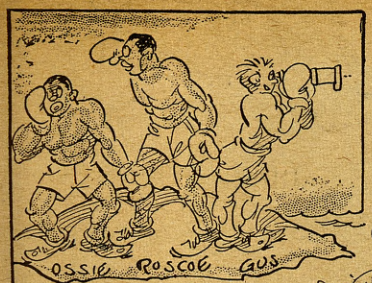
Young Mr. Brown proceeded to make Runyon's statement stand up for a while with win after win until, unheeding the wariness of his fellow fighters up north, he signed to meet Lesnevich. Brown entered the ring February 8 in Miami against Lesnevich one of the most highly thought of young boxers in the country and left it a thoroughly whipped young man. On the other hand, Gus Lesnevich, his conqueror, is now heading north confident that the long awaited headlining spots which have been so long denied him may at last be his.

The boys used to flee at the very mention of old George K.O. Chaney's name, and something akin to this state of panic usually takes place when the name of Ossie Stewart is brought up as a prospective foe for any of our leading middleweights. "What, fight that guy. Why, my kid won't be no good no more after that one. Think I'm crazy," opined a manager of one of the middleweight topflighters, when Al Douglas merely suggested Stewart for a bout at his Rockland Arena in New York.

This powerfully muscled young Pittsburgh colored boy is such a deadly hitter it is almost impossible to make a match for him in the East. At this writing, he has knocked out his last 16 opponents, most of them in the early rounds. James Joy Johnston dropped him into the Garden against Johnny Rossi last summer, and after the trade had seen him stiffen the New Englander, leading middles marked him off their lists.

His most recent and impressive triumph occurred in New York, where he belted out tough and game Eddie Maguire in a single round. It was the first time the rugged South African had ever been counted out.

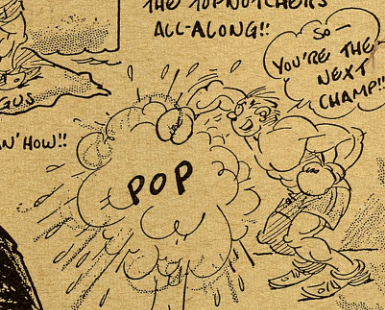
The middleweight division is teeming with activity at the moment. With Apostoli, Steele, Corbett, Hostak, Krieger, Conn, Lee and others stirring up plenty of trouble and the addition of Stewart to their ranks charges this already dynamic division with another load of dynamite, that is if any of the boys can be prevailed upon to play with him.



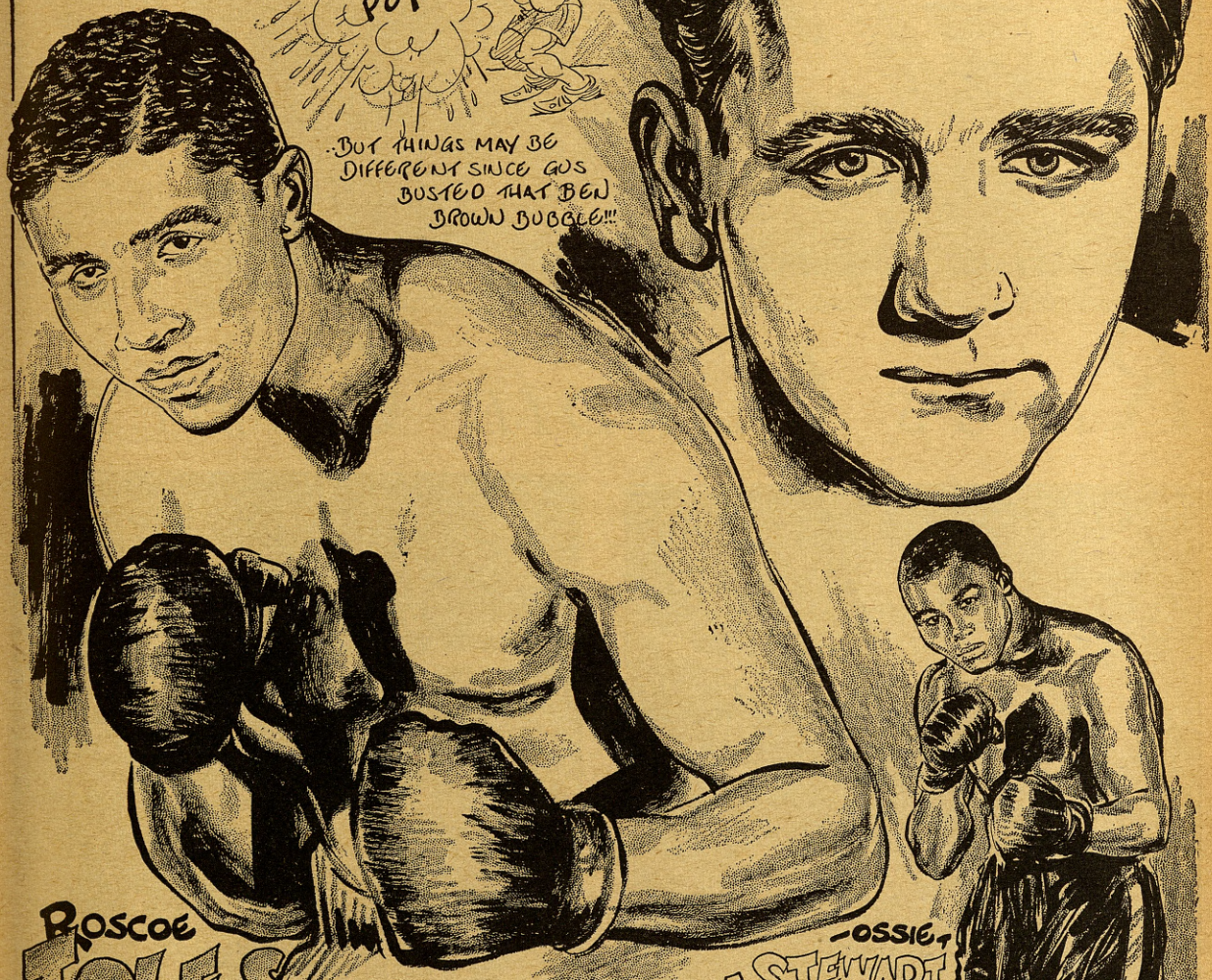
..LEFT ALL ALONE!!..AN' HOW!!

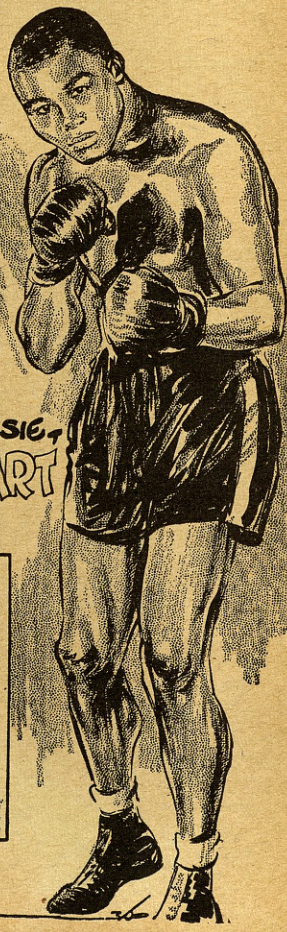
GUS LESNEVITCH

..THE RUGGED RUSSIAN.. HAS BEEN GIVEN A "WIDE BERTH".. BY THE TOPNOTCHERS ALL-ALONG!!



..BUT THINGS MAY BE DIFFERENT SINCE GUS BUSTED THAT BEN BROWN BUBBLE!!!





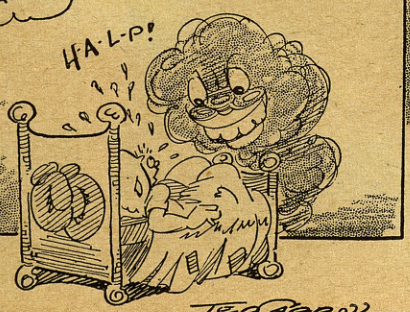
OSSIE STEWART

ROSCOE TOLES

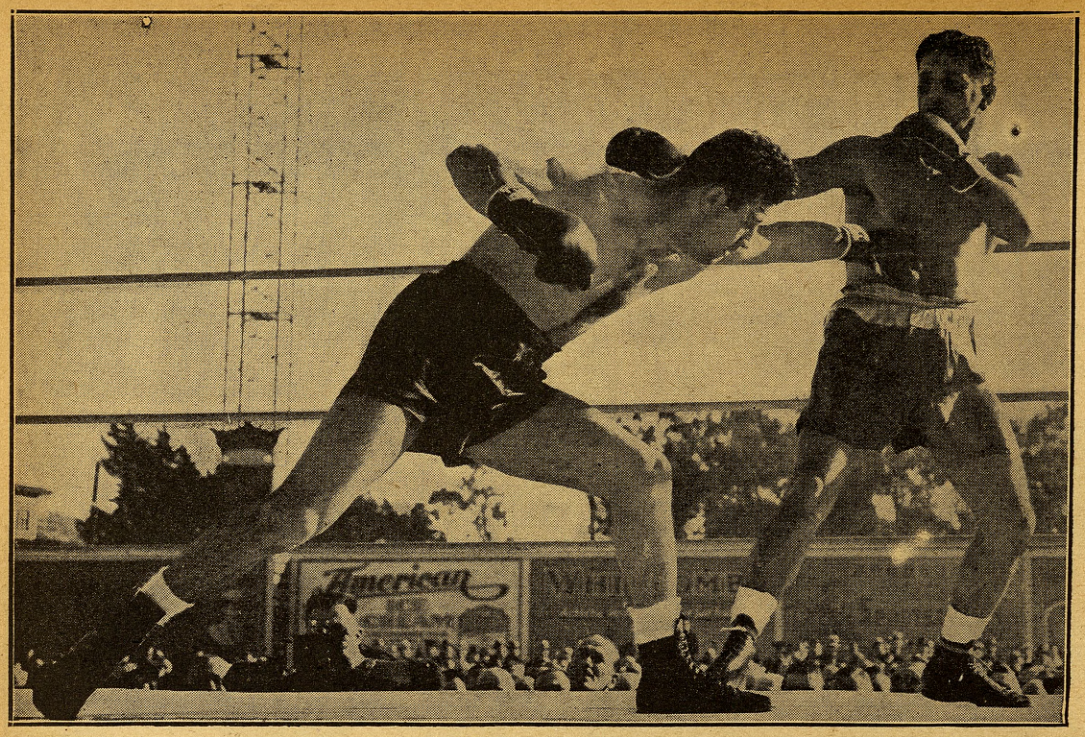
..THE "BIG NAME" HEAVIES NEVER SEEM TO BE "AT HOME".. WHEN ROSCOE CALLS!!!..

..DETROIT FANS HAVE BEEN SUGGESTING.. TOLES VS. ADAMICK.. FOR SOME TIME.. ..BUT.. 'DOC' KEARNS DOESN'T SEEM INTERESTED!!!..

..HE SEEMS TO BE A "NIGHTMARE".. TO MOST OF THE MIDDLEWEIGHTS!!

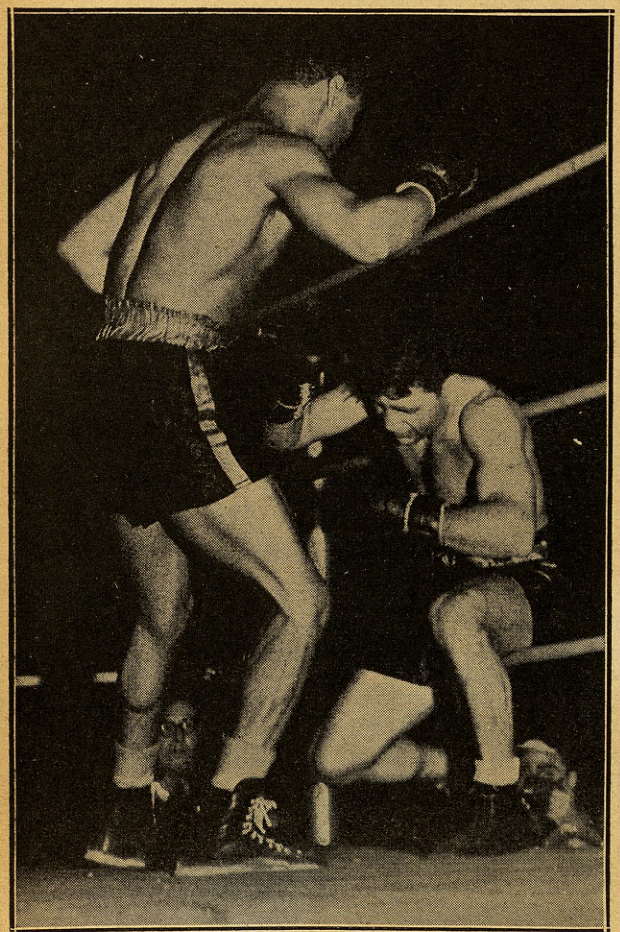


TED CARROLL

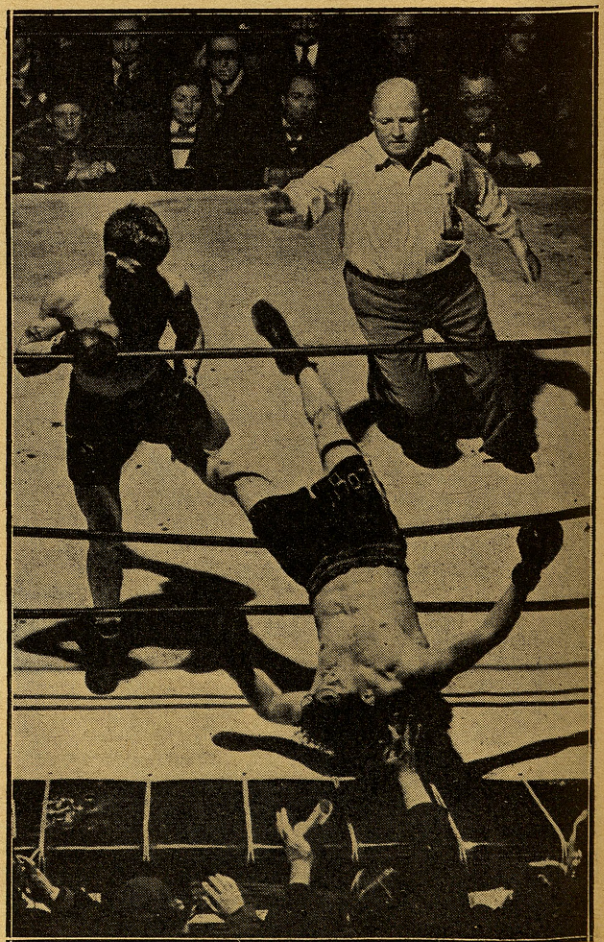


Fred Apostoli here suffers an anti-climax, as he loses to the veteran Young Corbett in a ten rounder in San Francisco. Fred was a 2 to 1 favorite. There was considerable discussion over the verdict, many scribes and patrons figuring that Apostoli was entitled to the duke.

RING'S CANDID CAMERA



Here is Henry Armstrong scoring another K.O., this time over Al Citrino, in four rounds. Henry put Al down thirteen times. Unlucky thirteen—for Citrino.



A corking shot of the finish of Bert Colima, second, in his fight with Frankie Vallerino in Hollywood. We see Bert going through the ropes in the seventh.

English Reader Wins

Turns in Best Letter in The Ring's Third Most Valuable Boxer Essay Contest—His Name Is O. F. Snelling, From London

THIS month we print the third batch of prize-winning letters having to do with THE RING's Most Valuable Boxer Award. You may recollect that the editor offered five prizes—subscriptions for one year to this magazine, or any book on THE RING Book Shop list—for the best letters nominating candidates for the big award, which was voted to Henry Armstrong.

However, the response from readers all over the world was so fine and so enthusiastic that the editor decided to give fifteen prizes instead of five. We have printed ten winning letters. Now for the last five.

The best letter among the last batch is that of an English reader, O. F. Snelling, 157 Victoria Road, Edmonton, London. He picks Armstrong, Freddie Steele and Tommy Farr in that order.

The second best letter is that of William G. Barrett, R.F.D. 4, Box 42A, Whitefield, N. H. He names Armstrong.

The third best letter is from Wally Sjoblom, 661 41st Street, Brooklyn, N. Y. He also honors Armstrong, with Nathan Mann and Harry Jeffra following.

The No. 4 letter comes from George Raulet, 21 Graham Street, Jersey City, N. J., and No. 5 from Carroll Hannah, Louisville, Ky. The letters follow:

To THE RING *Editor:*

To my way of thinking, Henry Armstrong fulfills every requirement laid down by THE RING. A bell-to-bell fighter, he never fails to give the onlookers their money's worth and he stands for everything that is best in sport. His record is unsurpassed by any boxer of any weight this year, and were he of the heavyweight class, such achievements as his would certainly overshadow those of his brother Negro, Joe Louis. As it is, being a small man, his name is not constantly before the public, but I do not take publicity into account in this ballot, as a big man will obviously always overwhelm a smaller one.

I consider that Freddie Steele runs Armstrong a close second for meritorious displays this year, while on your four main requirements both seem to me one hundred per cent. Both are willing, two-fisted men who don't rest on their laurels but meet and beat all who are sent against them. If personal feelings can be put aside and a Steele-Apostoli bout be brought about, I think Freddie will win decisively. My record-book informs me he has done this once already.

If quantity of publicity were the deciding factor of this ballot, I feel sure Tommy Farr would take first place, but I am basing my opinions on achievements, character and those other requirements you supply. Farr did a great job but Armstrong and Steele, of whom many people have never heard, appear to me to overshadow him.

O. F. SNELLING,
157 Victoria Road,
Edmonton, London, England.

* * *

To THE RING *Editor:*

I have been a constant reader of THE RING for the past ten years, and during that time I cannot recall a boxer that more justly deserved THE RING trophy as the most valuable boxer of the year than my choice as this year's winner, that little package of dynamite, Henry Armstrong, featherweight champion of the world.

Armstrong's record over the past twelve months is startling, topped by winning the featherweight title from Petey Sarron in a whirlwind bout in New York, and his threat to Lou Ambers, lightweight champion, by knocking out Billy Beauhuld, most promising lightweight developed during the year.

I suppose a lot of RING readers would question my choice of Henry over Joe Louis, my second choice, but if they would think a minute; Henry has yet to fail to put in a pleasing fight, while the heavy champ failed twice to satisfy the public in his bouts with Bob Pastor and Tommy Farr. Henry's bouts have all been real two-fisted scraps, full of whirlwind action. He never questioned who his opponents were, but has taken them as they came, feathers and lightweights alike, and has mowed them down in his march to the top.

Both Henry and Louis won titles during the year, and both are of unquestionable character and are fine examples of clean living, but—Armstrong, in my judgment, has beaten Joe for first choice by his sterling performances of the year. He has never failed his public, and what he has done for the sport was shown in the attendance and receipts of his bout with Sarron. They far exceeded anything for a featherweight bout in years.

WILLIAM G. BARRETT,
R.F.D. 4, Box 42A,
Whitefield, N. H.

* * *

To THE RING *Editor:*

If Henry Armstrong does not tower head and shoulders above any fighter of any weight during the 1937 season I, as the Frenchman said, will take vanilla. He has unquestionably outclassed the cream of his division, and at the moment seems destined to invade the titular realms of the lightweight brackets as well. And that, friends, is a man-sized order—particularly when it is crowded into the brief space of one year.

Henry began to rumble in the early 30's. Let us scrape our way down to the bone of Henry's record, and discover just what his qualifications are.

To begin with, he was not—unfortunately enough—born with the proverbial silver spoon in his mouth. Everything he owns today came the hard way. One of a family of thirteen, he lost his mother at the age of five. Soon afterwards, he made his debut into the industrial world by selling papers. Odd jobs supplemented the meager wages he earned through vending the same newspapers which, ironically, were destined to publicize his own future career.

On being graduated from high school, Armstrong sweated with a railroad crew, swinging that time-honored muscle-builder, the sledge hammer. Perhaps the hardihood he gained through this robust form of exercise inspired him to enter the ranks of the amateur fistic world. His career in the simon-pures was short-lived, though successful. He simply could not buy bread and shoes while battling for watches and trophies. So he decided to give the professional game a whirl. And what a hurricane it turned out to be!

One of his earlier opponents of recognition was the widely known Mexican, Baby Arizmendi. After a rough evening for both boys, the bout was called a draw. It was after a return engagement with the Baby that Al Jolson took Henry under his wing. Almost immediately afterwards, he hit that tremendous pace that has not proven too burdensome through the most gruelling sort of competition. In rapid succession, he met and beat men of such calibre as Johnny Defoe, Mike Belloise, Tony Chavez, Baby Arizmendi, and the champion, Petey Sarron. After wresting the title from Sarron in a most convincing fashion, Henry trounced the courageous Billy Beauhuld, the Jersey lad who boasted an unblemished record *(Continued on page 44)*

NEW FACES

By MEYER ACKERMAN

IT is unlikely that the name of Albert Davidoff will ever mean anything to the followers of the manly art of fisticuffs. We cannot recall any Davidoff ever setting the pugilistic pastime aflame.

But as Al Davis, you have a young man who is the current rage among the featherweights, and if young Al continues to set the pace that he has made for himself as a fighter, it is reasonably safe to assume that Davis, nee Davidoff, will make his mark in the rough profesion of boxing long before he has decided to hang his gloves on the wall.

For, to the trained eyes, Al Davis looks like the best prospect who has come bouncing along the cauliflower trail in many moons, a fighter who combines science and a punch to make him a decided threat to the leaders of his division.

Davis was born on Blake Avenue in Brownsville on January 27, 1920, in the very heart of the market neighborhood. As a youngster just coming into his teens, little Albert did not relish the idea of pleading for pennies at home, and decided that he would rather embark on a business venture and earn his own livelihood. To this end, Al started on a career of selling tomatoes in the business thoroughfare of Blake Avenue, and as the housewives surrounded his push-cart to buy up his merchandise, the visions of money pouring into his lap became a reality.

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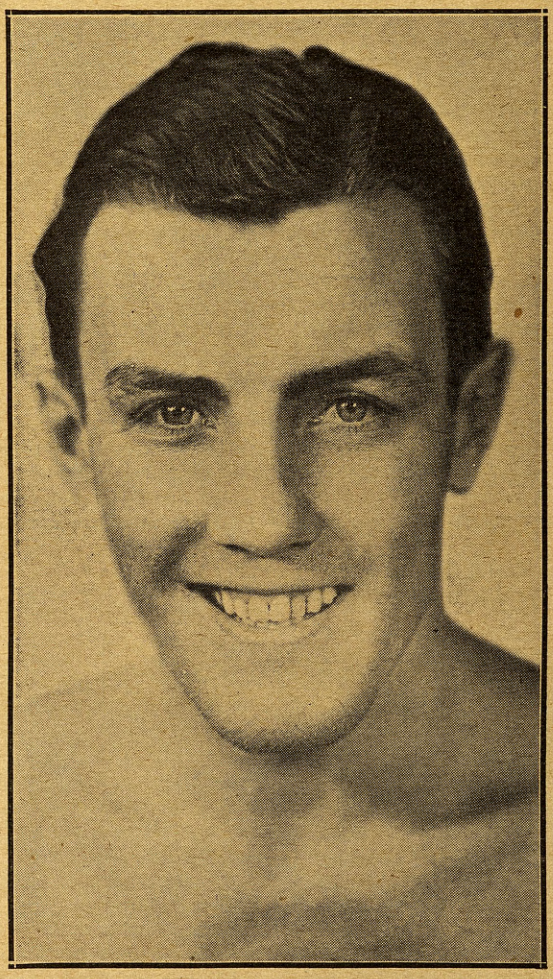


Billy Marquart, Manitoba, Canada, featherweight star.

BUT young Al was a fighter at heart, and as he heard the other boys of his neighborhood speak of the fistic deeds of the great Brownsville scrappers of the past, he succumbed to the urge of the thud of gloves against body and face, and left his thriving business to enter the ranks of the amateurs. He hadn't reached his sixteenth birthday and therefore was ineligible for amateur tussles, but that didn't stop the Brownsville youngster from using the name of a friend, one Johnny Pascone, in order to further his cause.

As an amateur, he showed little over which to enthuse. He had some dozen battles, winning most of them, and losing several, and decided that his bout with Oliver White, who already held a decision over him, would be the last and turning point of his career. If he won, he would turn professional. If he lost, he would go back to his push-cart and try to drum up the business he had lost when he entered the amateur ranks. As fate would have it, Al Davis knocked out his opponent in the last round and decided to launch his career as a pro.

And what a record he has made! He seemed to develop a punch in the moneyed ranks, and in some 19 odd fights, has flattened 14 of his opponents, and won five decisions to make him undefeated to date. Oddly enough, one opponent whose name is Benny Rubano, has gone the limit with young Al Davis on three different occasions.

Some of the opponents he has knocked out are Dominick Zaccola, Skippy Allen, Johnny Mirabella, and George Karkella, and the critics have gone overboard in stating that Davis has the most devastating left hook since the days of Charley White.

Young Al Davis has the makings of a truly great fighter. He could not have picked on a better mentor than Lew Burston to help bring out his fistic qualifications to the fullest extent.

* * *

FROM F. J. Anderson, we have word that Canada has a youthful boxer who gained much prestige in the amateurs, and who is now fast forging to the top in the professional field. He refers to Billy Marquart, born on a homestead in Manitoba, Canada, in February of 1915, and whose family moved to Winnipeg while he was still a little lad.

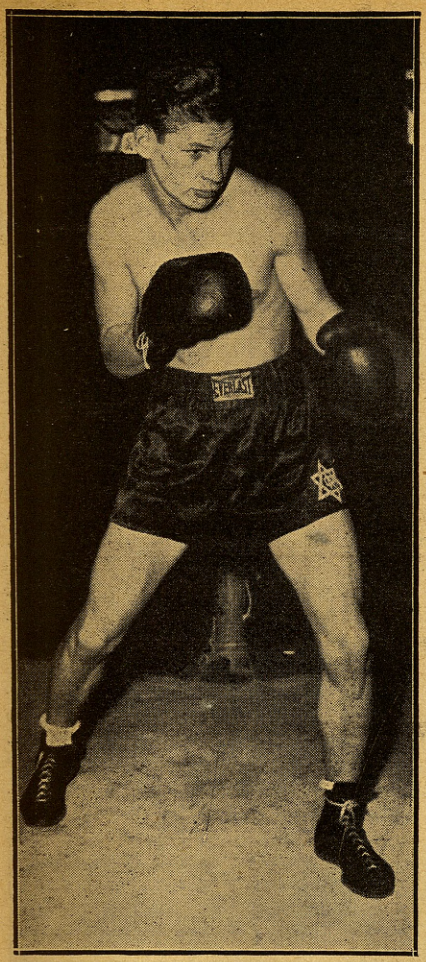
As an amateur Marquart held the Canadian national featherweight title for four years, and also the Manitoba Provincial and city of Winnipeg titles for the same period. In 1935 Marquart invaded New York to garner the Golden Gloves championship, and in the same year at Minneapolis, Billy won a decision over Owen Trickey, a boy who held the Northwestern title at the time. The Olympic Games beckoned and Billy departed for Montreal to take place in the Canadian Olympic trials, which he won and which earned for him a trip to Germany.

Marquart hurt his hand in his last fight at the games in the featherweight final, and favored it to the extent that he dropped a close decision to his opponent. On his return from Berlin, Billy signed to fight under the direction of Jack Hurley, who piloted the famous Fargo Express, Billy Petrolle, to the top of the heap and just fell short of winning a world title. However, Hurley has expressed the opinion that in Billy Marquart he has a fighter who is capable of starting where Petrolle left off.

To date the youngster has engaged in 20 fights and has scored knockouts in fifty per cent of his battles. He has won eight decisions and was beaten twice on points. He has whipped such good fighters as Sammy Angott (twice), Al Manriques (three times), Kid Irish, Pat Robertson, Roger Bernard and Jackie Callura, who claims the Canadian featherweight championship. He has also kayoed Lloyd Pine in three rounds.

Although Marquart has the appearance of a tough and battered fighter, he did not receive these marks in ring combat. It was while still a boy at school that he was struck on the nose with a piece of lead from an elastic band in the hands of another school boy, a blow that damaged the membrane partition of his nose, for which he had to undergo an operation years later. He is a superb boxer and good puncher who positively bears watching.

The above named boys are only a few of the many new faces who are making headway in the field of pugilism. Managers who have a boy who is coming up rapidly are invited to send a good photo and a story about the lad for these columns.



Al Davis, Brooklyn boy, who is making rapid progress.

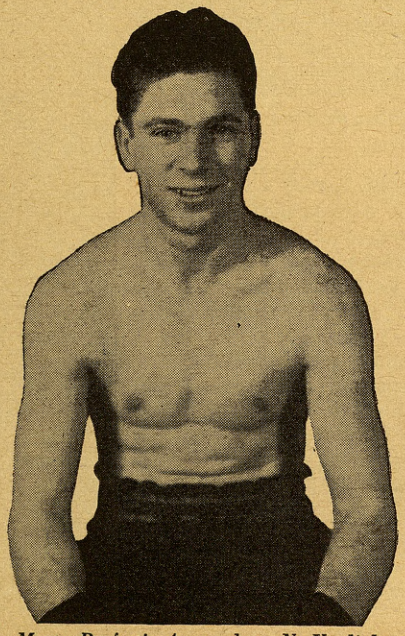
JUST when Allie Stolz, the young Jersey lightweight performer, was coming along to take all the nods as a prospective future threat in that division, and hogging all the publicity that is heaped upon the head of a youngster who shows great promise, along came Matt Perfetti to crowd him for the honors of the likeliest looking youngster in the 135-pound class, by virtue of a great draw battle recently fought in the Hippodrome. Who is Perfetti, the young upstart who held Stolz to a draw? What has he accomplished? Where does he come from?

Matt Perfetti was first discovered in a boxing show in Amsterdam, New York, by Tony Canzoneri, who was refereeing the bouts. So impressed was the Italian holder of several world championships, with the pugilistic potentialities of this curly-thatched, grinning youngster, that he brought him to New York where he turned him over to Marty Fuller, who has been Tony's associate, and Marty is handling the boy's affairs splendidly.

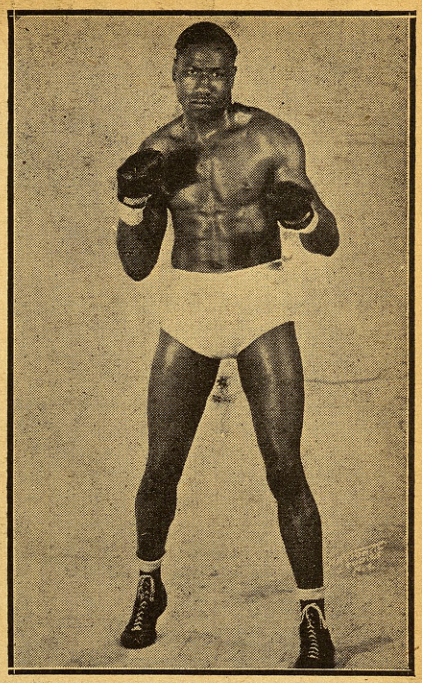
Marty set about to get his young charge work in the local arenas, and the regularity with which the young man kept winning convinced Fuller that he had a diamond in the rough. In 75 amateur battles, Matt had lost but two decisions, and these he reversed in later battles. Since entering the professional field, Matt has engaged in 12 battles and won them all. Marty Fuller felt that he had something better than an ordinary fighter, and when the opportunity came along to match his young charge with the sensational, undefeated Stolz in a battle in the New York Hippodrome, Fuller jumped at the chance.

He was told it was a bad move as young Stolz looked like a great prospect who was destined for bigger and better things. Marty argued that the same went for Perfetti, as far as he was concerned. The match went on with the friends of Fuller, in the boxing game, shaking their heads on what they thought was a bad match for the kid. But they remained to have their eyes opened as the two battled in blistering fashion over the six-round route with nothing to choose between them. There was but one obvious decision for the officials to render at the finish of the even slugfest, and they rendered the "draw" verdict as the crowd howled their approval.

The fight helped to bring recognition to Matt Perfetti. In the capable hands of Nick Florio, who is training him, and doting upon words of advice from Canzoneri, Perfetti seems destined to move far ahead of the field of youngsters in the near future. It looks very much as though the pugilistic firm of Canzoneri and Fuller have something there.



Marty Perfetti, Amsterdam, N. Y., lightweight.



Roy Chapman, Uniontown, Pa., middleweight.

* * *

ROY CHAPMAN is a young middleweight who is fast making his mark among the younger crop of 160-pounders as a fighter who merits considerable attention from the pugilists in the higher brackets. The twenty-two-year-old Negro battler, who was born in Uniontown, Pa., has been fighting professionally for close onto two years now, and has lost but one decision in some 24 odd fights.

His mother was a Blackfoot Indian while his father was colored with a little Italian blood in his veins. Chapman first gained prominence in the training camp of Fred Apostoli when the Coast middleweight was preparing for his fight with Marcel Thil on Mike Jacobs' great Carnival of Champions show last summer in the Polo Grounds. He proved to be a better fighter than most sparring partners are, and was let go because the workouts he was giving Apostoli were too tough for a fighter who was preparing for an important tussle.

Chapman was so interested in boxing when he was still in his 'teens, that he used to work around the dressing rooms in the fight clubs in Atlanta, Ga., and Uniontown in order that he might witness the fights without having to pay the admission price.

He entered the professional ranks without the benefit of any amateur experience and became a winner from the start. He knocked out many an opponent, and soon ran out of opposition in his home town. He came to the city where he had very little luck in securing matches, and the first real job he got was when Lew Burston sent him out to the camp of Apostoli to act in the capacity of sparring partner.

He was too tough, though, to act in that role and was let go. It wasn't until six months later, when he was down and out, that Burston ran into him and he begged Lew to manage him. Burston hasn't regretted that move. The colored middleweight has engaged in 24 fights to date and has lost but one decision. He has knocked out 18 opponents and has won five decisions.

BLOWS *that* COUNT

This is the second of a series of articles by THE RING Editor on the most effective punches used by famous fighters past and present. The first dealt with Jim Corbett.

By
THE RING EDITOR

IN our last issue, we started the series on the most effective punches used by the greatest of our modern fighters, and showed how Jim Corbett developed his famous left jab and revolutionized boxing methods in this country, and how Fitzsimmons, through a mere chance shot, brought into use the deadly "solar plexus" punch, a terrible blow to the stomach that paralyzed "Gentleman Jim."

In this issue, we take up the attack and defense of Jim Jeffries, the giant Boilermaker, and Kid McCoy, whose corkscrew blow made ring history.

A shaggy haired, sullen faced giant climbed into the ring of the Lenox A. C. (now the Fairmont A. C.) on the night of August 5, 1898. The weather was sultry to a depressing degree, and possibly the discomfort due to the superheated atmosphere caused James J. Jeffries, the California boilermaker, to look so uneasy.

It was Jeff's first appearance in the East, and he plainly was not in an enthusiastic frame of mind. Possibly he was not pleased with the task laid out for him. He was scheduled to fight two men ten rounds each on the same night. One was a tall Negro, an expert boxer named Bob Armstrong, and the other was the cleverest gymnasium boxer in the world, Steve O'Donnell.

James J. Jeffries, master of the crouch.

Billy Delaney, world famous trainer, had brought Jeffries East with a view to eventually getting a title match for him. Jeffries was then twenty-three years of age. The Boilermaker weighed 245 pounds when he stepped off a train at the Grand Central Station, which was convincing evidence that he had not devoted himself to his trade with much assiduity.

* * *

WHEN the bout between Jeffries and Armstrong got under way, it was seen that the Californian was cumbersome and slow. The sharp-shooting Negro had no difficulty in landing on the big chap, but was unable to make any impression on him with the solidest blows. At the end of the tenth round the referee declared Jeff the winner despite the fact that the Negro had handily outpointed the white man.

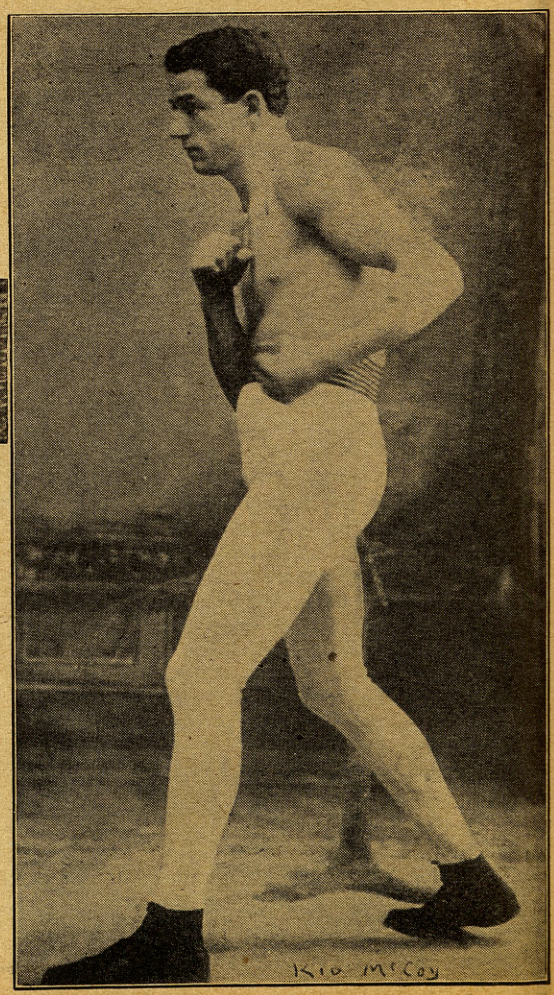
It now appeared that Jeff would get the reward of beating both men—a title match with Fitz. O'Donnell, shivering with apprehension, sat in his dressing room waiting the call to action. After a reasonable intermission, Delaney went to the dressing room to summon Jeff to the ring for a contest with O'Donnell.

The Boilermaker was not there. Delaney rushed to the hotel, where he found a note from Jeffries announcing that he had hurt his thumb on Armstrong's head and had taken a train for the Pacific Coast. When O'Donnell heard the glad news, he heaved a sigh of relief and put on his street clothes. Thus ended the inauspicious Eastern debut of Jim Jeffries.

Less than a year later Jeff returned to New York, and on June 9, 1899, won the title by knocking out Fitz in the eleventh round of a bout in the Coney Island A. C.

* * *

WHEN the Boilermaker arrived in New York to fulfill his engagement with Fitz his handlers trumpeted to the effect that Jeff was "master of the left hook." This was the blow in the delivery of which Corbett ex-



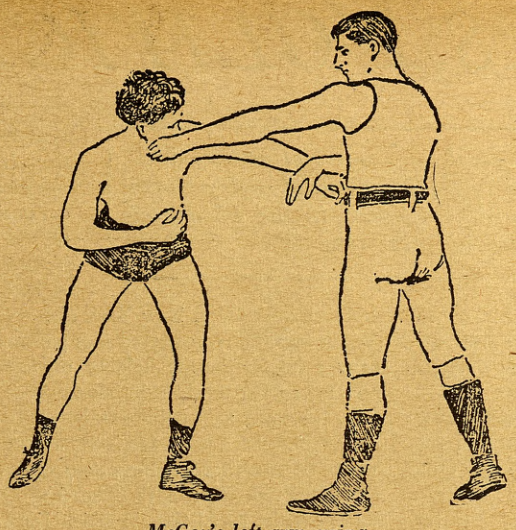
Kid McCoy, the corkscrew expert.

celled, and the claim that Jeffries was expert in its use was designed to inspire fear in Fitz and other possible opponents.

Nothing could have been further from the fact than the assertion that Jeff was a master of the left hook. Jeff's favorite punches were a right uppercut for the body and a right swing for the jaw. It was with these blows that he won and defended his title.

The distinctive feature of Jeff's ring tactics was a crouching attitude taught him by Tommy Ryan. When Jeff faced an opponent, the Boilermaker bent forward and drew up his left shoulder so that it practically covered his jaw. In this stance Jeff was not in a position to hook his left, and the only time the Boilermaker used his left was when Fitz rushed and Jeff reached the champion in the mouth with a straight left. The final blow was a right swing to the jaw.

There has always been much doubt as to Fitz fighting on his merits at Coney Island, for the reason that Fitz failed to land with effect on Jeff, who at the time was in his novitiate. Yet three years later, when Jeff was an experienced ring fighter, Fitz pummeled him terrifically. The former champion would have regained the title but for the fact that the much strained bones in both hands gave way under the bombardment.



McCoy's left arm swing.

* * *

WHEN Jeff fought Tom Sharkey at Coney Island, November 3, 1899, he relied entirely on a right uppercut to the ribs. Sharkey invariably led with a left swing to the jaw, which had no more effect than water on a duck's back. Jeff would take Sharkey's punch with a grin and counter the Sailor with a right uppercut to the ribs. After the fight, which lasted the limit of twenty-five rounds, Sharkey had a floating rib or two. He did not mind it, as he was used to floating on the ocean. Jeffries got the decision of Referee Siler, but did not earn it.

Jeff's success in the ring was due almost entirely to his ability to stand up under hard knocks. His jaw was a firm one.

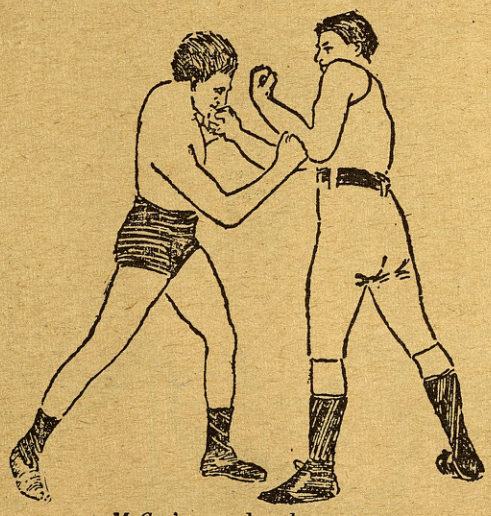
In justice to him, it must be said that he fought all challengers, a majority of them twice for good measure.

His fatal error was in returning to the ring in 1910, after a retirement lasting five years. No one knew better than Jeff that he had no chance against Johnson, who then was in his prime. It is reasonable to believe that Jeff would never have made the match with Johnson had not the Boilermaker been led to believe that the Negro would prove to be a complaisant loser. As a result Jeff ended his brilliant career the victim of a humiliating double cross.

Jeffries never wavered from his resolve to be a two-handed boxer or nothing. Corbett taught him much concerning the possibilities of the left hand and Delaney further sent the lesson home.

Delaney would tell him that the left lands ten times to one chance for the right, and if properly handled, it cuts and bruises and blinds. Jeff could jolt and hook and swing with telling effect. He was accurate, too, and wasted little of his strength on the air.

As to footwork, he was the fastest man of his weight in the business and had a pair of legs that held him up in the roughest sort of work. He learned to protect himself before he learned much about the offensive work and could weather through hours of fighting without serious damage. Sharkey could not find a spot for his wicked right nor could Jackson, with all his cleverness, make the young fellow forget that the first principle was to keep out of danger. Jeffries not only improved with every fight, but even in training, he changed for the better.



McCoy's guard and counter.

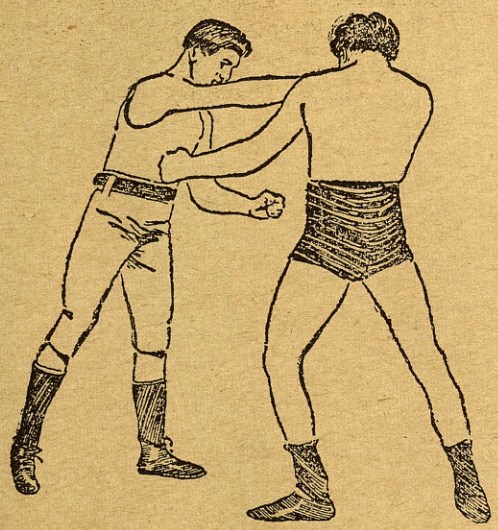
* * *

WHEN Jim Jeffries was training for his second fight with Jack Munroe, he gave an interview in which he told of his various blows and in that, he said that he relied mainly upon swift left smashes to the stomach. Here is his own story on how he put Ruhlin, Fitzsimmons and Corbett down and out.

"The left-hand body blow is one I have relied on greatly in all my battles. It is the third and last of my favorite blows. There is no one particular blow which I rely upon to score a victory. The left to the stomach, like the right uppercut and left swing to the jaw, is not altogether a knockout blow. It is, nevertheless, one of the most effective blows that can be landed on an opponent.

"In the first place, the stomach, I believe, is one of the weakest parts of a man. No matter how well trained a boxer may be, he can stand but a limited amount of stomach punching. Continual punching in the stomach will weaken any man, and while it may not put him out literally, it will render him helpless, and make it easy to reach his jaw.

"In fighting big men I prefer playing for the body, especially when a long fight is anticipated. I have seen the utter collapse of my opponents brought about by body blows. While I believe the body blow is one of the best blows to weaken a man, the effectiveness of the punch depends upon how it is delivered. I have always found it easy to land the body blow and at the same time land it with the desired force.



McCoy countering with a right.

"Every boxer is cautious about being hammered in the body. Many fighters prefer a blow on the jaw. The difference between a blow on the jaw and a blow in the *(Continued on page* 44)

GANG WARS, POLITICIANS

This is the eleventh of a series of articles dealing with some of the most sordid and yet now very dramatic developments in the history of the prize ring.

JOHN L. SULLIVAN passed over to the great majority on Feb. 2, 1918. He had lived to see gloves entirely replace bare fists in the fighting game, and the game itself assume a new aspect in response to the demands of a commercial age, an age when business men accumulated and real fighting men decayed. At least, such was the sturdy old ex-champion's opinion, who, in his own curious way, might be described as an idealist, a sort of artist for art's sake alone. While he was demonstrating the fistic art, John L. gave no thought to its business end. He was ready to fight anybody at any time, for any amount, apparently for the mere joy of fighting.

Above all, he resented the political control exercised over the ring by the autocrats behind the gamblers. His views were reactionary. You can't put back the clock, and keeping politics out of professional sport is as impossible a task, even today, as keeping vultures away from carrion by moral suasion. With the advent of advertising carnivals accompanying the making of championship matches, the commercialization of prizefighting went forward by leaps and bounds.

It is interesting to note that in 1899 a movement was started by a number of hard-shell old-timers, headed by Sullivan, looking toward a return to the "private" fighting system. Their plan was to hold contests at a secret meeting place before a crowd of spectators limited in number to possibly one hundred. Each was to pay $100 for the privilege of witnessing the battle, with no newspaper men present, unless the latter discovered the fighting locale. If newspaper reporters should be given the correct tip. they were to be sworn to secrecy until all was over. Then their individual stories were to locate the battle at a considerable distance from where it actually took place.

* * *

OF course this Utopian scheme never got any further than theory. Even in 1899 the news-gathering system would have made it difficult to dodge reporters, nor is it likely that any editor would have consented to naming a false battle location. Moreover, a winner under the proposed plan would have been uncommonly lucky to receive a purse exceeding $1,000, with the doubtful risk of an accompanying side bet. Nor does any provision appear to have been made for a loser, who would have been out of luck from every angle.

The enthusiastic reactionaries were sadly mistaken if they really fancied that any prominent scrapper would have rallied to their colors in response to the "all for glory" cry. The leather-pushers of even that far-off era were not of the philanthropic breed any more than those of today. They were "out for the dough" in as big quantities as they could get it, and not at all disposed to resist the lure of large purses on purely ethical grounds.

Nor would it have been possible to arrange fights in private without politicians pulling wires in the background. History proves only too clearly that few, if any, lawbreaking enterprises have been carried out in successful secrecy without the aid of political manipulation in the background, as the results of every vice investigation undertaken officially in New York and other big cities have shown. And it must be remembered that political bribery and corruption figured largely in the holding of fights nominally staged "in private" during the bare-knuckle days.

Such a thing as a million dollar gate was never dreamed of in the nineties, but purses for heavyweight championship bouts had grown to much larger dimensions than the financial rewards of London Prize Ring days. The first Queensberry heavyweight battle for the world title, in which Jim Corbett whipped Sullivan at New Orleans, September 7, 1892, was for a $25,000 purse and $10,000 side bets. Jackson and Corbett, in their famous sixty-one-round draw at San Francisco the previous year, divided $10,000 evenly. Twenty-thousand dollars was netted by Corbett when he knocked out Charlie Mitchell at Jacksonville, Fla., on a winner-take-all basis in 1894.

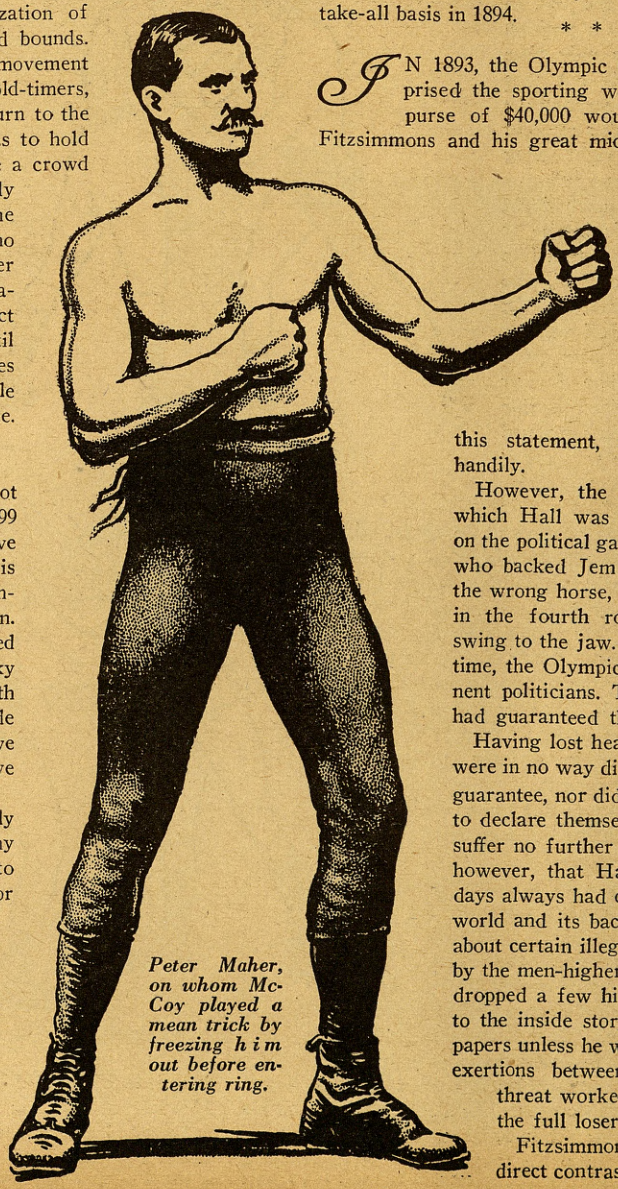
* * *

IN 1893, the Olympic Club of New Orleans surprised the sporting world by announcing that a purse of $40,000 would be fought for by Bob Fitzsimmons and his great middleweight rival, Jem Hall of Australia. Hall was the betting favorite. His record showed a knock-out of Fitzsimmons at Sydney in four rounds in 1890. The loser always claimed that he "laid down" to Hall on that occasion, but Australian critics who covered the fight ridiculed this statement, asserting that Hall won handily.

However, the straight kayo record with which Hall was credited had due influence on the political gamblers of the Crescent City, who backed Jem to the limit. They picked the wrong horse, for Fitz sent Hall to sleep in the fourth round with a terrific right swing to the jaw. Like all other clubs of the time, the Olympic was dominated by prominent politicians. They were the gentry who had guaranteed the $40,000 purse.

Having lost heavily on their favorite, they were in no way disposed to make good on the guarantee, nor did they. The easiest way was to declare themselves insolvent, and thereby suffer no further financial grief. It chanced, however, that Hall, who to the end of his days always had connections with the underworld and its backers, knew a thing or two about certain illegal transactions put through by the men-higher up. The astute Australian dropped a few hints in the right quarter as to the inside story he could give the newspapers unless he was duly reimbursed for his exertions between the ropes. This veiled threat worked nicely and Hall was paid the full loser's end of the purse.

Fitzsimmons was less fortunate. In direct contrast to the man he had beaten,



Peter Maher, on whom McCoy played a mean trick by freezing him out before entering ring.

HURT EARLY BOXING

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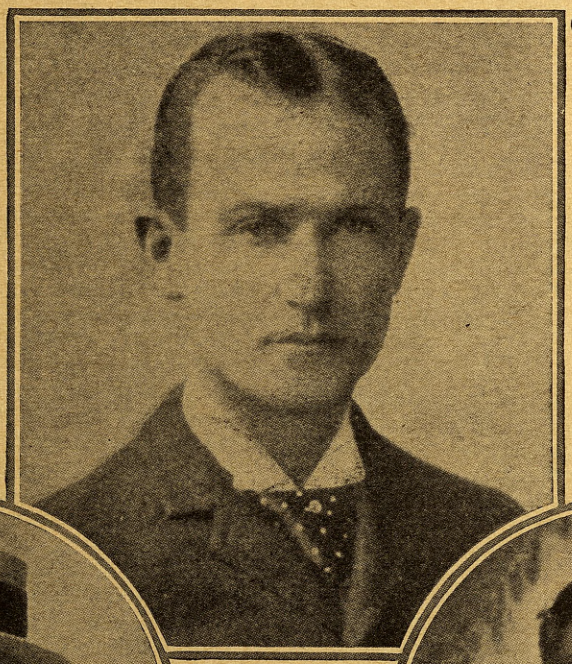
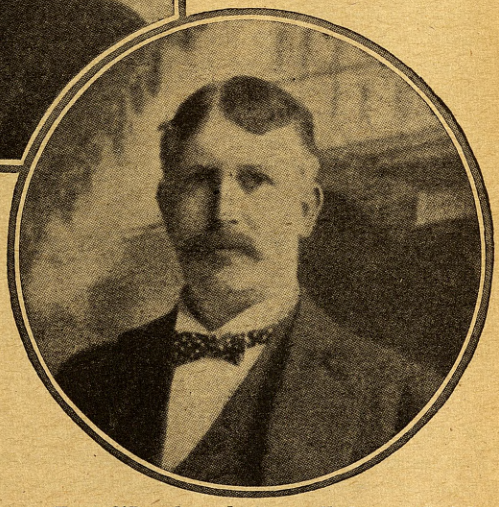
Fitzsimmons played "Fall Guy" in Carson City promotion of Fight With Corbett—Ruby Bob's Battle With Jeffries Stirred Up Democratic Strife in Brooklyn

By GEORGE T. PARDY



Bill Brady, who was a big power in boxing in the nineties.

Billy Delaney, who was one of the best handlers of fighters this country ever had.



Tom O'Rourke, who controlled several clubs during Horton Law days.

Fitz, although of a sociable nature and a good "mixer" with the sporting fraternity, was by no means subtle and kept clear of the actually "shady" element. He had no wires to pull, or wish to engage in expensive litigation. But he did finally go to law when it became painfully evident that there was no money forthcoming and he was to be left "holding the bag" indefinitely. His lawyers got the major share out of the $10,000 they finally pried out of the club, and Bob had little to console him, save the fact that he had turned the tables on Mr. Hall professionally.

* * *

ONCE again, and that in his greatest hour of triumph, Fitzsimmons was destined to get a raw deal from the powers controlling boxing. That was when he knocked out Corbett at Carson City on St. Patrick's Day, March 17, 1897. In less than twenty-four hours after he landed the stomach punch that made him world's champion, Fitz was separated from every cent he received for the most famous victory of his career.

Shortly before the fight took place, his manager, Martin Julian, came to him with a proposition from Dan Stuart, the promoter of the affair, to declare Fitzsimmons in as an equal partner in the venture. It was represented to him that Stuart expected to clear an immense sum in the three days' fight carnival, and that the big Texan would let Fitz in as an equal partner on the profits, Bob to stand his share of the losses, if there were any.

Fitzsimmons agreed, and after the battle received the sum of $27,000 in all as his share of the purse, side bet and expenses for himself and his wife. But immediately after he had been paid the money, Julian and Stuart informed him that the fight-carnival had flopped financially and that the $27,000 would no more than even his share of the losses.

Stuart also explained that part of their deficit, amounting to something in the neighborhood of $25,000, was due to money he was compelled to hand over in certain political circles while promoting the battle. Fitzsimmons accordingly turned back all his hard earned coin with a readiness which would most assuredly never be exhibited by any of our modern young business men who make their living with the padded mitts.

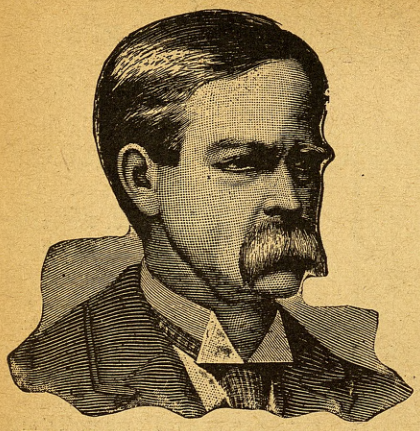
In later years, Fitzsimmons admitted to the writer that he filled the role of "fall guy" in the Carson City promotion scheme.

"But," said the freckled and then aged wonder of the modern arena, "Stuart didn't lie about the dough he paid out to the political sharps. There were five of 'em, and they cut up five grand apiece. I knew 'em all, and they were high-flyers at that!

"I didn't kick much, either, for I had been long enough in this country to know that Ali Baba and his Forty Thieves were small potatoes compared with American politicians that get theirs out of the fight game, and that you can't beat their play. Anyhow, I was younger then, I had won the championship and licked Corbett, knew I could make money as title-owner—and so the loss of the $27,000 didn't worry me to any great extent."

* * *

WILLIAM A. BRADY, who made the foundation of his fortunes as manager of James J. Corbett, deserted the fighting game for the role of drama producer. There was a big theatrical slump in the late nineties, and Brady, always a shrewd



Wyatt Earp, whose decision in the Sharkey-Fitz bout stirred the fistic world.

judge of pugilists, decided to re-enter the world of fisticuffs with James J. Jeffries as a possible asset. Fitzsimmons was then champion, and Brady happened to know that Fitz was running short of funds. As a showman, Brady had done considerable business with a New York printing company to which Fitz owed a large bill.

In pursuance of his scheme to coax Fitzsimmons into a bout with Jeffries, the diplomatic Mr. Brady paid a visit to the office of the printing company and engaged in conversation with a leading executive, and cannily suggested that the next time the firm sent Bob a bill, the accompanying letter should contain a suggestion that the champion ought to meet some mediocre boxer and thereby pick up a little ready cash.

Fitzsimmons had not fought for two years and Brady was well aware that ring patrons were anxious to see him in action again. Jeffries, in his New York debut in 1898, had failed to stop the colored heavyweight, Bob Armstrong, a fair trial-horse, in ten rounds, and his reputation sank to zero in the East as a consequence of the fiasco. Brady, however, had unbounded faith in the ring future of the young California giant, a belief that he was careful to keep to himself as he went about the business of promoting a battle with Fitzsimmons. The printing company executive was much impressed by the wily showman's proposition, especially as it showed a way whereby the bill for which Fitz had been frequently dunned in vain, might be paid, and Brady's suggestion was duly carried out.

* * *

A FEW other hints of a similar nature, dropped in quarters from which they would be carried to Fitzsimmons' ears, bore fruit, and soon after Fitz and Manager Martin Julian came to discuss the matter with Brady, and a contract was signed for Bob to defend his title against Jeffries, with the champion receiving sixty-five per cent of the gate. The bout was scheduled to take place at the Coney Island Club over a twenty-round route on June 9, 1899.

Brady had undergone considerable tribulation in his efforts to obtain a license to stage battles in the clubhouse by the sea. At that time, Tammany was all-powerful and held absolute control of the fight game. Jim Kennedy and Big Tim Sullivan were joint proprietors of the Broadway Club, and every other arena in New York City was ruled by one or another of leading Tammanyites. The late Tom O'Rourke was a big power in those days. He controlled several clubs, favored by Big Tim Sullivan. Bill Delaney was another favorite of Sullivan.

There wasn't a chance for the enterprising William A. Brady to operate in the city proper, as well he knew. From the day that the Horton Law, permitting twenty and twenty-five-round glove contests had passed, the politicians in power had feathered their nests nicely with the long green gathered from the box offices of the fighting clubs, and these far-sighted financiers were prompt to shoo away any would-be promoter who was not a member of their clique.

Therefore, Brady had fixed upon Bauer's Pavilion in Coney Island as his base of operations, as fine a location as he could have desired. But his troubles began when he tackled the proposition of getting a license to run fights. The Tammany magnates behind the New York City clubs immediately set to work to hamper Brady in every way. The latter refused to yield an inch to the opposition.

Consequently there began a war for and against the Island scheme that created a furore in political circles, and came within an ace of completely upsetting the New York State Democratic party. In partnership with Brady in the Coney Island club was a Brooklyn politician named Alexander Brown. None knew better than William A. that you must fight fire with fire, and he had taken right good care to provide himself with the proper political aid before starting his campaign.

* * *

WITHOUT such allies, Brady's Coney Island plan would have proved a mere chimera of his imagination, an air bubble, broken and dissolved in the political fog that served as a smoke screen for the grafting activities of the Tammany tribe warriors. These latter saw the Coney Island club in the light of a rival attraction that would draw away many of the fight patrons contributing to their treasury, and used all the influence they could exert to prevent its development.

At that time the Police Commission, consisting of four members, issued or refused licenses permitting fight clubs to operate. When Brady applied for a license, the board was not so rude as to refuse him. But neither did it come through with the requested license, which threatened to amount to the same thing as a direct refusal. A second application had no better luck than the first, and a third saw the commission members smiling blandly, the very pink of courtesy, but still tolerantly contemptuous of Mr. Brady's plea for the issuing of that elusive license.

This was the point where William A. "got his Irish up," and stripped for action. He foregathered with Alexander Brown, who, before the organization of the Coney Club, had been promised by Hugh McLoughlin, Brooklyn Tammany boss, that a license would be duly forthcoming as soon as required. To McLoughlin went the wrathful pair and confronted him in an effort to procure the license.

The Brooklyn boss heard Brown's impassioned accusation of betrayal, and grinning cheerfully, bade the promoters be of good heart.

"I made that promise and I mean to keep it," said McLoughlin. "You can take it from me, fellows, that there'll be a license coming to you from the commission, and pronto, else there'll be the prettiest split and hell-to-pay in the Democratic party that the Empire State ever experienced!"

And the boss made good! At the next meeting of the Police Commission, the customary smiles were missing from the suave countenances of its members. Indeed, it may be stated that they looked somewhat soured. But laughter dwelt in the souls and on the faces of Messrs. Brady and Brown, for they received the long-desired license.

Exactly what pressure McLoughlin brought to bear upon his recalcitrant colleagues, history sayeth not. Whatever the means employed, Brady and Brown had won their point and were content not to ask embarrassing questions. "Never look a gift-horse in the mouth" is an excellent adage to go by when accepting a political favor.

* * *

THE Brady-Brown team had even better cause for indulging in innocent merriment on the fateful night of June 9, 1899, for their show played to a satisfactory house, and the consequent receipts were of a size warranted to reimburse them richly for their past troubles. There was no incentive toward mirth in the case of Fitzsimmons, however, for Bob was knocked out in the eleventh round, thereby providing fistic history with another example, not without precedent, of what may befall a champion who underestimates an opponent and falls a victim to the glamorous lure of so-called "easy money"!

As might have been expected, Fitzsimmons was an overwhelming betting favorite over his young antagonist, and this was one occasion where the professional gamblers and their political cronies had their bank-rolls sadly depleted. They, and the majority of ring patrons as well, were influenced by the impression of invincibility which usually colors the background of a bona fide champion, and could see nothing save the "lucky-punch" chance for Jeff to win. In accordance with the tide of public

opinion, no motion picture producer deemed it worth while to take films of the battle.

Loud and deep indeed were the groans of the celluloid magnates over the totally unexpected turn of affairs. Properly filmed and advertised, a picture of the great Fitzsimmons going down to defeat before his less experienced opponent would probably have coined money for its backers. The first important fight films ever taken, those of the Fitzsimmons-Corbett battle, were a huge financial success.

As had been shown, Fitz was practically snared into making the match with Jeffries, and, in the eternal fitness of things, it was probably appropriate that an aftermath of the battle stands forth as an elaborate piece of trickery practiced upon an ever-gullible public. The picture producers had overlooked a bet, but some master-minds among them conceived the idea of making a fake film that would pass muster as the real thing.

Fitzsimmons was approached and consented to do his part. But Jeffries had gone back home to the Pacific slope. The picture had to be produced in a hurry, or not at all, while the big fight was still fresh in the public memory. Also, a delay in getting it on the road, might have aroused suspicion as to its authenticity. A substitute for the victor had to be found, and that quickly.

* * *

THE conspirators were equal to the occasion. They obtained the services of Jack McCormick of Philadelphia for the Jeffries role. McCormick was a former wrestler, who turned boxer. He never attained ring renown, except on an occasion when he knocked out McCoy with a fluke punch, but was later beaten to a bloody pulp by the revengeful Kid in a return match.

McCormick was big and bulky like Jeffries, although he lacked an inch or more of the new champion's stature. But as Jeffries adopted the "crouch" attitude all through his encounter with Fitzsimmons, a stance, by the way, which largely contributed to Fitz's defeat, the lack of height would not be very noticeable in a picture. He bore little facial resemblance to Jeff, and his masquerade would have been easily detected by anyone familiar with Jeffries' appearance.

Still there were thousands throughout the country that would not know the difference between the real simon-pure and the counterfeit. Such a stunt could not be successfully worked nowadays, when news reels and genuine fight pictures have made the inhabitants of the smallest hamlet thoroughly acquainted with the personalities of ring title-holders. But there were no news reels in 1899, and fight films were a decided rarity.

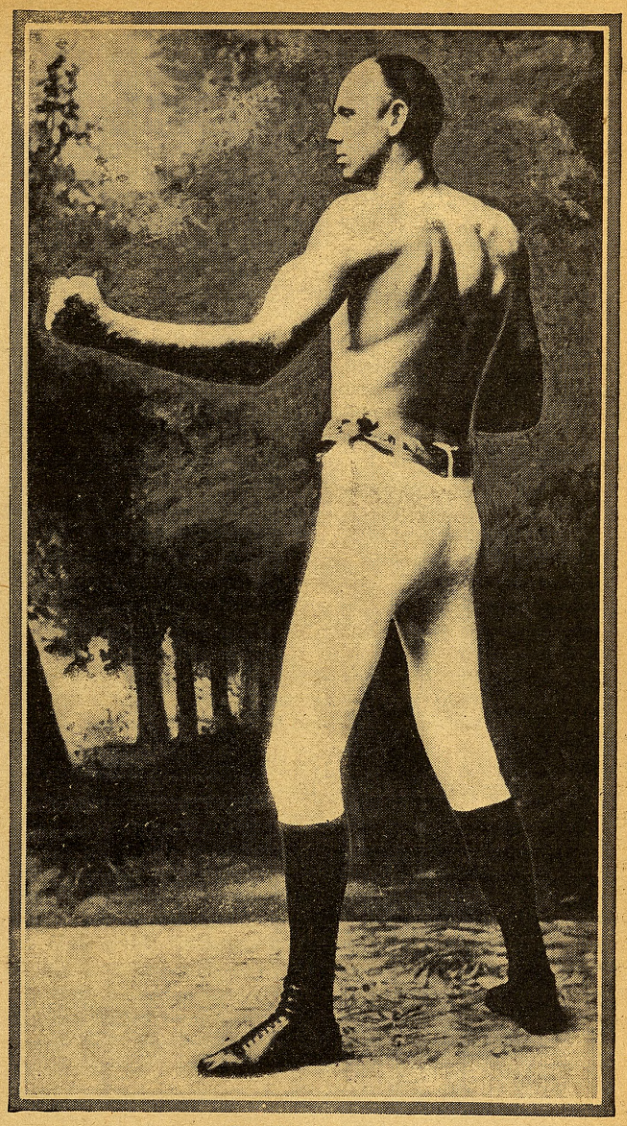
So the fake battle was duly staged before the camera in its original location, and the resultant film shown in all the key cities of East and West. For a while it drew curious crowds, but before the tour was finished, the newspapers got hold of the truth and published the facts concerning its production. The press exposure put an end to the hippodrome and the plotters failed to reap the ripe harvest they had anticipated.

* * *

THAT William A. Brady ventured to oppose Big Tim Sullivan and company and come through a winner, speaks volumes for the former's audacity and courage. But it might have been a different story had he not succeeded in dividing the ranks of his opponents and played Tammany brave against Tammany brave, so to speak. For it was seldom that Tim Sullivan failed to get his own way in any dispute that arose regarding the cutting up of loot.

Few in New York City were game enough to defy Big Tim. The latter's word was law to them, where the official law was but a dead letter. Giving an order was tantamount to having it obeyed so far as he was concerned. That went not only for notorious crooks, but fighters and their managers.

When Kid McCoy and Peter Maher were matched to fight at Coney Island in 1900, a rumor gained currency in sporting circles that McCoy, in conjunction with certain gamblers, had planned a betting coup by arranging to lose to the Irishman. McCoy was the betting favorite, which was natural, as he was at the top of his form, while Maher had gone down-grade. The



Bob Fitzsimmons

report that the fight was "fixed" came to Big Tim Sullivan's ears.

The Tammany big shot immediately waxed wroth. Not from an outraged sense of virtue, for many battles were "fixed" under the Horton Law without exciting any interference on Big Tim's part. But it makes an awful difference "whose ox is gored," and in this instance, it chanced that the Tammany money was on McCoy to win. Sullivan had no proof that McCoy intended to "lie down," but the mere rumor was enough to stir him into action under the circumstances.

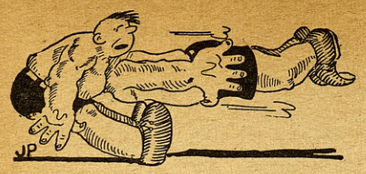
It was the night of the fight and the Kid was in his dressing-room at the club when a messenger arrived from Tammany headquarters in the person of Pat Moore, one of the Sullivan henchmen in whose fidelity the boss had great confidence. There was nothing put in writing, for Sullivan never committed himself through the written word unless necessary, but McCoy knew Big Tim's ambassador, and despite his wonted hardihood and recklessness, listened meekly enough when Pat, sidling up to the fighter, whispered hoarsely in his ear:

"Big Tim says yez must win tonight—or lave town altogether!"

Without waiting for a reply, Moore vanished as silently and swiftly as he had come. Whether McCoy really meant to quit to Maher or not, is a matter of opinion. If he did, and the gay, crafty Kid was quite capable of turning any kind of a trick that occurred to him as likely to benefit his bank account, he experienced a rapid change of heart from the instant he received Sullivan's warning.

For a crook, gambler or fighter to buck Big Tim in the latter's bailiwck was equivalent to

(Continued on page 42)



A LOT of NEW HOLDS?

By BOB EDGREN

IN the last few years a good many new and fancy tricks have been added to one of the oldest sports in the world—wrestling. Airplane spins, elbow-punching, blows with the heel of the hand or the fist, and even mud wallows for wrestlers have added to the box-office appeal. Therefore the fan is sometimes moved to wonder what the old-time grapplers would have said if they could have seen the modern sport.

If you could talk to a *real* old-timer, from the classic days of Greece, he'd probably remark: "Say! Call that stuff new? Why, two thousand years ago we had forgotten more wrestling tricks than you fellows ever heard of."

"Oh, yeah?" you'd snap back. No use letting these ancients get too cocky.

"Yeah," he'd say. "Why, when I was in the arena, strangling was O.K., finger-crushing was a mild joke, and eye-gouging was a fair hold. And train? Say—we used to put heavy weights, bend iron bars, bulldog steers, swim through seas in a storm, and race against horses."

Well, that's pretty good for a starter, but what about those fancy tricks?

"Huh! We used to wrestle outdoors. At the start, we'd move in with arms outstretched, sparring for a hold, and try to work the other guy around so he'd have the sun in his eyes . . . ."

* * *

YOU remember that the boxers who battled in day-time fights used to maneuver to take advantage of the sun, but perhaps it's a trick that isn't used in wrestling.

He goes on: "Yep! Then, when we'd get hold of each other, we would punch with the heel of the hand, or with the fist. The bare fist."

You interrupt with: "Oh! Then wrestlers didn't wear the cestus?"

He grins at you. "Caestus, pal, caestus. Be careful how you say it, because a cestus, y'see, is the old word for ladies' underwear. You moderns have got the spelling twisted. The caestus was a rawhide thong, which was wrapped around the fist to make a bruising, cutting glove. Sometimes it was covered with knots and nails, or hunks of lead.

"But that didn't go, in wrestling. You had to fight it out barefisted. We weren't supposed to kick, but we did, now and then. And biting or butting was against the rules, 'cept down in Sparta. That was a tough spot. Biting and scratching were O.K. in that town."

"Well," you ask, "what about the referee? Didn't he enforce the rules? Or did you throw him around like our modern grapplers do?"

"We did NOT," says the old-timer, "because he had a club in his hand, and anyway, they were mighty tough on the boys who laid hands on the referee."

* * *

HM. Those ancients had ideas.

"Not that we *couldn't* have taken care of the referee," he goes on, with some pride. "Why, I remember seeing Milo, the world's champeen, from Crotona, walk into the stadium at Olympia with a four-year-old heifer on his shoulder and carry it around in front of the fans. Should have heard 'em yell! Then he had it cooked and ate it all in one day."

"Now . . . . er . . . . " you object, as it dawns on you that perhaps even press agents aren't a modern institution, "you don't really expect us to believe that?"

"Sure!" he says. "Why, Milo was a twelve-cylindered whiz. He won thirty-two championships. That's almost as many world's championships as there are in the world today. Didja ever hear about the way he could wrestle, sumo style?"

"Sumo style? I didn't know he wrestled in the Japanese manner!"

"Whaddaya mean, Japanese," grunts the grappler, indignantly. "Greek. We used to draw a circle on the ground, and any guy that got pushed out of it, or let any part of the body but his feet hit the ground, lost the bout. Well, this guy Milo was so good he stood on an oiled disc and nobody could push him off."

You glance at him sideways.

He shakes his head. "*There* was a man. When he was about as old as Amos Stagg, he was walking through a forest and tried to pull a tree apart with his bare hands. It had been partly split by woodcutters. He pulled it apart, all right; the wedge fell out . . . . and then, not having the endurance he used to have, he couldn't keep up the pressure and the tree snapped shut on his hands. After he was nearly dead of hunger, some wolves came along and ate him up. Yeah—*there* was a man."

* * *

WELL, if there is anything in the stories about his strength, he must have been pretty good. A pity he didn't have the advantages of modern coaching, modern gymnasiums, and skilful training.

Our Greek friend goes right up in the air. "Modern gyms!" he snorts. "Bah. You oughta have seen ours. Why, there wasn't a whistle stop in Greece that didn't have a good gym. They used to be built by a running track, like a field house. There were hot, lukewarm, and cold baths, in different rooms. And there was an oiling room, for oiling the skin before you went out to wrestle. The oil made your muscles pliant kept the skin from getting scratched and scraped, and kept off the wind. I tell you, it got pretty chilly out there winter afternoons in a stiff breeze. Y'mighta got pneumonia if it hadn't been for that oil."

"Well, how did you ever grab a man if he was all covered with slippery stuff?"

"Easy. He went into the Dusting Room, where the handlers put fine sand on him, on top of the oil. Sometimes when we didn't have fine sand, we used dirt. It didn't make much difference. After a few minutes on the ground we looked like a couple mud-wrestlers anyway.

"And," he says, taking a new breath, "you mentioned the coaching. We had the best coaches you could get. Old champeens who had been through the mill. They'd won their honors . . . . and believe me, a wrestler WAS somebody in those days. They knew their stuff."

* * *

THEY had to. There was a lot of competition. No kid who ever saw a victory parade—with a bunch of howling, yelling fans following the train of chariots into town through an opening broken in the wall—ever thought of being a policeman or a fireman in those days. No, sir. The kids wanted to be Olympic champeens, and the most popular champeen of all was the all-around fighting man.

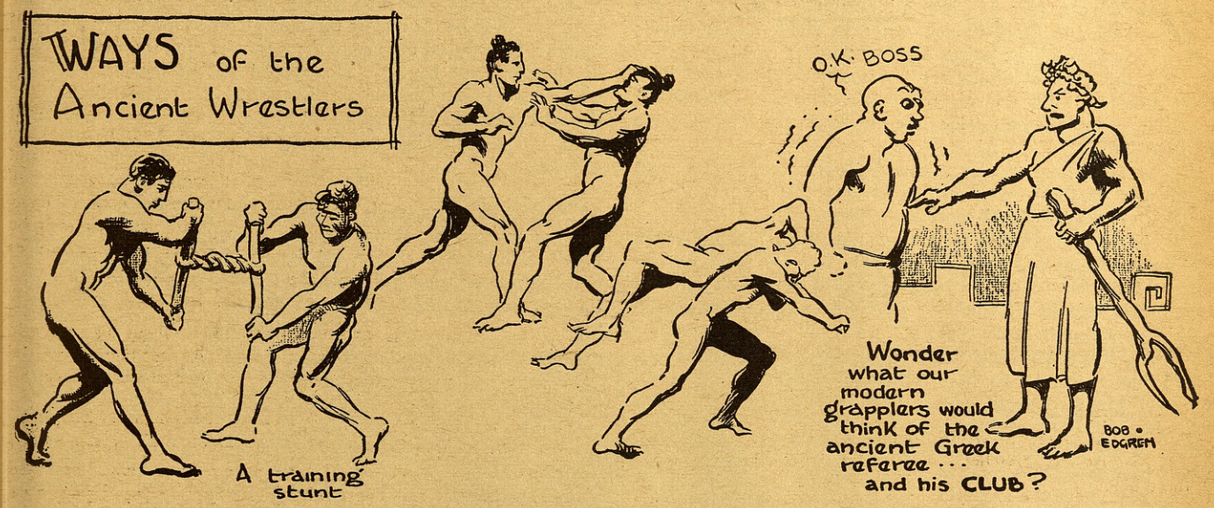
"They didn't mind tearing a hole in the wall for the champeen to come in through. No town with a fighting man like that needed a wall. An' they'd have a banquet, with a chorus, mind you, to sing about the wrestler in regular poetry. Do they ever do anything like that nowadays for the matmen?"

(Here the Ancient One approaches and seizes you by the lapel.)

"I tell you," he says, "wrestling ain't what it used to be."

And you don't argue about that. Although, of course, there is the little matter of the flying mare, the leaping dropkick the airplane spin, and the compound double bonecrushing grapevine Japanese fingerlock which have been contributed to science by the modern grapplers. But if you expect the old-timer to let any of your claims pass without a squawk, you're dead wrong.

"Airplane spin!" he yells. "One of the most famous holds of ancient times—long before the airplane was invented—even if that nut Archytas of Syracuse did make a model of a flying dove 2,400 years ago!



A Greek wrestler about to punch another (from an ancient statue).

"THE spin is older than that!

"Remember the bout between Hercules and the giant Antaeus? Hercules was the guy who was born in the same town with Jimmy Londos.

"It seems that Anty was one of those fellas who doesn't really get going good until he hits the mat. Then—oh boy—he's a regular lion. But on the stand-up-and-scuffle stuff he ain't so tough. At the start of the bout, Hercules makes the mistake of slamming Anty down. That makes him mad—puts him where he knows his stuff—and right off he pretty near wins the bout. But Hercules busts loose and circles around the ring. He can't figure it out. He slams Anty down again. And once more he has the battle of his life to keep from losing. So he gets the idea—'If this guy is so good on the mat, why, I'd better just keep him up in the air!' So he hoists him up off the ground, gives him the old airplane spin, gets him dizzy, and then chokes him to finish up the job. Maybe you could say that Hercules invented the hold. But, you know—" (here he winks)—"there's tricks in all trades . . . . and wrestlers know 'em all. I wouldn't be a bit surprised if some barnstorming ham-and-egger brought that hold over from Egypt not a bit."

You think back, trying to remember something you heard about the paintings on the wall of the temple-tombs of Beni Hasan, dated 3000 B.C., and decide to keep a luncheon engagement before the old-timer goes back that far.

* * *

IN the early Anglo-Saxon literature and the German sagas the hero of Beowulf chooses wrestling as the best means of overcoming the enchanted monsters, Grendel and its mother, and the hero of the Nibeungen Lied also vanquishes Brunhilde by wrestling. Apparently they had no State Athletic Commission, else they would never have permitted these mixed bouts.

During the Renaissance, the importance of wrestling in physical culture was emphasized strongly. In Castiglione's Golden Book he eulogizes good wrestling next to the graceful handling of weapons both for horse and foot, and states that it generally accompanies all exercise of arms on foot.

One of the leading exponents and devotees of wrestling of which Castiglione speaks, was no less a personage than the Master of the Horse to the King of France. He engaged the best teachers and he entertained Pietro Monte because he was an admirer of his skill in wrestling, vaulting and fencing.

Duc Henri De Guise, one of the heroic figures of mediaeval days, was considered one of the finest wrestlers of his time. Of him Mme. de Gretz said:

"Tall, thin, robust, elegant, admirably built for all bodily exercises, excelling in wrestling, able to cross a river swimming, fully armed and equipped, unrivalled as a fencer, his handsome face, with vivid glance and curling hair, displayed to all the world from eye to ear that glorious scar which won for him the name Guise de Balafre (the Scarred)."

From this account, those who have read in history of his tragic death near Blois when his King, Henry III, baited the trap for him, can imagine the struggles and grips that ensued before he and the forty-five squireens of Gascony succumbed to overwhelming numbers.

* * *

MILO OF CROTON, who in his day was the champion wrestler of Greece, flourished in 511 B. C. In his time, wrestling was always a death struggle. There was no winner until one of the contestants was sent into eternity.

The kind of wrestling we now see and which some of the spectators hiss and boo, while others cheer themselves hoarse over, is child's play compared to what history tells us took place when the old Grecian gladiators got together.

And what a man this Milo was! It is said of him in the data on wrestling of 2500 years ago that he could carry an ox around the stadium, and kill him with his hands and then eat the raw flesh in one day. He could raise a 300-pound man and hurl him 20 feet away with one hand. He could tear up trees by the roots, carry a filled chariot on his head and could kill a person with one blow of his fist. Such was the man whom the Greek wrestlers of today look up to for their inspiration.

Milo's strength proved his undoing. As a wrestler, he had no equal, and in the application of his wrestling holds, he met his death. He chanced to pass a tree into which some woodmen had left a wedge when they found they could not split the tree stump with it. He assayed to turn the trick and got upon the stump and with his bare hands loosened the wedge, only to have it fall to the ground. With that, the split snapped back into position and caught his hands. He couldn't release himself and there he was held an easy prey for the hungry wolves.

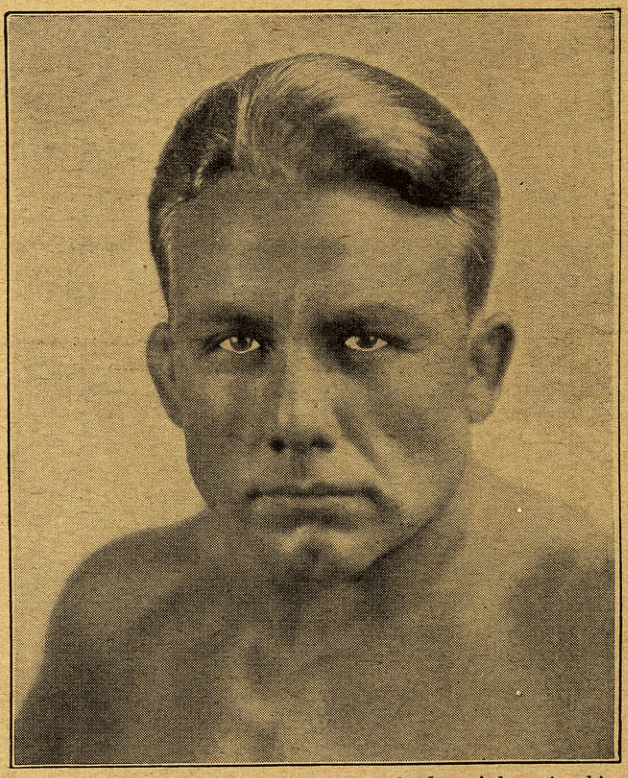
EVERETT MARSHALL

By NAT FRANK

YOU can talk of your Ed Strangler Lewis; you can laud Joe Stecher; you can rave about Frank Gotch; you can brag about Hackenschmidt; you can praise the greatest of present-day wrestlers. Sure, they have been compared with the mat immortals. The above mentioned ex-champions of the past gained their niches in the Hall of Fame as super-stars.

Today we have a wrestler who undoubtedly would be as great a wrestler as those mentioned "IF"—and that tiny two-letter word is always a thorn in some one's side.

The individual referred to is none other than that La Junta, Colorado, super-star, Everett Marshall. The "if" part of him is that for some reason or other, Marshall just can't seem to control his temper. Just when he has the world championship within his grasp, it seems that something snaps in him and the blond just seems to go haywire. If Marshall could only learn how to keep a cool head, critics of the past and present would have to doff their cap to the Coloradoan as the foremost matman of recent years.



Everett Marshall, who blames his temper for loss of championship.

Marshall's list of victims in the bone-bending sport reads like a real Who's Who of Matdom. Reputations never meant anything to him. The more prominent Everett's opponent, the better he liked it. The mere fact that he hadn't lost a mat engagement in over four years' time until he lost to Lou Thesz recently, is a tale in itself. And the few losses that Marshall did suffer were his own fault, as it was in the Thesz clash. It was a case of bad temperament.

Everett is the only grappler who can honestly claim that he has never been pinned. No referee ever counted three over him. His setbacks were either while he was counted outside the ring, or had gone "fighting mad" and there was naught else for the referee to do but disqualify him just when victory was in sight for him. Did you know that in Marshall's first year of professional wrestling he pinned three former champions of the world? Strange, but true! This phenomenal youngster, just out of college, had conquered the mighty Strangler Lewis, Joe Stecher and the idol of the Polish clan, Wladek Zbyszko.

* * *

MARSHALL, as he stepped up the grappling ladder, starting in 1929, won from such notable one-time wrestling monarchs as Henri DeGlane, Gus Sonnenberg, the late Big Jim Browning, Dick Shikat, Dave Levin and Ali Baba.

The Coloradoan also pinned such outstanding stars as Jim McMillen, Orville Brown, Bobby Burns, Sammy Stein, Sandor Szabo, Lee Wyckoff, Ray Steele, Hans Kampfer, Nick Lutze, Hans Steinke, the entire Zaharias family, George, Babe and Chris, in addition to hundreds of other so-called challengers for the title.

Marshall holds the modern long distance record for wrestling. It was a battle of 3 hours and 11 minutes with Jim Londos in Philadelphia four years ago. Londos held the title then and Marshall proved to be the master throughout, when the Greek started taunting Everett and once more the man who can't seem to control his temper went haywire. He stepped out of bounds, slashed with reckless abandon, and was warned by the referee. Suddenly the uncontrollable Marshall found himself hurtling over the ring ropes and into the sixth row among the spectators and the bout was over.

* * *

EVERETT gives credit to his manager, Billy Sandow, for his mat prominence. It was Sandow, who upon seeing Marshall brush aside his then charge, Ed Strangler Lewis, in 39 seconds, that the mentor tried to handle the Coloradoan's affairs. It took Sandow exactly eight months to get the La Junta sensation under his wing.

The only trouble that Sandow has with Marshall is that he just can't seem to get him to control his temper. Sandow tutors Everett along the same lines as he did Lewis, that is on defense and endurance, whereas Marshall is a believer in finishing his foe at the earliest opportunity.

Incidentally, Sandow is the party who invented that 2-spring dummy and it takes an 1800-pound pressure to bend the head forward. Yet, believe it or not, Marshall, who is in constant training, day in and day out, has the strength to do that impossible feat.

* * *

MARSHALL always wanted to become a wrestler. He had his mind set that some day he would be sitting atop the championship throne and rule over the pachyderm pack. He already has accomplished that but he won't rest until he regains his lost laurels.

He was born in La Junta, Col., November 4, 1907. He was a big kid in his high school days, tipping the beam at 195 pounds. He was a tackle on his school football eleven.

But from the time he entered high school, his mind was set on wrestling. Football he always claimed was but secondary consideration with him. In fact, so intent was he on developing his arms, that from the time he was 12 years of age until he became 18, he devised a method of giving strength to his upper limbs. He got a stacker rope, seventy feet long and one and one quarter inches wide; tied it to a pair of trees in sloping position and traveled over it, back and forth, hand over hand fashion, until today he boasts of the strongest pair of arms in the universe. His lower arm measures 16 and his upper arm is 18½ inches.

Incidentally, it was while at high school he first got the benefit of being tutored in the art of grappling by Pete Jordon, a former middleweight champion of the world. And Jordon saw that the youngster was truly the miracle, for the ex-160-pound king soon found that instead of teaching Marshall, it was Marshall who was tutoring him.

(Continued on page 45)

NEWS *of the* MAT WORLD

By EMERY CLARKE

NEW YORK is rapidly regaining its hold on wrestling. The small clubs that were having tough sailing only a few months ago are running along with full houses at every performance. New faces from every part of the globe where the mat sport is followed, spectacular wrestling, and a change of style, with the elimination of much of the hokum that had driven many fans away in the last two years, is largely responsible for the revival of interest. The promoters have come to realize that merely pulling the hair of an opponent, or presenting a bewhiskered fellow who didn't know the difference between a headlock and a toe, have done more to keep the patrons away from wrestling shows than any other item.

Another reason for the revival is the fact that the promoters throughout the country have thrown down the hatchet and are now willing to work for the betterment and in the interest of the sport. That means bigger gates and a continuous increase in patronage. The promoters, as a result of their new deal, are exchanging their best talent, so that the big shots of one group are being pitted by arrangement against the big shots of the other and thus the fans are getting what they want and are returning to the fold.

* * *

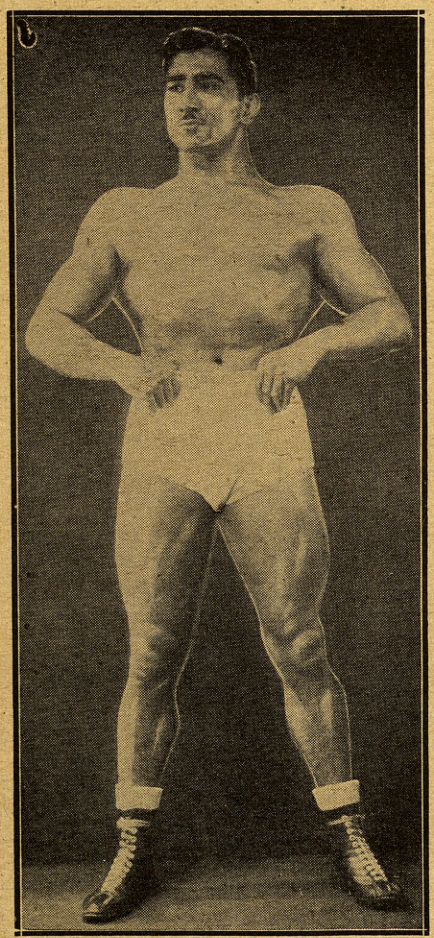
EUROPEAN MAT CLIPPINGS, by Charles "Spider" Mascall, follow: Sports crusader Peter Wilson, writing in the *Sunday Pictorial,* launched a rather bitter attack upon English professional wrestling. Challenged to defend his accusations in a debate from the ring at Lane's Club in London, this dapper sporting journalist could say little to further his comments, save the fact that a board of control or a governing body was sorely needed. Personally, we have nothing to sell and our interest lies in British wrestling as a sport, but we do believe that Mr. Wilson hit the proverbial nail smack on the head when he mentioned the need of a controlling body. However, until certain big-time promoters (some are willing, others not) get together in one happy family, no organization (and we believe that there have been several formed in late years) will be powerful enough to cope with certain undesirable factors that are dragging the squirm sport through the mire of scandal.

* * *

WHIPPER BILLY WATSON, debonair Canadian stuntman and movie player, swung back into the wrestling spotlight by taking on burly Krasher Korman, American Jewish matster, at Lane's London Club. With honors equal, Watson picked the tough Jewish campaigner up in a whiplock and sent him crashing through the ropes to win the match.

* * *

In Paris, Kola Kwariani, veteran Russian Cossack, disposed of Al Sparks, the Utahan, in two straight falls, while Pierre Kostantinoff brought a flying-scissors into play to trim Gaston Ghevart. The contests were fought at the Salle Wagram and were promoted by Raoul Paoli.



Mike Demitre, the Greek Apollo, who is highly regarded in European wrestling circles.

From New York reports come of the final retirement of that grand old warrior, Ed "Strangler" Lewis, after more than three decades of matching his wits and strength against the best. Incidentally, the headlocker was our first wrestling idol. How time flies!

* * *

The Casey Clan still are undecided whether they will go to America or stay at home. It is likely that American followers will see the entire family in action some time this summer.

* * *

JACK SHERRY, who is the most feared man in America, is back here for a long campaign. Jack has a big following in England, where the fans like his style and come out in droves to see him. I was glad to see what THE RING has to say about Sherry in its last issue. Jack for many years has been one of the outstanding matmen in America, yet, like Carl Pojello, he has been sidetracked in his own land because of his power and his ability.

In England they appreciate Sherry as a wrestler. Jack is here regarded as the world heavyweight king, and, as THE RING stated in its last issue, he is willing to wager one thousand pounds in English money on himself against Nagurski or any man selected as his opponent by those in control of the sport in America.

* * *

Bewhiskered Rod Fenton, who is terrorizing the matmen in Great Britain, has been a very worried man of late. The reason—some fan sent the long-haired rough-houser an anonymous letter threatening him with bodily harm unless he curbed his unorthodox ring tactics.

* * *

At the Palais des Sports in Paris, Joe Savoldi won the hardest match of his Continental tour by defeating powerful Charles Rigoulet, French strongman, in just a little more than one hour of cagy mat maneuvers. On the same bill, Roger Mollett, French contender for the welterweight belt of Europe held by Harold Angus, went twenty minutes to a draw with Muller of Germany, while Ivar Martinson of Denmark tumbled rugged Jim Burnett into defeat.

* * *

JUST FADS AND FANCIES—Carl Pojello was decorated for bravery under fire . . . . Fritz "Red" Brokau, a German welter that the public love to hate, is partial to chicken, fried Southern style . . . . Maurice Letchford, bronzed South African, could qualify for that "tall and handsum' " class . . . . Buck Moffatt has quite a collection of pipes . . . . Johnny Demchuck, Russian master of the mat, dreams of retiring to take up farming . . . . Rod Fenton and Mike Futa might have won honors as high-divers had they not turned to the grip profession . . . . Johnny Dallas, cherubic Chicagoan, is nicknamed "Little Caesar" . . . . Bull Coleman, Kentish laddie, who is steadily carving a niche for himself

among British middleweights, is an all-around athlete . . . . Bengal Engblom used to be a landscape designer . . . . Black Butcher Johnson, Negro mule-kicker, is a great reader, especially of THE RING Magazine.

In Blackpool, Lancashire seaside town, Jack Terry Van, who is dazzling spectators in this sector with his ring generalship, held Rashwar Anwar, Hindu squirmster, to a fast draw. Another bout saw Mustapha Achra (Egypt) vanquish, by two falls to one, Sooty Barrak of India.

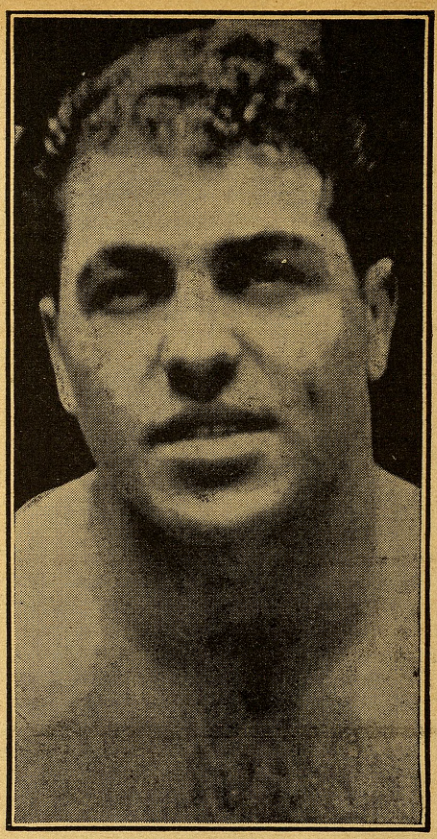
* * *

English stars of the future . . . . George de Rel, Joe Gould, Nat Rabin and Al Lipman. All are little men who show exceptional promise.

* * *

PUBLIC CANDIDATE No. 1 for the European middleweight throne seems to be Bengal Engblom, classy Finnish treat, who has dropped less than a dozen decisions (at the 160-pound limit) during a two-year stay in England. However, Engblom is not satisfied in being the people's choice for *only* the Continental crown. He wants a title bid at Gus Kallio's coveted middleweight championship belt and we've got a feeling that Engblom is destined to be the new kingpin.

* * *



Joe Savoldi, who is touring Europe and making a hit there, especially in France.

At the Beresford Arena, London, Rod Fenton, the man of the month, won a victory over the South African, Maurice Letchford, by an odd-fall in three. In a supporting joust, Fritz "Red" Brokau and George de Rel both fell through the ropes. Brokau, being the first to return, was declared the winner.

* * *

Barnstorming in England are Heinie Stack, Juan Lopez, Johnny Katsulos, Gil Knutson, Joe de Valto, Paul Lortie, Rex Gable, Hector Trudeau, Van Vlet, Jack McLaughlin and Jan Gotch.

* * *

CURFEW CHATTER—As we ramble amongst the mat fraternity for last minute gossip, we hear that . . . . Leo Lightbody has retired from active competition . . . . Mike Demitre, the Greek Apollo, retains a firm grip on the European light-heavyweight sceptre by remaining undefeated . . . . Bobby McNab, the Empire champion, played the role of guest referee at Lane's London Club . . . . Cowboy Jackson, fresh from Montana, had a bad time getting climatized, but now is wrestling better than ever . . . . The perfect contender for the British light-heavyweight championship is Harry Brooks, the wonder-boy from Huddersfield . . . . In trend with the times, we give you our *All-Europe* heavyweight wrestling ratings, based purely upon activity during the past twelve months: Jack Sherry, Alaska, U.S.A.; Joe Savoldi (U.S.A.); Henri Deglane (France); Tiger Daula (India); Carl Pojello (Lithuania); Kola Kwariani (Russia); Max Krauser (Poland); Douglas Clark (England); Dan Koloff (Bulgaria); Dave Armstrong (England); Johann Richtoff (Sweden); Ivar Martinson (Denmark); Charles Rigoulet (France); Pierre Kostantinoff (Bulgaria); Bonny Muir (Australia).

* * *

GRECIAN followers of the mat pastime will have a new wrestling idol when, in the very near future, Mike Demitre, a skilled squirm stylist, invades American ringland following a triumphant tour of South Africa, India, Arabia, Egypt, England and the Old World.

Born twenty-six years ago, Michael Demitre was still at school when he became inspired by the sensational success of a fellow-countryman, the mighty Jimmy Londos, and so he decided to throw his lot in with professional wrestling as the moderns know it. For quite sometime the young Greek Apollo barnstormed around the Eastern circuit of junior heavyweights before migrating across the Atlantic to visit his homeland and to test the ability of the foreign headliners.

Campaigning abroad, Mike matched grips with nearly every notable junior-heavy and with countless top-flight heavyweight contenders. His press book, bulging with newspaper cuttings in many strange languages, includes favorable reports of winning contests with Black Butcher Johnson, deadly Negro "mule-kicker," Jack Pye, hated British ruffian, Joe De Valto, Paul Lortie, Stan Karolyi, official European champion, Tony Baer, Scottish titleholder, and "Rough-house" Rod Fenton, bearded badman "champion of the universe." Surely no matman could have a finer reputation than this Greek Apollo, Mike Demitre, who has won paeans of praise wherever he has shown.

* * *

Born in Ukraine, that state of the Soviet Republic which borders on the Black Sea, Johnny Demchuck, colorful light-heavyweight threat, did not come into grappling prominence until he came to England a year or more ago. Here, using a wide variety of seemingly new holds, he smashed his way through the cream of the British middle and light-heavyweight divisions. Today, with formidable opposition reaching a low level in Great Britain, Demchuck, master of every hold in the book, is eyeing the wrestling arenas of South Africa, Australia, New Zealand and then maybe United States in hopes that in fresh territory he will find some real tough 'uns to conquer.

* * *

Gino Garibaldi, the Larruping Latin, is wrestling around his home sector, St. Louis. It was in the Mound City where Gino was born and it was there where he first embarked on a mat career that gained him international prominence as well as more than enough of the wordly goods.

* * *

Irish Jack Kennedy is going greater guns today than prior to his shoulder crack-up, which occurred last New Year's afternoon. Kennedy, without a doubt, is one of the most popular grappling stars now before the public.

* * *

Another Irish bone-bender making things hum a merry tune for the promoter is that tow-headed New Englander, Irish Jack Donovan. The Boston gripster is one of the best attractions in the game.

* * *

Ernie Dusek, captain member of the Riot Squad of Wrestledom, recently made a highly successful tour of the Southwest and Middle West. The mat impresarios of those sections had the S.R.O. signs out whenever the Omaha Bohemian wrestled at their clubs.

* * *

Angelo Savoldi, newest Italian sensation hereabouts, recently arrived here after winning all of his engagements in Puerto Rico rings. At the rate he is traveling, it looks like

he will be "tops" before the year passes out.

* * *

Another newcomer doing quite well is Everett Kibbons of Tulsa, who is an expert in the use of the flying head scissors. The Oklahoman has become quite a favorite in the Metropolitan area.

* * *

"Daredevil" Bobby Roberts, more commonly referred to as the Michigan Assassin, certainly has put Grand Rapids back on the ring map. It will be recalled that a fellow townsman, the late Stanley Ketchel, won world renown as the middleweight boxing champion, and Roberts, who is of Polish extraction, as was Ketchel, is earning an international rep on the mat.

* * *

Joe Maynard, the Brooklyn roughster, gave up a position in Wall Street to become a professional wrestler. And it looks as though he made a wise choice. While financial stocks are going down the Maynard stock is climbing higher and higher.

* * *

Henry Kulkovich, the Polish Wildman.

Fresh from a victory tour through Canada, Lieut. Bill Sledge, formerly of the United States Aviation Corps, is making the turnstiles click a merry tune along the Atlantic Seaboard. Sledge is one of the best in the business in putting his rivals into that dreaded rope strangle.

* * *

Wee Willie Davis, the Groseclose, Va., giant, is one of the springiest men in the game. What makes this fact all the more interesting is that Wee Willie hits the Fairbanks at 252 pounds.

* * *

Abie Coleman, the mite of might, continues to be one of the best showmen in the business. Not only that but the Sawed-Off Shotgun of Grappledom, as Coleman is known, due to his 5 feet, five, stature, and 205 pounds, is still a serious contender for the mat throne.

* * *

That Clouting Californian, George K.O. Koverly, also known as the Hollywood Howitzer, doesn't know his own strength. His opponents vow that he possesses dynamite in either mitt and is undoubtedly the most dangerous man for anyone to face in the business.

* * *

WHEN you hear the cry from the balcony boys, "We want Henry; we want Henry," at a wrestling show, you will know that Henry Kulkovich, Happy Warrior of wrestling, the man of many faces, in fact the Lon Chaney of wrestling, is on the card and therefore a pleasant evening is going to be had by all. He is one of the most colorful wrestlers in the game.

This amazing young man who falls more ways than the jittery stock market, is one of the few sports figures to reach the heights of popularity although he is what is termed a mat "vallain" and should, therefore, come in for catcalls, boos and the well-known Bronx cheer.

Henry Kulkovich is 25 years old, weighs 193 pounds and was born in this country of Polish parentage. He has spent most of his life at Hastings-on-Hudson, is just an energy-packed young man who loves athletics and is completely wrapped in them. He went to school at Irvington, New York, played a little football on the village team, but never took part in scholastic sports. He started wrestling for fun, as an amateur, never took a lesson in his life, but he saw several pro matches and after watching what looked like fun to him, he decided to make it pay him a living. He got his first couple of engagements around White Plains.

Then New York City beckoned and he came to wrestle at the Old Star Casino where Jack Pfefer was at the time, making one of his first successful promotorial efforts. A scout from the Zbyszko brothers saw him and signed him and Henry received some pointers from Stanislaus Zbyszko, with a little jiu-jitsu thrown in.

* * *

IN 1935 Zbyszko sent his apt pupil to South America where he spent a year wrestling up and down the eastern coast of South America. Most of his opponents were Europeans and Henry won 126 out of 134 bouts. He made a big hit with the fans, the biggest crowd to see him in action being 23,000, who watched him win the Italian-Argentine jiu-jitsu championship of Buenos Aires by pinning Eduardo Di-Alcide.

Kulkovich returned in 1937 after visiting and extending his successes to Australia, South Africa and New Zealand. There he wrestled some of the best American stars who at that time also were visiting these far off lands. He returned to his native land after trotting half way around the globe, giving the best in him and winning admirers wherever he went. Almost immediately upon his return home he signed with Jack Pfefer. Since the tie-up, Kulkovich has been going places and still climbing to further honors and greater popularity.

"I think that the public enjoys rough wrestling better than the 'straight' stuff," says Henry. "I try to give them what they want, try something new each time and wait for their reaction. If they don't like it, I stop it and don't try that stunt again."

Despite the fact that he has taken some dangerous falls, Henry has never been seriously injured.

"I attribute my ability to fall properly to jiu-jitsu," says the madcap of the mat. "I am tickled when I see the people enjoy themselves and I always try to provide the enjoyment they crave."

Kulkovich

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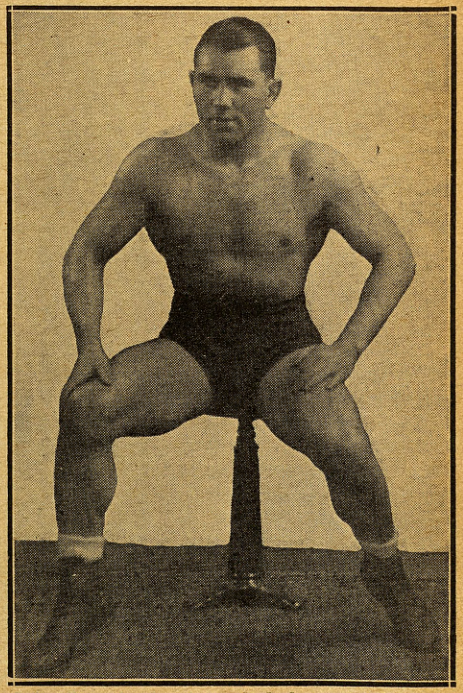


John Demchuck, clever light-heavyweight contender, starring in England.

"Rough-'Em Up" Cox

By Lew Porter

EAST is East and West is West—and a thump on the noggin in either section is just as painful, infers "King Kong" Cox, California wild man, who returned to the old homestead last month from an extended campaign in New Zealand and Australia.

It had been suggested to "King Kong" — who was christened Theodore Napoleon — that maybe the effete Australian brand of neck stretching was milder than the article offered in Yankee land.

"Athletic commissions have standardized the sport in all countries," said Cox. "If there is any variance in technique over the world, it is the different way some of the natives ram a fist in your face. Texas, Oregon and parts of Canada have developed knuckle-slinging up to around three teeth per wallop while New Zealand, Australia and Hawaii are strictly one molar propositions.

Cox explained that when the mat game was taken under the wings of the different Commissions the moguls barred many holds that were shady. Winging a guy with a "bunch of fives," however, is still one of the greatest pinning holds in the world. There has never been an effective defense figured out for a wobbly chin.

* * *

"HUMAN nature is pretty much the same wherever you go," continued "King Kong." "A guy will stand rough tactics only so long and then he starts unwinding 'em from the floor. A lot of tough bozos start the fireworks and then leave the ring feet first after coughing up most of their bridgework."

"Wrestling in Australia and New Zealand, however, isn't the back-alley brawl it is in some of the western states. Out there a man can always cut a tough opponent down to his size by wrapping him on the melon with a chair or water bucket. He can also soften him up by a little judicious kneeing and gouging."

* * *

MR. COX should know all the answers on that one. He has been in more free-swinging donnybrooks than he cares to remember.

One of his major conflicts took place in Seattle some three years back. Jack Forsgren, the Vancouver fire laddie, was his opponent, and they put on a melee that fog-drenched eve that included everything from the ringposts to the front doorknob.

It ended with four complete knockouts. The referee took the count early in the fray from a well-planted sock on the puss. He made the sad mistake of trying to pry the Californian off Forsgren's heaving frame just because of a little two-thumbed gouging.

Five minutes later arbiter No. 2 listened to the birdies when he called Forsgren for slugging. The fans still speak of that one with bated breath. It was a right-handed wallop to the solar-plexus that sounded like a mule kicking a bass drum.

Cox's second bit the dust during the next mix-up when he shoved his face through the ropes to scream advice. He had the mark of Forsgren's brogans on his forehead for months.

The fourth victim was a cash customer who rushed into the ring to help Forsgren out of a strangle hold.

It was very nearly his last kindly act. One of Cox's haymakers landed him in the third row ringside and the pulmotor squad had another victim. It looked like he was drowning in his own saliva.

* * *

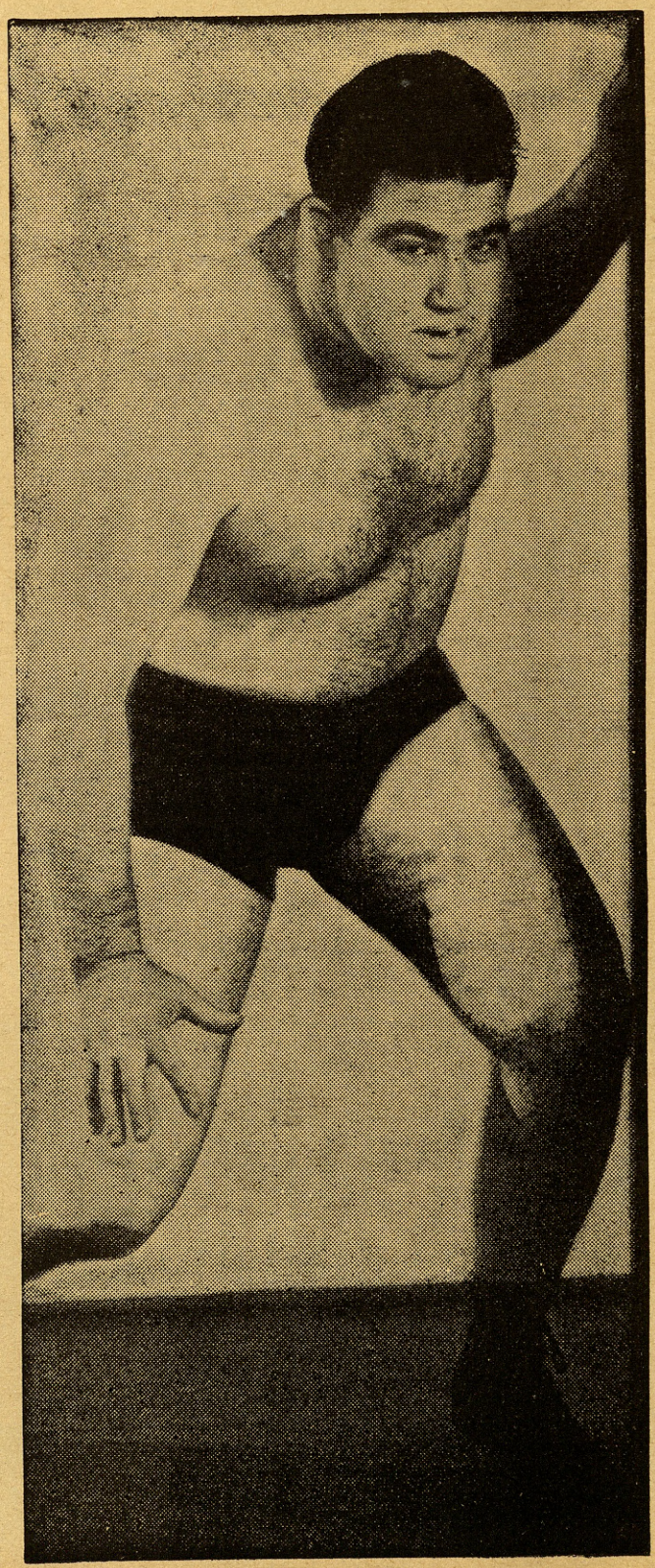
MUSTY MUSGRAVE, the Seattle promoter, fearing for the lives of his ring-siders, who were there at $2.20 per copy, then gave his sterling battle-cry:

"Get the cops! Get the cops. And," he added, "while you're about it get the militia and a couple of companies of Marines."

He then showed the flaming Musgrave courage by rushing into the battle area—only to stagger out a minute later minus his shirt, coat and suspenders.

Seattle's finest entered the fray swinging clubs from all angles. The billies bounced off Cox's skull like hail off a

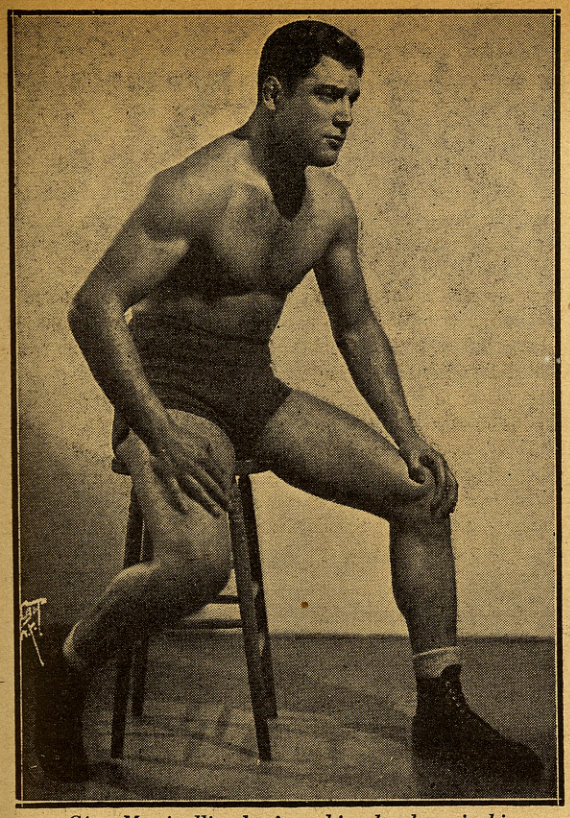
(Continued on page 41)



Ted Cox of California.

Brother Wrestlers

By AL MAYER



Gino Martinelli, who is making headway in his American campaign.

THE wrestling Martinellis claim to be the greatest wrestling family in Italy. From father to son they show uninterrupted wrestling in the family for a hundred and fifty years. Sounds incredible, but their records are authentic and easily can be proved.

Gino and Tony Martinelli, present representatives of the grappling family, are both wrestling for Jack Pfefer who has long specialized in the importation of foreign mat stars. He first brought Gino over, about three years ago, but Tony only recently arrived to join his famous brother and other mat headliners from foreign lands under the Pfefer banner.

Speaking of wrestling families, Pfefer gave us some interesting data on the subject. For fifteen years Jack has promoted wrestling in New York, during which time he boomed the sport to heights it never enjoyed before. But before he threw his dynamic energy into the wrestling business, Jack was an operatic impresario, circled the globe several times and came in contact with members of famous athletic and theatrical families.

"It seems strange to us to hear about these families, but in Europe and other parts of the world there are lots of them," said Jack.

"Many families have been wrestling longer than the Martinellis. In India I know some that have handed the sport down from father to son for three hundred years and more. In Japan, too, its not a bit unusual to come across such families. In the theatrical and operatic business, with which I was associated for many years, I found the same thing. Even here in our own country we have the Barrymores, who have been in the theatrical business for several generations, and Ida Lupino, Hollywood's great star, has handbills showing that a Lupino was a member of Shakespeare's company."

* * *

JACK contends that the best wrestlers come from these families. They have their heart and soul in the game and they live and breathe wrestling, try out new holds, improve on accepted theories and in this way reach the peak of wrestling. This is very much the case of the wrestling Martinellis.

The elder Martinelli was a champion in Europe but never came to the States, he was taught wrestling by his father who in turn learned it from his own father. The family has scrap books, years old, showing some Martinelli or other in various poses and demonstrating holds which in his particular day were the thing.

Gradually with the evolution of wrestling and the modernizing of the game, the family naturally kept up with the times and adopted the present day form which is so popular with the fans and cannot be compared in any way with the ancient form where the grapplers spent most of their time on the mat trying to squirm out of punishing holds. With the speeding up of the game, the Martinellis naturally were among the first to familiarize themselves with the new ideas and what the public demands at wrestling matches.

* * *

THE Martinelli brothers received their early tuition naturally enough from their father, but after getting their "wrestling foundation," as it were, it was up to them to carry on. Gino Martinelli is the elder of the two. He is 27 years old, his weight is 200 pounds and getting heavier, while Tony is 25 years old, weighs 185 pounds. Both are about 5 feet, 10 inches.

Gino is the more rugged because he did considerable wrestling in the Italian army, winning the championship of his outfit, which incidentally saw active service in the late Ethiopian unpleasantness. Grappling with all sorts of different men, varying in size and weight, Gino is the rougher of the two but not so scientific as his younger brother.

Although both Gino and Tony are wrestlers of note, their paths have curiously drifted apart. After his discharge from the army, Gino came to America and enrolled under the Pfefer banner. His name and reputation over here ranks with the best. His brother, however, remained in Italy where he wrestled and extended his conquests in other European countries.

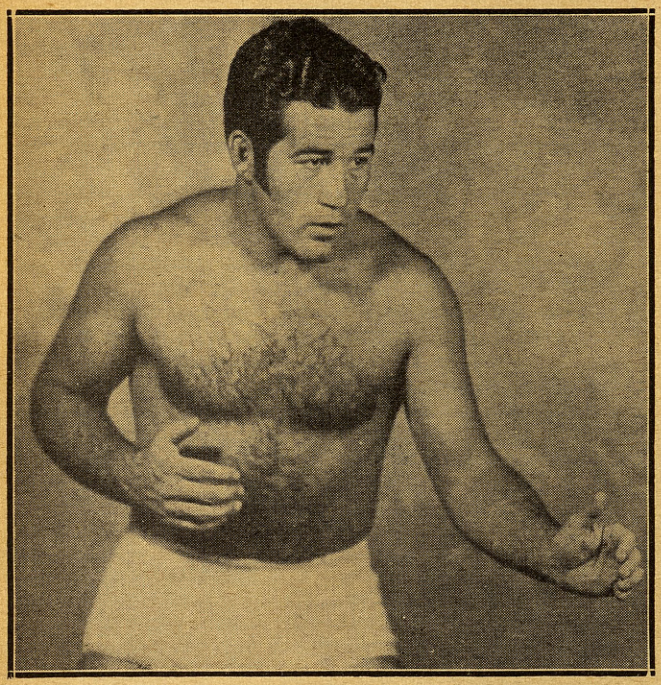
For several seasons, Jack Pfefer tried to bring him over, but Tony was doing good in Europe, flooded with more engagements than he could fill. Although he wanted to come to America, something or other always happened which delayed the trip. His success in Europe was outstanding; his value at the "gate" big and European promoters topped every offer made from this side of the water.

* * *

TONY'S best work was in wrestling tournaments. He won Italian tourneys one after the other for three seasons straight, winning the last one only a few months ago which was held in Rome. He won others in France, England, Poland and Germany. Tony, however, promised Pfefer and his brother that if he won the Rome tournament he would surely come to America. He won it and sailed at once for this side of the water as he promised. His coming over here is one of the big things in wrestling. Tony comes with the sole idea of winning a world's mat title which no Italian has ever been able to do. Rather curious when you consider the number of top-notch Italian stars who have flirted with it for years. Tony, however, is a different athlete to other Italian matmen who have made names for themselves in this country.

Tony Martinelli has all the cleverness of men his weight, he knows everything there is to know about the game. He can play rough when roughness is called for or wrestle scientifically when need be. But what impresses the observer more than anything is Tony's extraordinary stamina. Tony Martinelli is going to beat plenty of wrestlers with that unusual pace of his and right now he is capable of taking the best in his class.

GETTING ACQUAINTED



Jose Rodriguez, the Spanish Wild Man.

ONE of our most interested citizens in Transatlantic travel is Jack Pfefer, Gotham's ruler over the wrestling pachyderms, who nightly raises the blood pressure of mat fans who like their wrestling seasoned with plenty of action. Why this interest in ships from Europe you ask? Is Jack interested in Europe's battles and talk of war? Is he watching the gathering clouds of war with pessimism?

Nothing of the kind. Truth to tell, Jack is not interested in politics, but he is very much interested in wrestling and especially in new stars which he manages to import into these United States in spite of wars, pestilence or famine. And the new shipload which has just made port safely introduces exponents of the grunt and groan game from many quarters.

They are coming in from Puerto Rico, Spain, Greece, Italy and even far off Japan. It's an interesting cargo, this new shipment from Europe, and thumbnail sketches of these athletes whose names mat fans will soon see in the headlines, is not amiss at this time. Here they are:

* * *

JOSE RODRIGUEZ—In recent years Spain has become very sports conscious. Not so many seasons ago it gave the world Jean Borotra, the bounding Basque, who broke through to headlines to make tennis history. Later it added the name of the spectacular woodchopper, Paulino Uzcudun, who did for boxing what Borotra had done for tennis.

And now comes Jose Rodriguez, the wrestler, to add more prestige to his country in a sport which until comparatively recently, Spain was practically out of the picture.

Jose Rodriguez arrives at a very opportune time when athletes in his class—light-heavyweight division—are holding the spotlight in wrestling because of their speed and ring smartness which has, in the past few seasons, added so much color to the sport. Jose was born in Valencia, Spain, 26 years ago. He weighs 190 pounds, is 5 feet, 10, and sports as fine a pair of sideburns as ever adorned the face of young blades in the Gay Nineties. Wanted to be a bull fighter and for a time had charge of the dangerous Muras, Spain's most vicious fighting bulls. The fact that he had to keep a sharp eye on his charges and resort to speed to keep away from them, has helped him in his chosen profession.

Jose served as an apprentice in the bull pens of Valencia but never became a bull fighter, instead he gave up the hazardous occupation for the mat. Recently arrived in this country, the young Spaniard has already won himself a big following not only among his own countrymen but also among American fans.

* * *

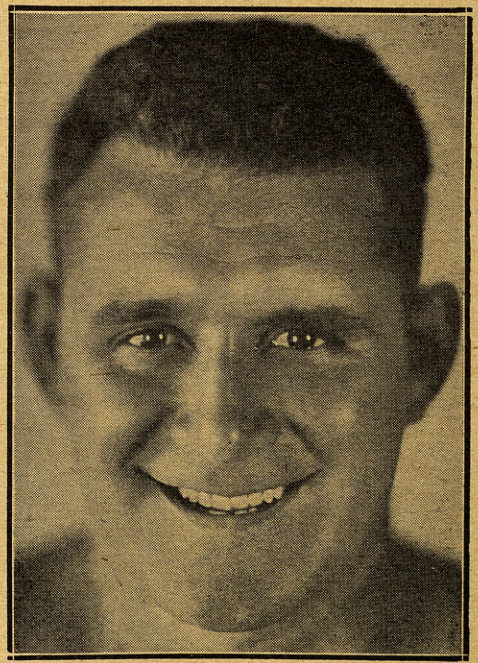
CARLOS MARTINEZ—There is much similarity between Carlos Martinez of Puerto Rico and Jose Rodriguez of Spain. Both come from countries where wrestling has played an unimportant part until quite recently. Martinez was born in San Juan, Puerto Rico, is 25 years old and stands 5 feet, 11. With practically no opportunity to develop his wrestling talent, Carlos wrestled with boys in the fields and enjoyed the sport, but there being no clubs operating wrestling in Puerto Rico, Carlos never dreamed of becoming a professional wrestler. His opportunity came only last year when an ambitious promoter decided to stage a wrestling tournament on the Island, figuring that the sport might catch on.

As there were no wrestlers in Puerto Rico, he contracted to bring a number of matmen from New York. The venture was a success, but what was more important, it gave Martinez his chance and at the same time produced a champion. Carlos took to the game like a duck to water and was a quick learner. His success decided him to come to America and emulate other Puerto Ricans who have made good in boxing. So far Carlos has won his matches but the tougher road lies ahead and when it comes he will be ready to travel it.

* * *

MIKE KILONIS—Mike Kilonis is a Greek. He was born in Sparta and if he had had anything to do with the choosing of his birthplace he could not have picked on a more appropriate city. For Mike is a Spartan on the mat in every sense of the word. He is rough in style, doesn't care for the too refined and scientific side of the game, and when it comes to take it, Mike lives up to the name of his birthplace. He was a big star in Europe before coming over here, did especially well in tournaments—Europe's favorite form of developing wrestlers—and came to America with the objective of winning the light-heavyweight title.

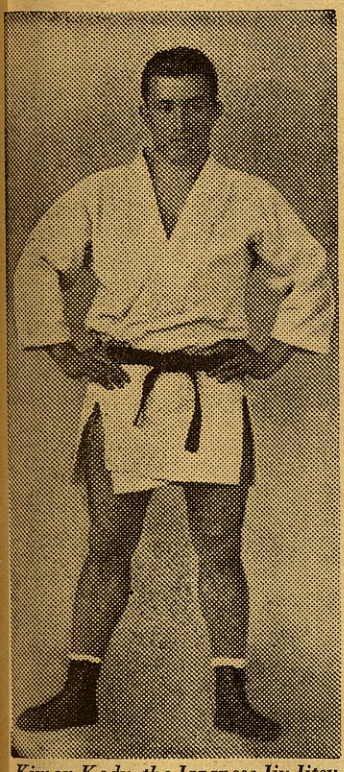
Mike is 25 years old, weighs 190 pounds and boasts that he can handle heavyweights as easily as he does light-heavyweights. He has stepped with heavies in several bouts, came out on top and contends that the ideal weight for a wrestler is 190 pounds. At the poundage, Mike says, a wrestler in good physical condition can beat any man irrespective of weight. Mike has a powerful pair of shoulders.



Luigi Bacigalupi, a 250-pound matman who works around New York.

Short Biographical Sketches of the Wrestlers Who Are in the Spotlight in the Various Divisions

By EMERY CLARKE



Kimon Kodu, the Japanese Jiu Jitsu expert.

LUIGI BACIGALUPI about the boy who —We have all heard came to the city and made good. We know about the lad who lifted the mortgage off the old homestead, or was it the one who kept the old folks from going to the poor house. But did you ever hear about a wrestler who makes money to keep his "pets" happy and that these pets happen to be snakes! Well, believe it or not, Luigi Bacigalupi, the Genoese, a mighty strapping fellow on the right side of thirty and weighing 250 pounds, wrestles because he loves snakes and wants to own the best snake house in the world.

Luigi says he has 116 specimens and when he gets sufficient money he is going to go after big ones in outlandish parts of the world. The big fellow stands over 6 feet, 2, is a rover and became a pro wrestler because as a roustabout on the docks of Genoa and in rough and tumble fights could beat anything on two feet. He tried these tactics on the mat, won with them and is going to introduce them to our local roughnecks who say they are tough.

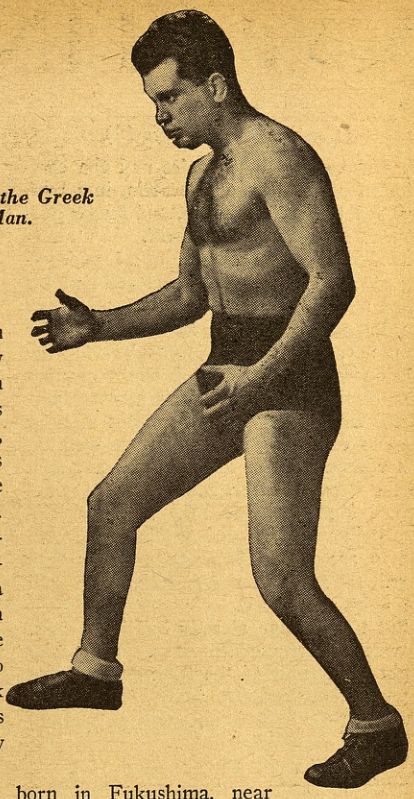
Incidentally, Luigi has another ambition besides owning more snakes. He wants to win the world's mat title and be the first Italian to win the crown. Like many others, Luigi cannot understand how it is that Italy, who has always produced tip-top wrestlers, none has been able to annex the title. Certainly it is not because they do not qualify for it. It's probably due to the fact that the breaks have been against them.

Well, Bacigalupi wants to change it all. He is after the crown and when he wins it, he'll have enough money to own the world's largest and best reptile house.

* * *

KIMON KUDO—There is a little wrestling mite that has not been around here very long but whose name is known to every mat fan who ever witnessed a wrestling match. His name is Kimon Kudo. His weight, 175 pounds soaking wet—his height, 5 feet, 6. Not much to recommend him so far as weight and height are concerned, but make no mistake, this little fellow from the Land of the Rising Sun is a package of dynamite when let loose against any opponent, whether his weight or one outweighing him fifty or more pounds. Kimon is the greatest jiu jitsu expert in the country.

He is also a master in the art of Judo, a modified form of jiu jitsu now very much in vogue in Japan. Judo resembles jiu jitsu a great deal, but it is less dangerous and therefore more adaptable to the mat. Jiu jitsu is very dangerous, explains Kimon. You can break a man's arm or leg with it, but sometimes he has been forced to make use of the attack to tame roughnecks and make them cry "uncle."



Mike Kolonis, the Greek Strong Man.

Kimon Kudo was born in Fukushima, near Tokio, 27 years ago. He attended the University of Tokio where he learned the art of both Judo and Jiu-Jitsu. Then he opened his own school in Tokio, and later a school in Seattle, Wash., when he came to America. Kudo is a brilliant ringman, a dangerous contender in both the light-heavyweight and heavyweight divisions.

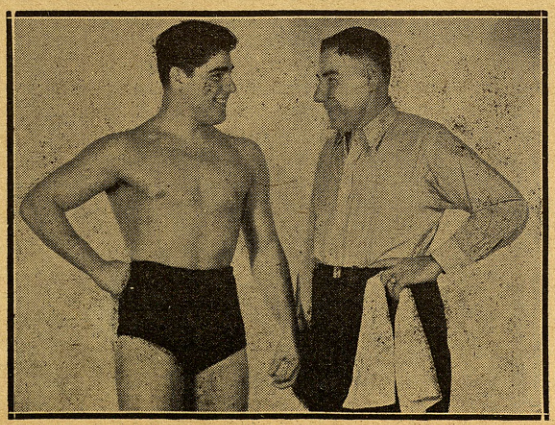
* * *

GET yourself acquainted with the Chicago Armenian, Bobby Managoff, Jr., son of Bob, Sr., who was a championship claimant of world mat laurels in the days of Gotch, Hackenschmidt, Caddock and Stecher.

A strange thing about these Managoffs! They have proved the rare exception to the rule of a son following successfully in the footsteps of his dad, insofar as the sports field is concerned. So the Managoffs, who have made mat history in the past, are looking forward to further their interests in the future. Yes, the elder Managoff made his reputation in the bone-bending art and his off-spring is carrying the Managoff colors to further glories.

This father and son combination is the talk of the wrestling world. Senior and Junior get their heads together prior to every bout in which the youngster participates and they devise ways and means of conquering the foe.

Young Bobby can use the headlock, the various chancery holds, the toeholds and wrist locks with effectiveness. This 215-pound Armenian from the Windy City is making the grade.



Bobby Managoff, Jr., and his father-trainer. His dad was a famous wrestler in the days of Gotch.

* * *

STANISLAUS ZBYSZKO, who has been appointed matchmaker of Madison Square Garden's wrestling department, and will attempt to stage shows in which members of all factions will be headlined, is one of the veterans of the sport. He has just passed his 58th year, but looks less than 50. He is one of the group of seven matmen from the period of 1910 to 1925 who has gained a high place in the sport.

Escobar Regains Title

(Continued from page 14)

place according to the rules and the commission ordered it so. Blaustein, in a huff, grabbed Jeffra by the arm, and loudly proclaimed that the fight was off.

Unfortunately, a member of a broadcasting station present, took Blaustein at his word and quickly flashed that report over the Island without the knowledge of the promoter, Lionel Levy. Considerable persuasion on my part then brought about a compromise whereby Jeffra's mentors permitted him to be weighed in. But still the chances of the fight taking place were no better than before. Escobar was adamant on the Brown matter, and just when it appeared that all was off, Waxman and Blaustein were induced to discard Brown and to accept Mr. Thompson. I was then urged to reconsider my resignation and the fight was saved.

But the damage already had been done. It was a costly controversy. Many who might have come to the fight didn't do so because they couldn't learn for several hours that the fight would really take place.

* * *

THERE were other reasons for the failure. Among them was the failure of the promoters to obtain Gene Tunney, Max Baer or Braddock to referee the fight. Although McAvoy did a great job, the papers kept insisting that he was unknown to them and they demanded one of the three I've mentioned. I know Puerto Rico and its people, and were I in command, I would have left nothing undone to make certain that Braddock or Baer or some other internationally famous fighter be the referee, despite my friendship for McAvoy. The presence of a fistic celebrity, like that of Dempsey the year before, would have added from $7000 to $10,000 to the gate. The fans resented the run-around they were receiving in the selection of the referee and the judges and showed their resentment by not attending the fight.

Then again word had been passed around that those who were unable to buy the higher priced tickets would not be able to see the fight, so far were the bleachers from the ring. The fans had a just kick coming there because the bleachers were too far away to help the attendance.

The Puerto Ricans, following the fight, attributed the flop to the fight over the officials and the fact that no Puerto Rican was taken in to help the promotion. They resented the intrusion of a complete outfit from the States and attacked the show by word of mouth in centers where it hurt most. No fight can be financially successful in Puerto Rico without Puerto Rican representations.

In my opinion, the fight brought home several things of importance. First, there can be no more world championship fights in Puerto Rico under the same conditions under which the fight was staged this year. One or more Puerto Ricans must be taken into the promotion enterprise.

Second—Never again should a fight be sanctioned in Puerto Rico in which the managers have the right to name the officials. Puerto Rico has a competent Boxing Commission. It possesses competent judges and referees and the dictation of officials by managers from the States is an intrusion on the rights of that commission. Not only won't the Commission stand for such nonsense again, but the fans will continue to show what they think of such interference in Puerto Rican boxing by remaining away from future shows if such contracts are permitted.

Third—Puerto Rico has a fine lot of sportsmen. They are always willing to see fair play but won't stand by idly when they think that slick Americans are trying to hoodwink them or put something over. If the managers of Jeffra thought that their man was the better fighter and that they figured Jeffra would win by a knockout as they said in interviews, then they should have helped the show by dropping Mr. Brown when they were told of Escobar's objections—long before he came to the Island.

Likewise with Sixto. If he thought he could whip Jeffra as he declared, then he should have waived his objections when he learned that Jeffra's mentors refused to give up what they thought was their right in naming Brown.

* * *

THE Jeffra mentors blame the Boxing Commission for the flop but I cannot see it that way. After all, the rights of that body were ignored when the managers took it upon themselves to name the officials. But I do blame the Commission for not having made its stand clear at least a week before the fight instead of at the last minute, after Ned Brown had arrived, especially so when they were informed ten days before that Brown would be objectionable to the Escobar camp.

Puerto Ricans are sports enthusiasts. I know of no finer people and not only do I like them, but I like to work with them. They will go out of their way to help you, if you are as friendly to them as they are to you. That's why I could have anything I wanted from them. I am treated like one of them because I understand them and that's one reason why they insisted that I must be a judge. The squabble was most unfortunate. It could have been avoided.

With boxing going well in all parts of the Island, there is no reason why a championship fight can't be the success it was last year. Every other sport—horse racing, cock fighting and basketball pay well. The people are sports minded and will pay to see good competition if they feel that all is on the level, but they couldn't feel that way about the last fight when the demand for personal officials was so strong an issue and I don't blame them.

With more and more tourist boats making San Juan a regular stop, the field is ripe for the proper kind of sports promotion and I hope that the proper kind of cooperation will prevent a recurrence of this year's fiasco. San Juan can be made a most attractive center for winter sports, and in my opinion, will be such, before long. With a new stadium seating 18,000 soon to be built under an enclosed glass roof, I predict that boxing will soon be Puerto Rico's best paying sport.

Telito Benitez Rexach, builder of the Escambron Beach Club, will be the owner of the new enclosure and with a roof for protection against the sudden heavy rains that scare away many patrons, the attendance within a stadium of this type should double attendance figures for all sports staged there. A dog track is also being built adjoining the new stadium site. It is almost completed and is owned by an American concern.

* * *

I HAVE heard it said by the Jeffra contingent and others who favored Harry that the Puerto Ricans were out to win the fight at any cost but that it most unfair. Naturally they wanted to win back the title, but had Jeffra won, he would have received the same applause as did Escobar. That much I know. That the Island was elated over the unexpected triumph of Sixto was evident wherever one went. It was like a Roman holiday in the streets of Puerto Rico's leading cities on Washington's Birthday when the real celebration began.

In company with Lou Brix, Whitey Bimsteim, Escobar, members of the Boxing Commission, several National Senators and friends of Sixto, we started out in four cars to Barceloneta, the home of the Escobars. In every city on the route, hundreds of men, women and children lined the streets and with flags, bearing Sixto's picture, they cheered themselves hoarse.

"Viva Sixto Escobar," came from the throats of all—old, gray-haired men and women, and boys and girls dressed in their best. Even kiddies so small they could hardly stand, led by the parents, waved flags and saluted the Island's hero.

A hero Sixto certainly was. I thought that the sight I had witnessed last year over the same route following his triumph over Salica was the most fascinating I had ever seen, but this latest celebration outdid that by a wide margin.

By the time we reached Sixto's home burg, forty-seven automobiles were in the line of march, and the officials cars, with the exception of Sixto's were trailing a mile behind. That's how big the welcome was!

Three bands, picked up on the road, accompanied us, and what a noise-making crew they were! With only two bass drums, a fife, a guitar and a cornet to set the pace, the other players carried every variety of kitchen utensil imaginable to furnish the "music." It was like Coxey's army on parade, with fun had by all.

That's what Sixto Escobar's victory meant for Puerto Rico! When we arrived in Barceloneta, we were met by another band that led a parade of the city's notables, headed by the Mayor and Sixto's little sister. It was a turnout of the entire city. Three miles out, they formed their lines and the parade into Barceloneta's City Hall was a parade of the triumphant—the city's own child come back to his own people.

Speech making in Spanish and English, and the granting of the freedom of the city to Lou Brix and Whitey Bimstein and myself, was followed by a banquet at Escobar's home, fit for a king. I shall always cherish that heart-throbbing welcome of city officials and the Escobar family.

Let no one tell you that Puerto Rico doesn't think much of boxing or makes little of its champions. New York, the world center of boxing, never saw the day when it opened its heart to a champion as did Puerto Rico following Escobar's victory over Harry Jeffra.

Nat Fleischer Says:

(Continued from page 7)

no heavyweight right now who is better than the Gunnar. He exemplified that when he took all but one round in his fight with the big, hard hitting Buddy and in turning that trick, he amplified what few of the "wise men" of pugilism thought possible.

They were grooming Buddy Baer for a spot where he could be used as a challenger against the winner of next June's Louis-Schmeling contest, but now it seems that Gunnar Barlund will have to be considered for that honor unless he is whipped in the meantime. Barlund, crude in spots as he has always been, came through with the best victory of his career. He exhibited every asset of a good fighter against Baer, something he lacked since his first appearance in America. Gameness, hard hitting and perseverance enabled him to outlast his rival who, battered helplessly against the ropes in his own corner, scarcely able to lift his hands in defense of himself, pummelled with stiff rights and lefts to the face, called a halt after one solid smash had caught him on the chin. Buddy looked to his corner with a bewildered expression and Referee Cavanaugh, noting his distress signal, stepped in to ask him if he wanted to continue.

"I'm through," whispered Buddy.

He had absorbed all the punishment he could stand from a far more experienced fighter. Thus passed from the picture the man who was being touted as the best young heavyweight from among the crop seeking Louis' crown and in his place now looms up another foreign menace—Gunnar Barlund. The Finn is back now where he was two years ago when The Ring rated him the third best man in the division—a position he holds with only Max Schmeling ahead of him.

Buddy was beaten by stiff lefts. The Gunnar, jabbing away with frequency, peppered Baer's face effectively with enough blows to enable him to roll up a big lead. My score card showed the Gunnar taking five rounds, Baer one and one even. Baer smothered his rival's face with powerful wallops, also, punches that brought the claret from mouth and nose, but no amount of punishment could halt the fiery, furious attack of the Finn.

Buddy's eye was swelled and his mouth and nose were bleeding when he, himself halted the bout. It was a left and a right that sent Buddy against the ropes in his own corner in that fateful seventh and a left smash that brought his body almost over the ropes. Arm and leg weary from the fast pace they had set, Baer dropped his hands while the Gunnar tossed a variety of punches at him without even the semblance of a return being attempted. Then came the words:

"I'm through," and a new hero was crowned.

* * *

A FEW weeks more, and the International Boxing Union, in conjunction with the Federation of Boxing will hold a convention in Rome for the purpose of clarifying certain rules and adopting others that should help the sport. It is my suggestion that before the officials attempt any other legislation, they put a curb upon their own foolish rulings in-re championships. It seems that every time Jeff Dickson, who rules the game in Europe, is short of talent, he digs up some has-been, appeals to the French Federation of Boxing and through that organization and the I.B.U., stages a fight between that chap and a leading contender and bestows upon the victor the "world title." Jeff Dickson has been pulling the wool over the eyes of the French boxing fans so often, that I wonder how he gets away with it, unless, as I presume, the French and European organizations which kowtow to his whims, are so afraid of his "power" that they gracefully bow every time he speaks.

Take for example the recent "world championship" fight between Baltazar Sangchelli of Spain and Al Brown, the 35-year-old veteran who has been out of the titular picture for upwards of three years. Jeff Dickson knows full well that there is only one title holder in the bantam division—and that man is a young Puerto Rican, Sixto Escobar, who by right of conquest not by manipulations of Jeff Dickson, won his crown. Al Brown lost his title to Sangchelli in 1935. Sangchelli lost it to Tony Marino who stopped him. Escobar won it after beating Lou Salica, American champion, Martin, Canadian title holder and Marino and then lost it to Jeffra whom he recently beat to regain the crown.

* * *

WHAT a ridiculous situation it is in boxing when a man like Dickson, who seems to hold the whip hand over all European boxing bodies except the British, who use common sense in their dealings with the boxers, can name champions at will and get the International Boxing Union, whose members apparently need instructions in legislation, to do his bidding. The I.B.U. is the least recognized of any boxing organization in the world because of the high-handed methods it has so often pursued in naming title holders at will, as for example, putting George Godfrey at the head of the world heavyweights when he beat Pierre Charles then taking the "title" from him and placing it on the head of the mediocre Charles when Godfrey failed to "defend" his "championship." Or naming Tony Canzoneri the world lightweight king a year or more after he had lost the title to Lou Ambers; refusing to name Louis the world heavyweight king after he beat Braddock and making Mickey Walker the middleweight champion two years after he had retired. Those are only a few of the many cases I can cite and yet the I.B.U. runs boxing in Europe!

Jeff Dickson must be curbed if we are to keep our records straight. The I.B.U. should be relegated to the ash heap. Ed Foster, Executive Secretary of the National Boxing Association, who is to attend the meeting in Rome, can do boxing a great favor, if, instead of joining the moguls abroad in trying to get all bodies to recognize one champion in each division, he will put the crimps into the methods of the I.B.U. and Jeff Dickson. He must inform the Conference that so long as the I.B.U. continues with Dickson to name champions at random in order to get a hold on boxing talent, a chaotic condition in the sport will continue to exist. The French organizations should adhere to the principles of true sportsmanship by accepting as world champion the legitimate holder of the honor in all divisions.

Al Brown, world bantam champion! What nonsense! The title holder is Sixto Escobar, gentlemen. Take note of that.

* * *

"BRANDY for Heroes," a biography of John Morrissey—fighter, gambler, congressman—is a book that every fight enthusiast should have in his library. It is the story of a picturesque character of the period between 1860 and 1870 and is the work of Jack Kofoed, a writer who knows how to pen his words in picturesque style. This story of Morrissey's life is more fascinating than any novelist could possibly fashion out of his own mind. It is different from the usual run of boxing stories, because Morrissey's strivings and outdoings in politics, fighting and love, actually give it a fiction-like plot.

The scene of action is in New York City during the years that were worst, though the liveliest and most thrilling the city has ever known. From brother bouncer and saloon keeper in an upstate city, Morrissey bruised and battled his way to success in the field of pugilism and politics. How he defeated Yankee Sullivan and won the heavyweight championship; how he entered New York politics and backed by Tammany, became a state senator and later a congressman, makes colorful and exciting reading. I recommend this book to Ring readers. You can get this book from The Ring Book Shop.

"Rough-'Em Up" Cox

(Continued from page 36)

tin roof. In the meantime three huskies handcuffed Forsgren to a ring post.

After they were hustled into the Black Maria, and Cox had revived somewhat, he started another Custer massacre. They so concentrated on the new fracas that the driver of the wagon, an ol' fight fan, by the way, peered around to watch it, when smasho—he rammed a fire plug and came Seattle's second flood.

In the meanwhile, Art Robbins, the first referee, had been revived in the dressing room and gave the decision to Forsgren on a foul.

The next morning the contestants were hailed before a magistrate and Forsgren got off with a hundred dollar fine for creating a riot. But Cox was the big loser. He took a 200 buck thump on the wallet and lost a suit of clothes. Some fiend in human form had slipped in the dressing room while Theodore was on his way to the clink and made a hula costume out of the Lodian's raiment.

Seattle is still on Theodore Napoleon's blacklist. He feels, deep in his furry chest, the natives up there have no appreciation for the manly art at its best.

Special Notice

Readers of THE RING who have been sending in money for the Everlast and Post Record Books, please be advised that neither book has been published this year. Kindly do not send for either. The only record book printed this year is that of Victor Breyer, and is in French, and you can get that from THE RING BOOK SHOP. Price $1.00.

Gang Wars, Politicians

(Continued from page 29)

professional suicide for the party concerned. And McCoy, though game as the proverbial pebble, was also coldly discreet, there would be no running counter to the tersely expressed wishes of the all-powerful Mr. Sullivan. Meanwhile, as he now intended to crack Maher on the jaw-point for a count-out, he set about preparing the sheep for the sacrificial butcher in a typical McCoy manner.

It was a bitter, freezing January night. The island club wasn't any too warm a spot even in September. And on this particular occasion, the atmosphere was so chilly that you could see the breath coming out of the spectators' mouths like smoke from a dragon in the illustrations of the old fairy-tale juvenile books. It was bad enough for well wrapped up folks to endure, but a great deal harder on a man dressed only in fighting shoes and trunks.

Maher was first to enter the ring, with a bathrobe thrown over his fighting costume. The urbane Kid stayed in his dressing-room so long that the crowd got restless and began yelling impatiently. Maher sat in his corner, hugging his robe tightly around him, and shivering when some unusually biting blast from the ocean drove through the chinks and holes in the thinly constructed building and chilled his muscular frame.

Finally the Kid ducked under the ropes. He had fighting trunks on, but over them he wore trousers, a heavy sweater, coat and bathrobe. He sat down leisurely and put in several minutes nodding to and speaking with friends in the nearby seats.

All this time poor Peter glowered indignantly, wondering why the proceedings didn't begin. There's nothing unnerves a fighter to such an extent as to be kept in a state of high tension, especially when he's keyed up to concert pitch, and anxiously awaiting the first stroke of the bell, as none knew better than McCoy.

Furthermore, when he saw how thinly clad Maher was, the foxy Kid realized that the colder the big Irishman got, the closer to zero sank Peter's chances of victory. One doesn't have to be a fighter to understand the psychological effect of McCoy's tactics. The ugly uncertainty of waiting for something to happen is a test likely to take the heart out of any man, when an important issue is pending. And this was an issue of much importance to Maher.

* * *

WHEN the gloves were produced, McCoy raised a rumpus. The mitts didn't suit him. There was another delay while the Kid sent one of his seconds back to the dressing-room. The messenger was gone fifteen minutes. He returned carrying a set of old gloves McCoy had brought in his grip. They were black with age, the padding was worked off the knuckles-spot, and to fight with them would have been equivalent to using skin-tights. Yet it was with these antique relics that McCoy said he wanted to box.

He knew the club officials would never consent to this, but he was simply playing for time. Maher's seconds should have either wrapped up their shivering principal, or taken him to his dressing-room. Being Irish and hot-headed, they did neither, but instead, devoted their energies to cursing McCoy and refusing to accept his outrageous proposition.

At length, when everybody's patience was stretched to the near-breaking limit, McCoy agreed to use the gloves provided by the club. By this time, Maher was a veritable picture of chilled misery, his lips turning blue and his teeth chattering, but McCoy still had another card up his sleeve.

He went to his opponent's corner and registered a fierce protest against the bandages on the Celt's hands. Nothing would do, but that the seconds must remove the tapes and prove that there wasn't a lump of lead or something of the kind concealed under the fist-wrappings. But at last, when the crowd got ugly and began to threaten all kinds of revenge on him, McCoy suddenly announced he was ready, pulled off his clothes, and the battle was on.

Details of the encounter are unnecessary. Maher was so badly frozen that his joints creaked like rusty hinges. The Kid, warm, supple as a snake, and every whit as dangerous, glided swiftly toward the bigger man, feinted him out, and smashed his famous left hook to the jaw with a force that jarred Peter from heels to brainpan. That first punch won the battle for McCoy!

Maher was dazed and unable to get limbered up or strike his fighting gait. He did the best he could under the melancholy circumstances. But McCoy played with him as a cat tortures a mouse, and knocked him senseless in the fifth round of a one-sided contest. It was a sad day for Ireland, but perfectly okay from the political angle, for Big Tim's instructions had been carried out to the letter!

* * *

PLENTIFUL as were the examples of fights politically framed under the Horton Law, it must not be supposed that New York State had a monopoly on such methods. For instance, one of the most flagrant cases of rank robbery perpetrated by a referee, backed by the political gambling element, occurred at San Francisco on December 2, 1896, during the Tom Sharkey-Bob Fitzsimmons battle.

The political situation at the Golden Gate was rotten to the core, bare-faced graft had its innings in all directions, and nowhere so amazingly corrupt as in the handling of glove battles. Fitzsimmons was blissfully unconscious of the fact that Sharkey's "number was up" before he ever got into the ring with the hardy ex-tar. But the gamblers and their pals in the seat of municipal government knew it, and were betting on a dead sure thing.

Yet, to make assurance doubly sure, it was necessary to name a referee for the event whose nerve would be equal to the job of pronouncing Sharkey winner, even if the latter succumbed to one of Fitz's sleep-producing wallops. The third man in the ring had to be an official utterly devoid of fear, capable of making a decision according to the instructions he received from those who hired him, no matter how monstrous it might appear to the believers in fair play.

Wyatt Earp was selected for the post of doubtful honor, and a better choice, from the plotters' viewpoint, could not have been made. Wyatt was one of five brothers, each of whom had earned well-deserved reputations as deadly shots with Winchester or Colt during that tumultuous period of American history when the old frontier was gradually passing away and the "taming of the wild West" becoming an accomplished fact.

The Earps were big, muscular, vividly courageous men. Sometimes they had acted as law-officers. Wyatt once filled the role of deputy United States marshal. Virgil was a city marshal of Tombstone, Arizona, when that celebrated burg shared with Dodge City the notoriety, written in letters of blood, of being the two toughest, man-killing communities in the U. S. A. Morgan Earp, as an employee of the Wells Fargo Express, eliminated four of a band of outlaws who held up a stage in a desperate gun-battle, and captured the fifth of the gang. James and Warren, respectively, the oldest and youngest of the brotherhood, were equally renowned for their daring and effective sharpshooting.

* * *

WHEN the Earps, with the efficient assistance of Bat Masterson, Luke Short and Doc Holliday, all lightning performers in gunplay squabbles, virtually ruled Tombstone, swift and bloody was the finish of any gunman who ventured to dispute their sway.

With the passing of the earlier strenuous days of combat and sudden death in the West, many of the celebrated gun-toters who made their mark, legally and illegally, as killers, drifted to the big cities. San Francisco had a large quota of these worthies, who followed the vocation of professional gamblers, and among them was Wyatt Earp. The glamour surrounding them naturally lingered longer at the Golden Gate than in most other large cities, inasmuch as their deeds of daring on the Mexican border and elsewhere were still fresh in the minds of inhabitants of that community, who either knew them personally, or had been bred in the tradition of Western gun-rule.

With Wyatt Earp as referee for the Sharkey-Fitzsimmons affair, there was no fear of failure of the plot to make Fitzsimmons run second in the final showdown. Whatever Wyatt's faults may have been, hesitation to fulfill a promise once given was not one of them. His word was as good as a bond and there was no danger of anyone trying to intimidate him.

Sharkey, always a rough customer, put up his usual rushing style of scrap against his opponent, but Fitz was far ahead on points as the battle went into the eighth round. Suddenly Bob executed his famous "shift," and drove a punch to Sharkey's stomach that put the ex-sailor down and out. The blow landed well above the beltline, as was afterwards testified to by the experts in the press-box.

But Earp, calm and unexcited, waited until the roar of the crowd had died into temporary silence, then pronounced Sharkey winner on a foul! It was a raw deal for Fitz. Probably the worst of many raw deals put over by the crooked sport element at the Golden Gate, which is saying a lot. Yet nothing could be done about it.

Earp sauntered from the ring and down an aisle with the contended air of a man who had done no more than his duty.

(To be Continued in Our Next Issue)

Passing of the "Whoop-De-Doos"

(Continued from page 17)

tried to reason with a boy who was sitting in a fine fog.

The fanning bee began to turn loose the deluge of hitters and as they pounded them into my brain I tried to figure out how some of them would have compared with the hitters and the whoop-dee-doos of today.

What is a whoop-dee-doo fighter? Well, I'd rate Tony Galento the king of them all. Tony has no fighting manners or technique, but he delivers what he sets out to place before your eyes—A FIGHT!

Harry Greb bordered on the whoop-dee-doo because of his eccentric style. Harry lived the old J. L. Sullivan rule, which said: "NEVER LET THE OTHER FELLOW GET STARTED."

Ace Hudkins, the original "Nebraska Wildcat," was a "whoopie," and Glenn Lee, from the same state and now bearing the same fighting moniker, is a second Ace Hudkins, and because of his headlong, pitching-in style, will be a middleweight menace so long as he is able to put up his hands.

Wild Burt Kenny was a darling of these whoop-dee-doo birds. He was an iron worker, who trained by straddling huge girders and riding them to the top of new buildings under construction. He was just as hard as the metal beams he rode on high, and when the bell rang he was like a tiger turned loose.

Let us put into the ring, just for the sake of argument, a battle between Joe Louis, our present-day hitter, and Bob Fitzsimmons. Bob would have been a bit light for Joe, yet I can't forget the drubbing I saw Fitz give Jeffries in San Francisco, at a time when Bob was on the way out.

* * *

FITZSIMMONS of Carson City would have given Louis a desperate battle. The Fitzsimmons of the Sharkey and Ruhlin fights would have flattened Louis. Fitz was a famously fast beginner and Louis is just so notoriously slow to begin.

In my opinion, the Dempsey of Toledo would have made short work of the exacting Louis. Langford would have whipped him, too, I believe, and Peter Maher would have knocked him out with possibly the first punch because, in our time, no heavyweight ever lived who hit so hard with a right-hand punch as Peter.

Naturally Peter would have to get the jump on Joe and so would have Langford, Fitzsimmons, and a fellow like Joe Choynski, still rated as the hardest hitter of his day, a tribute offered by both Fitzsimmons and Jeffries.

Jim Barry, not known much save for his hitting bees with Langford, would have been a dangerous man for Louis since Joe is a "sucker" for a right-hand punch. Old Jim Braddock had Joe down in the first round in their fight in Chicago, and a right-hand uppercut turned the trick.

Once I asked the late Jack McAuliffe how Sullivan and Dempsey compared, and what the result would have been. McAuliffe, John L.'s lifelong friend, who seconded John against Jim Corbett at New Orleans, had just seen Dempsey knock out Willard. Jack replied:

"Sullivan and Dempsey would have been terrific, heart-breaking in its suddenness. THREE PUNCHES! John would have landed the first to the chin, a right, and Dempsey the next two, a right to the heart and a left to the jaw. That would be all. Dempsey really is great," added McAuliffe.

* * *

NEWARK PATSY KLINE, an Italian featherweight, was a deadly hitter. He hailed from Newark, New Jersey, and he had to fight welterweights when all the feather and lightweights ducked him and his terrific blasts to the jaw.

Kline would have matched punch for punch with Henry Armstrong and given him a dreadful go. I just can't picture who'd have won that one.

There was a kid down in Baltimore—K. O. Chaney—who was a dastardly hitter. He was a southpaw, and he usually set out to attack the body. He was so vicious in his body punching that many fighters, looking for the easy out, claimed that he had fouled them. That was before the day of the Taylor foulproof cup, a contraption which should be adopted all over the world, because it makes a claim of "foul" ridiculous on the face of it.

Chaney has a long record of knockouts, one of the longest in the history of the ring. He would have knocked out Henry Armstrong, in my estimation, and so would have Young Corbett, Herrera and Hawkins, because Henry, with little pretension to defense, would have been easy for these riflemen to hit, and when they hit, you stayed hit.

We ran over a great list of hitters in every division and I'm running them off as we recalled them. You'll find old and forgotten heroes, perhaps some of them of your boyhood days. Passing those we've just mentioned, we listed them as follows:

George Dawson, Billy Whalen, Sam Robideau, Jimmy Barry, Kid Henry, Jimmy Adamick, Sailor Burke, Frankie Flemming, Mickey Walker, Morrie Schlaffer, Buddy Ryan, Jimmy Wilde, Johnny Kilbane, Joe Shugrue, Harry Lewis, Bobby Barrett, Jack Trammell, Paddy Sullivan, Frank Moran, Eddie McGoorty, Jack Dillon, Charley White, Rufe Turner, Abe Attell, Goldstein, Carl Tremaine, Al Neill, Frankie Neil, Henry Armstrong, Joe Thomas, Willie Fitzgerald, Harry Tenny, Max Baer, Buddy Baer.

Mike Cleary (Jim Corbett's all-time hard hitter), Denny Kelliher, Victor McLaglen, Fred Fulton, Joe Benjamin, Billy Ernst, Tommy Robson, Young Mitchell (now seventy and just retiring from politics in San Francisco), Eddie Fitzsimmons, Willie Ritchie, George LaBlanche, Owen Moran, Kid McCoy, Tommy Ryan, Ever Hammer, Louis Firpo, Young Otto, Dave Sullivan, Les Darcy, Joe Burman, Bombardier Wells, Bob Moha, Honey Mellody, Morris Thompson.

"Red" Watson, Young Peter Jackson, K. O. George Brown, Paul Berlenbach, Jack Delaney, Ceferino Garcia, Justo Suarez, Billy Petrolle, Frank McConnell, George Green (original "Young Corbett"), Rube Ferns, K. O. Eggers, Gunboat Smith, Georges Carpentier, Buddy Taylor, Dixie Kid, Otto Von Porat, Jimmy McLarnin, Jim Coffey, Al Reich, Ruby Goldstein, George Chip, Al McCoy (the middle), Mike Gibbons, Bryan Downey, and last but not least, "Hambone" Kelly.

"Hambone" belongs to the "whoop-dee-doos" and the hitters, too. He was a wild man in the ring, but he could punch. He did his best belting at Bill Brown's old gymnasium in New York. Brown is now on the New York boxing board.

That's a gallant list of punchers I've given you for the old hat band. Remember any of them? Some sweethearts among them, and I doubt that the best hitters of today, in any division, would have matched them. Styles had everything to do with it and this never was more clearly demonstrated than when Schmeling and Louis matched punches.

Joe had the style made to order for the German and, despite his great ability with BOTH fists, Louis was no match for Schmeling, who fought Joe with his one and only good hand, that right. It is remarkable when you think of it; a fellow of Schmeling's age, coping with a youngster who had never known the bitterness of a knockout before.

I wonder what part STYLE will play in the drama when they meet again in June? Style will have its fling, I vow, and again style may be the utter ruination of the proud young Negro champion.

* * *

NOW we'll dig into the "whoop-dee-doos," led by the weird Mister Tony Galento. He's a freak, but he can fight. He never has been on the floor, and never been knocked out.

Ace Hudkins belongs with the "whoops." So did Charley Hitte, Wild Bill Hanrahan, Ed Dunkhorst, Fighting Billy Murray, Cyclone Johnny Thompson, Glen Lee, Rouse O'Brien, Chuck Wiggins, "Rough House Charley" Burns, Ad Wolgast, Battling Nelson, Owen Moran, Soldier Bartfield, Bert Keyes, Wolf Larsen, Battling Hurley, Iron Man Sieger, "Elbows" McFadden, Frank Mandell, Joe Borrell, Pepper Martin, Lorenzo Packs, Sailor Grande, and Walter Mohr, perhaps the roughest individual who ever pulled on a glove.

I might put the great Packey McFarland among the "whoopies" because he did whoop it up at times. He could fight any kind of a fight, and was an uncrowned lightweight champion of the world.

Somehow, administration of boxing by commissions has driven the "whoop-dee-doos" out of fisticuffs and I don't know that I like it much. After all, an occasional Wild Bill Hanrahan or a Wild Bill Flemming, a Chuck Wiggins or a Rough House Burns was a relief from the studied, exacting, orthodox kind of boxing.

I don't say that they improved anything save your night out. Kid McCoy was magnetic in his hitting and his whooping. Fitz was, too, when he was in the mood. Not Jeffries. He was sullen, a one-man guy, and never anything but grouchy in camp.

Looking over both lists I know that I wouldn't have missed any of them for worlds. It has been a splendid adventure this following in the wake of the screaming fists, the clog, clog, clog of the road running, the aroma of the rubbing rooms, the starting bell, and THE ROAR OF THE CROWD.

English Reader Wins

(Continued from page 21)

until that unfortunate evening with Henry.

I feel that Armstrong is a genuine threat to Lou Ambers, the lightweight ruler, because of the unusual flexibility of his weight range. He can fight "heavy" and he can perform "light" with equal success. He demonstrated this against Sarron when he boxed the former featherweight king for the crown. He was forced to train down many pounds below normal, but this did not dull his efficiency. His build may be patterned after the Fitzsimmons type—heavy about the shoulders and gaunt about the waist. This feature provides him with terrific hitting power and unlimited endurance, two factors so essential in the make-up of a great fighter. And if Henry Armstrong isn't a great fighter, he'll do until one comes along.

Henry's record speaks for itself. He has met the best, and trimmed them all. A superlative fighting man, he is at the same time a fine citizen . . . . a boon to his community, a credit to his race. I believe that a finer example of a man would be difficult to find in any field, let alone the boxing game. Henry is married, and lives a sensible, conservative life outside the squared circle.

Wally Sjoblom,
661 41st Street,
Brooklyn, N. Y.

* * *

To The Ring *Editor:*

Taking into consideration the points mentioned in The Ring Magazine, I can find no other man to fill the position as the most valuable boxer of the year than the featherweight tornado, Henry Armstrong. The fans' interest in the featherweight division has been greatly increased these last few years by the Pacific Coast lad.

Two years ago Armstrong was practically unknown; in the East, at any rate. Then he began to blaze a trail down the fistic forest with a host of quick K.O.'s. Some time ago, if someone said that the "Big Little fellow (Armstrong) would become the featherweight title-holder, he would probably be laughed at. But this is exactly what he did, and not so long ago.

Armstrong met Petey Sarron, recognized world's featherweight champion. But Sarron was no match for the tireless, two-fisted, ebony-colored chap. For Sarron gave to Armstrong in six rounds. The referee stopped the fight to save Sarron from further punishment. This was the first time Sarron had been floored in his career. Little Henry is a true sportsman and gentleman, outside the ring as well as in.

Is it any wonder that he is dubbed "The Second Terry McGovern"? I think no other man is more capable of holding the honored position as the *Most Valuable Boxer of the Year* than the Brown Buzz Saw, Henry Armstrong.

George Raulet,
21 Graham Street,
Jersey City, N. J.

* * *

To The Ring *Editor:*

I nominate Joe Louis as the Most Valuable Boxer for 1937. During the year he succeeded in winning the world's heavyweight championship in decisive style and later in the year defended it against an opponent who proved to be worthy of any challenger in the heavyweight ranks today.

I believe that Louis is easily the most scientific boxer among the present heavyweights and will avenge his defeat at the hands of Max Schmeling at their next meeting, continuing on as champion for some time yet. Louis is apparently a clean living, modest young Negro, who, beyond a doubt, has done more for the future of boxing than anyone since Dempsey. He proved his sportsmanship by not alibiing his defeat by Schmeling. Due to the amount of publicity given heavyweights, they influence the youngsters more than any other class of fighters. So here is my vote for the "Brown Bomber."

I select Henry Armstrong as second choice because this fellow's punching power and rapid rise have brought attention to the lightweights once again.

Carroll Hannah,
Strand Theatre,
Louisville, Ky.

Blows That Count

(Continued from page 25)

stomach is that the effect of the jaw blow will disappear quickly and leave no after effects. With a punch in the stomach the effect is felt throughout the battle. If you get a good walloping in the body in the first round it will hurt you more in the fourth and fifth rounds than it did when you received it. The damage stays with you, and it takes all the steam and fire out of your action.

"Of course, everyone cannot land the body blow with the proper force. In the first place, you have got to be close to your opponent. The best way to land the left to the stomach is to make a bluff and lead with the right. That is, make your opponent believe you are going to shoot out the right for his jaw. That will cause him to throw up his guard. Then the stomach is exposed, and instead of letting the right go, step in and send the left smashing to the body.

"The idea is to go in with the blow, so that it carries the weight of the body. I have seen men double up and groan from the pain caused by body blows. The value of the left body blow can be realized when I refer to the three important fights I won with its aid.

"Those fights were with Fitzsimmons, Ruhlin and Corbett. I think any one of these boxers will acknowledge the value of the left-hand body blow. Take my last battle with Fitzsimmons at San Francisco. I landed on Fitzsimmons' body repeatedly. It was not long before I had taken all the steam out of him. He hit me often, and the crowd wondered why he didn't hurt me. Well, he had no force in his delivery."

* * *

BROUGHTON had his "mark," Fitzsimmons his "solar plexus," Ketchel his left shift, but it remained for Kid McCoy to invent one of the most famous punches in all ring history.

Kid McCoy's "corkscrew." How the fight world tingled with the fame of that blow, a left hook with "corkscrew" trimmings.

It wasn't until the Kid fought Gus Ruhlin that the blow brought him fame. He had been practising with it for many years and actually knocked out Tommy Ryan for the welterweight title at Maspeth, L. I., with this freakish wallop.

Always a trickster, the Kid gloried in anything which bordered on savage tormenting. The corkscrew was a left hook delivered from a high, outside position, the fist traveling downward in rigid fashion until it had traveled nearly two feet through space.

As McCoy's fist neared his objective, whether to the jaw or the body, he would turn his wrist suddenly so that his fist actually turned within a half circle. It was this twisting, corkscrew-like turn of the fist which gave it such crushing leverage as it made contact. It was, again, glorified fulcrum, leverage with trimmings.

Ketchel and Fitzsimmons glorified leverage by getting out of position and then back again so that they could put the whole weight of their bodies behind their favorite left hooks. McCoy, like Dal Hawkins, simplified it. His power came with the nature of the blow, twisting, stiff-armed, boring, blasting.

McCoy made a fortune specializing in that punch, at least "fortunes" of that day. Our modern heavyweights break right out in a snicker every time they see the gate receipts which John L., Corbett, Fitzsimmons, McCoy, Choynski, Jeffries, Sharkey, Maher and Ruhlin considered "big."

McCoy fought with his teeth bared in a crooked sneer. He seemed to revel in cutting up a victim with his twisting punches. That is one of the reasons back of his perfection of the corkscrew punch. He wanted the blows to rip and tear flesh. He seemed to hate every man who dared cross his path in a ring. Twisting his wrist and getting added cutting leverage into his punches was his first thought, far back in his career. Suddenly he discovered that such blows possessed knockout qualities upon which he hadn't counted.

* * *

McCOY, who had real gifts of a material kind, was early soured on the world. He was a cruel and tricky scrapper. He had a habit of twisting his upper lip into a sneer of contempt the moment he faced a foeman. The "Kid McCoy sneer" was as celebrated as Bob Fitzsimmons' freckles and the tattoed ship on Tom Sharkey's chest. McCoy expected no quarter from an opponent; he rarely gave any, either.

McCoy, although he put over loads of quick knockouts, delighted in cutting up his man. His vengeance was as deep-plotted and as savage as those of the covered wagon day Indian. Once a heavyweight named McCormick scored a lucky knockout over McCoy in the first round. Later the wily Kid again lured McCormick into the ring—and terrible was his revenge.

Instead of plastering McCormick quickly, which was within his power, McCoy deliberately prolonged the affair for eight rounds. He hammered and ripped McCormick to a sickening object, the while he grinned at his crimson piece of avenging. Several times he had McCormick on the brink of a knockout, but declined to unleash the merciful finisher. McCoy couldn't resist saving him for the torture which he thought McCormick deserved for humiliating him.

Everett Marshall

(Continued from page 32)

AFTER high school graduation he entered the University of Denver, where he studied farming from 1925 to 1927 and was taught wrestling by Granville Johnson, the coach, a prominent mat figure in the Rocky Mountain area. From 1927 to 1929 he was enrolled at the University of Iowa, in a liberal arts course. There the mat tutor was Mike Howard, the Danish heavyweight champion, who had grappled a two-hour draw with the then champion, Joe Stecher. And Marshall proved to be the first pupil to beat his master.

Upon graduation, Marshall immediately entered the professional mat field. He knew he could successfully hold his own with the best in the sport. Strange, how a youngster like that had that confidence in his ability. But he had proved to his own satisfaction by beating his mat tutors; by beating the best matmen in collegiate circles; by having his mind dead set from the time he was a youngster, that he would make good.

Even today, almost ten years since Marshall first entered the professional field, he is a firm believer in training. Never a day, whether he is scheduled to wrestle or not, passes without his doing his daily grind in a gymnasium. Conditioning has brought him results as proved by his physical measurements: Weight, 222; height, 5 feet, 11 inches; neck, 19½; chest (normal) 50; chest (expanded) 55; waist, 34; forearm, 16; biceps, 18½; wrist, 8; ankle, 11; calf, 19; thigh, 27; and reach, 72½. Something novel, his reach is greater than his height by one and a half inches.

Now Marshall is concentrating on controlling his temper. If he does, he may once again be the world heavyweight king.

News of the Mat World

(Continued from page 35)

has many hobbies. They include skiing, roller skating, boating and outboard motors. He has three boats with which he fools around at the Tower Ridge Yacht Club. He is also an automobile enthusiast and owns several fast cars. But winter sports are his favorite. He goes in for skiing in a big way, at which he is an expert, and a fall or two mean little to Henry, who knows how to take the bumps.

* * *

DIXIE DOIN'S, by Bernice Sandboe, follow: It was with rather mixed emotions that the southern wrestling fans received the return of Leo Daniel Boone Savage, the prodigal son of grappling in these parts. The droll mountaineer, complete with dogs, lantern, overhalls and beard, arrived in town to make a personal appearance at a theatre where his current picture "Swing Your Lady" was showing. At the same time, Leo brought with him an apologetic petition in which he publically begged to be re-instated in this state (you remember he was suspended for life for running out on a match) and it was interesting to note that 4000 Houstonians signed said petition. Besides this, Leo has been endeavoring to see Fred Nichols, the state commissioner and personally asked to be reinstated. As this is written, little or nothing has developed and Leo has returned to his farm near Beaumont to do a little possum hunting and await developments.

Personally, I think it would be great to see the bearded biggie back in the ring, for he lends to wrestling the color and showmanship that Dizzie Dean does to baseball or Bob Burns to radio. However, he has committed the mortal sin of wrestling, running out on a promoter (particularly one who has done so much to push him up the ladder of success) and it is hard to forget such an offense down in Dixie. Perhaps, though, an amicable agreement will be made and Leo will be back, I, for one, hope so and judging from the 4000 signatures I am evidently not alone in this matter.

One of the most amusing comedy bouts we have had here in many moons was that between big Goon Henry and Chief Little Beaver, both meanies of the wildest ilk. The boys, before match, got together in a little agreement that should 1, Chief Little Beaver lose he must caper about the ring on a stick horse or 2, should Goon Henry lose he must don a baby bonnett, drink milk out of a baby bottle and shake a rattle in his hand. To the high hilarity of the fans, the Goon lost and I never hope to see a funnier picture than the big, overgrown bully in a dainty little bonnet, drinking milk and shaking a rattle!

I had quite a surprise the day I met big Jules Strongbow, the giant Indian grappler. For years I have practically rent my lungs booing and hissing him whenever he strode into the ring and I solemnly believed that he was nothing less than a fiendish monster in and out of the ring.

When by sheer accident I met him I was practically stunned speechless by his likeable personality, his fine education and his well-versed interest in music and literature. As far fetched as it may sound, he is a highly talented violinist and actually owns a Stradaveris, considered the finest type violin made. Besides this he is well read, can quote passages from well known books and plays and is a brilliant conversationalist.

* * *

RAMBLINGS ON RASSLERS . . . . Bill Lee, the football hero turned wrestler, can't seem to keep away from the gridiron . . . . he not only plays pro football (with the Green Bay Packers) all fall but was a star performer on the Southwest All-Stars team here in two games, one against the Chicago Bears and the other against the champion Washington Redskins . . . . since everyone is rating the outstanding wrestlers of the day, Leo Daniel Boone Savage said he would like to try his hand at it . . . . his selection for the three foremost wrestlers in the world are: 1. Elmer Epstead, (who hails from the hills of ole Kentucky), 2. Dick Lever and 3. Babe Zaharias . . . . believe it or not Hardy Kruskamp once had a big white goose for a pet . . . . Hardy suffered a painful back injury in his bout with Bill Lee . . . . two of the most eccentric personages to appear here in some time are Count Pietro who affects flowing hair, a beard, cane and French beret and Ivan Ligorsky who chews gum and capers about the ring so furiously that it actually makes you dizzy to watch him . . . . don't miss these showmen when they come to your town . . . . did you see Tiny Roebuck in "High, Wide and Handsome?" . . . . Marshall Blackstock is taking a "vacation" from wrestling.

* * *

WRESTLING around Iowa, Minnesota, Nebraska, South Dakota, says Bill Hawkins, is going great guns. A near riot took place at Fairmont, Minn., recently when Otto Kuss (Perhaps Otto did cuss.) and a mob of citizens took matters out of the hands of the third man to score a victory over Earl Wampler. It all happened when Wampler accused the third man Wally Karbo of favoring Kuss, and the wild Wampler belted Karbo to the mat. Fans climbed into the ring taking punches and pot-shots at Wampler. In the meantime Kuss leaped on the villain, knocking him to the mat, and with the assistance of the law was awarded the bout.

A crowd of 1,400 fans were on hand for the fire-works . . . . John Eliades, Sioux City, Ia., promoter introduced the Cardiff Giant to mat followers in a match with Lou Plummer . . . . The latter gave away 100 pounds in weight . . . . Plummer managed to win after a very unhappy evening . . . . In the other matches on the card Hal Rumberg and Scotty MacDougall wrestled to a very interesting draw . . . . Joe Hubka of Dodge, Nebr., won over Sun Jennings on a foul . . . . The promoter donated the proceeds above expenses to a fund for the purchase of an iron lung for the treatment of infantile paralysis . . . . At Westphalia, Ia., Joe Klein of Harlan, Ia., threw Al Christoferson of Buck Grove, Ia., in 25 minutes . . . . At Burlington, Ia., Roughhouse Jack Nelson defeated Jimmy Bear in a fast bout . . . . Larry Schaaf and Tony Churney wrestled to draw . . . . In the opening match Sammy Miller won over Tom Goodeagle . . . . After several years of absence from the mat sport, Midget Fisher of Butternut, Wis., returned to the game at Dubuque, Ia., and defeated Jack Curtis in two falls out of three . . . . At Minneapolis, Minn., Bronko Nagurski defeated Paul Jones in a one fall match . . . . At Lincoln, Nebr., John Pesek, the man who never grows old, defeated Bhu Pinder in two falls . . . . See you next month.

* * *

STANISLAUS ZBYSZKO, former world wrestling champion who has been promoting in Argentine, is back in New York where he is going to show foreign mat stars in Madison Square Garden. The Great Pole who for many years was one of the outstanding matmen in the world, has imported a giant from Poland who he thinks will defeat any of the present day stars and he is going to let the New York public get its first peep at him in the House that Tex built.

Speaking of the current crop of heavyweights, Stanislaus, who knows the sport as few in the game, declares that there isn't a star in the field who could have lasted half an hour with the kings of the past—Stecher, Lewis, Caddock, Gotch or himself. He bemoans the fact that he is now 58 years old. "I would like to take a shot at Jim Londos or Nagurski even as old as I am. I'm sure I could beat either." And there are many critics who saw Zbyszko in his prime who bemoan the fact that there are no Zbyszkos in the game today.

LETTERS *from Our* READERS

I READ in one of your recent issues about the weakening effects that the boxing game offers to those who have gone through a career of boxing and I would like to offer my opinion as to cause and effect.

The physical condition that the average fighter is in when he leaves the ring and is ready to retire is not so good! After a few years, his mental condition is deplorable because medical science is of little or no help to him.

After a few years, especially if he dissipates a bit more than the average man, the effects of his fighting begins to tell. His mental condition and his walking is affected. Worry and aggravation will help to bring on a nervous condition very much faster with the ex-pugilist than with the men of other work.

The reason why a fighter is affected will be told in the following:—There are 33 movable segments or vertebra comprising the spine. The brain gives off a spinal cord and the spinal cord traverses down the neural canal which is comprised of the bony segments of the spine.

The spinal cord is a cable of nerve fibers which serve to transmit impressions to and from the brain. In transmitting impressions and impulses from the brain the full quantity of transformed energy is given to it from the brain cells, for there is nothing to hinder this expression.

As the spinal cord traverses down the neural canal, it gives off a pair of nerves between each vertebra or segment of the spine. These nerves give off branches which feed all of the organs of the body with mental impulses or nerve energy which is really health. In fact, these nerves give off branches which feed every tissue cell within the body and there are hundreds of thousands of tissue cells within the body. And every cell has a nerve filament supplying it.

No letters will be answered by mail unless a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

If a vertebra, which is movable, should move out of its position, it will step on the nerve which emits from the spinal cord and thereby cause a lack of flow of mental impulses or nerve energy which is the cause of disease or sickness. This pressure can be removed by a chiropractor and thereby restore a normal amount of impulses to the organ or tissue cell and give health to the patient.

Chiropractic is going forward in leaps and bounds. It is getting a strong hold on the people and the people are getting a strong hold on chiropractic, "a great profession." In the following paragraph I will go into the latest work of chiropractic.

The first vertebra in the spine is named the Atlas. It is shaped different from the other vertebra in the spine. It lacks the main mass of the body. Has two lateral masses and can easily be distinguished from the rest of the bony segments which tend to make up the spine.

* * *

CHIROPRACTICALLY, the Atlas always controlled the brain region, spinal cord and most of the region of the head and face. After years of research work at the home of chiropractic, it has been found that the Atlas controls the entire nerve system of the body. I will not go into this very deeply, but I will give a description of how it affects the ex-pugilist.

The Atlas is easily moved. As I explained, it controls the spinal cord. When a fighter gets hit on the head, face or jaw, the Atlas may slip out of position and press on the spinal cord. That pressure on the spinal cord may control or stop the nerves that are given off at a lower region and cause trouble in that section. Previous to our findings, we adjusted the lower region. Today, the advanced chiropractor moves the Atlas and results are more positive and health is restored sooner.

The writer knows the fighter and the fighter's trouble. He is a veteran of the ring about the time of the Horton Law days. Thereby the deep interest shown. He has taken care of a few hundred fighters and most of them with the common ailment affecting them.

One of them had very poor eyesight. Could not see across the street. Walking was very bad. The patient received about 30 chiropractic adjustments. His condition improved, so the fellow took the New York police examination and passed. He is one of the best pistol shots on the force and is a perfect specimen of man.

Minds are like parachutes. They function when open! If this writing is interesting to the reader, write to the Editor of the magazine and if enough requests are made, another article on chiropractic will be written.

DR. HENRY BRAUN,
Chiropractor.

* * *

I HAVE been a reader of your excellent magazine for some considerable time, and I most certainly think it is the finest sports publication I have ever read. Reading the issue for April, 1936, I happened to see a reference to a fighter still very popular in this country, and especially with myself. I refer to Max Baer.

During Max's stay over here he made himself very popular. He dropped one decision to Tommy Farr, but literally wiped Ben Foord off the canvas, or rather, spread him all over it, as doubtless you have heard.

We certainly have pleasant recollections of Max's visit, and we hope he will come again, even if only for a friendly visit.

SYDNEY ORR,
London, England.

* * *

NOW that the chance to clarify the entire middleweight situation has come with Apostoli's win over the European, Thil—what happens? Our recognized United States champion, (also acknowledged as the world champion) refuses to meet a fellow American in which contest at the weight would undeniably produce an undisputed middleweight champion of the world once and for all.

I do not profess to be a see-everything, know-all, Nat, but I like the fight game and particularly a contest between two really good fighters who are not afraid to fight.

I don't think anyone has ever accused Freddie Steele of backing out of a fight with anybody regardless of creed, color, sex or race. Yet his persistent refusals to meet Apostoli, his superior, compels me to believe he has much too much respect for Apostoli.

If the fighter from Tacoma wants to be that kind of a champion, that's his business. But I do sincerely believe the public would secretly cherish a greater admiration for him as a man and as a fighter—if he agrees to meet Apostoli.

After Steele is too old to remain an active fighter and hangs up the mitts for good, he will have a blight on his record that can be wiped out now—by fighting Apostoli. If he admits he cannot whip Apostoli, then what is he doing with the crown. Does he deserve it?

The Steele-Apostoli rumpus, as the publicity goes, dates back to days in California, when Apostoli, then a youngster, unknown, ambitious but sincere, showed up Steele in a sparring bout which ruffled the Tacoma slugger no end. Matched to fight, Steele got even by knocking out Apostoli. The latter's only desire since then was to get Steele into the ring with him, even in a non-titular affair. He did—and what happened is recent history.

Personally I admire Freddie Steele and I know he has courage. He has exhibited this trait in no uncertain manner on numerous occasions in the past. And if he fights Apostoli and wins, then I'd want to be one of the first to congratulate him. So you see, being the champ, it's all up to you, Freddie!

WILLIAM PIKOR, Donora, Pennsylvania.

White Hope Campaign

(Continued from page 3)

risk his title against the man who already holds a knockout decision over him. That knockout punch has a terrific psychology. Once felt, it lingers on in memory. The flash of the right—and it means perhaps another knockout. That's their argument. But they are all wrong. That fight will surely take place. Nothing can stop it. Bet your best shirt on that.

* * *

THERE is a fortune for Louis in a fight with Schmeling this year, and win or lose, he wants that dough and will then retire. At least that is what his close friends say.

There is a fortune also in it for the promoter—Mike Jacobs, who has a big chunk of Louis, and Mike is not the type to see dough slip away from him. The mentors of Louis want the fight. Joe wants the fight. Uncle Mike wants it and the public wants it, and therefore it will be staged.

It's Joe's lone chance to avenge the defeat which has caused the skeptics to scoff at his prowess and he's eager to get even. Perhaps he will, though the wise money will go down on Schmeling to repeat. I, for one, don't think Max will.

That is neither here nor there. The big point is that taking it any way, the Schmeling-Louis fight is a certainty and the sooner the scoffers halt their attacks on the American boy who holds the world championship, the better for the game.

The argument that if Schmeling won, as most fans think, he will take the title to Germany and leave it there, and that's why he won't get the chance to do it, seems rather far-fetched and silly. Why should Max carry the championship away and not defend it in America, the only place where he can accumulate a fortune for it?

The German government, it is said, in the event of a Schmeling victory, would never consent to let Herr Max give Louis a return bout and that is another argument why the fight will not take place, but again it is problematical. If Louis loses, I don't think he'll ever again fight. He'll hang up his gloves and retire to a life of ease, with a snug fortune at his disposal, hence why worry what might happen if Herr Max wins.

The Schmeling-Louis fight will be held. It will be the biggest fight of recent years, a return to the million-dollar gate regardless of boycott. Schmeling alone stands forth as the outstanding heavyweight of the year. The German is the leading challenger and the only fighter capable of bringing in a huge gate in a fight with Joe Louis. He cannot be shunted aside as he was in the Braddock affair and won't.

Nineteen hundred thirty-eight will see the return of the million-dollar gate and in my opinion, will see the successful defense of the world heavyweight championship by Joe Louis. What's yours?

* * *

THOUGH when the Farr-Max Baer fight was made, it was figured as just another fight that wouldn't have much bearing on the heavyweight situation, the great triumph of the Californian, who once again displayed his real punching power to drop Tommy three times to the canvas, has brought about a new situation. It has thrust Baer right back into the picture, but still leaves Max Schmeling the outstanding challenger—the lone warrior for the first shot at Louis. Baer's triumph adds to the White Hope campaign in that it gives Mike Jacobs one more big gate attraction with whom to work around the heavyweight chess board.

Baer, Back In Spotlight

(Continued from page 8)

closed and he fought under that grave handicap for seven rounds, Tommy's features were no pleasant sight to look at. He had a cut under each eye and a puffed right optic, and his body was a mass of red, heavy blotches, where the dynamite fists of his opponent crashed with extreme effectiveness.

The battle was one that will long be remembered by those who saw it. Solid wallops, beautiful boxing when that became necessary—with Farr in that respect the master—and one continuous line of action for the full fifteen sessions, with only here and there an occasional let-up. Talk about the old-time fights—there was nothing one could desire of a better type of milling than these two ring gladiators displayed.

Baer's victory places him right back into the heavyweight picture. He now rates with the leading contenders again and cannot be ignored when the choice of challengers is made. In fact, judging by his performance against Farr and the great reception he received when he made good his pledge to the public to redeem himself for letting them down in the Braddock mill, Max will outdraw any challenger among the heavyweights with the exception of Schmeling.

If he can take the measure of Barlund, should they meet, then he is the only logical man who fits into the picture now as an opponent for the Schmeling-Louis winner of next June. That's how the fistic world goes round and round—a kaleidoscopic change. One day a fighter is a "ham," the next day his praises are sung and he rates the listing of a "big shot." So it is with Max Baer now.

* * *

THE California Adonis gave Tonypandy Tommy a thumping and won decisively. The fight was a gruelling one with neither taking nor giving quarter. By accomplishing that feat, Livermore Max won back much of the prestige which he lost when he so ingloriously quit to Joe Louis two years ago.

Baer sent the iron-jawed Farr to the canvas in a manner that indicated Max still carries a hefty wallop. While some of the critics and the Farr camp insist that Tommy was downed only twice and that the third knockdown was a slip in Farr's corner as a result of wet canvas, I was in a good position to see every blow that brought a knockdown and I distinctly saw a right cross to the chin drop the Welshman for the third time in the fourteenth round, although, coming as it did, in a corner where the canvas was wet, that condition helped.

Baer turned the Tommy Loughran trick of maneuvering Farr into Max's corner at the end of each round and this seemed to perturb the Welshman, who gave him a nasty look as Tommy was forced to walk across the ring to his corner while Baer was at his stool as the bell clanged.

* * *

BAER started with a wild attack that smothered his opponent right from the start, and only at intervals in the early rounds, did he do otherwise. At times he rushed in, and swinging pell-mell, crashed heavy blows to jaw and body, forcing Farr to cover up. His left hook was working perfectly and it landed with effect often on Tommy's jaw, the one in the second round bringing Farr to the canvas.

The Welshman carried the attack to Baer and would have won the fourth round but for the fact that he landed a low punch and was penalized. He piled up a good lead again in the fifth, but in the last minute, he lost what advantage he had gained by a terrific burst of speed that carried a furious attack by Baer and enabled him to take all the play and the round away from the Welshman. He staggered Tommy twice in that session.

The former title-holder enjoyed a big lead in the next three rounds, and then Tommy came through with a whirlwind attack that brought him the honors in the next four frames. He consistently beat Baer to the punch and played a tattoo on his left eye until he had it closed tightly.

The last three rounds found both trading punches wildly, with Farr continuing his play for the injured optic and Max, in desperation, shooting blows from all angles, some of which landed and many, because of his eye injury, missing the mark by wide margins. But the damage already had been done. Farr was licked long before the finish unless he could have scored a knockout, and he tried hard for that, only to meet blow for blow.

The thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth rounds had the spectators standing on the seats yelling like madmen. It was a sight that hasn't been witnessed in the Garden in many moons, and was a high tribute to the fine matching of the new regime—that controlled by Mike Jacobs.

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IN OUR QUESTION BOX

By NAT FLEISCHER

Henry J. Cassidy, Philadelphia, Pa.

Q.—When and where was the Max Schmeling-Max Baer fight held?

A.—June 8, 1933, at the Yankee Stadium, New York City.

Steve Garrett, Rio Oso, Calif.

Q.—I am 18 years past and am 5 feet, 7½ inches tall, 41 chest and very solidly built because of the heavy work I do. Am I too young to train for wrestling and how can I receive good training?

A.—If you can start learning the fundamentals of wrestling I think you will be all right. Join a Y.M.C.A. or an athletic club where they specialize in wrestling and you will learn the idea of the sport in that way.

William R. Barry, Brockton, Mass.

Q.—I would like to know why Danno O'Mahony is not rated ahead of such men as Ed Don George, Dazzler Clark, Nick Lutz and Chief Little Wolf, whom he has beaten more than once? What do you think of Bob Pastor's chances of becoming a champion?

A.—The wrestlers are judged on their accomplishments for the entire year. Not much chance of Pastor achieving that aim.

Walter Scott, Treherne, Man., Canada.

Q.—I am 16 years old, weigh 152 pounds and stand 5 feet, 8 inches in height. What will my height and weight be when I am 21 years old? If I trained with your Height Increase Exercises would I be sure of making the six-foot height? Let me know if this course can be obtained.

A.—You will probably reach 5 feet, 11 inches and weigh 180 pounds at maturity. The Height Increase Course is off the market and they cannot be obtained any more.

H. Clayton, Bloembonteen, South Africa.

Q.—I am 15 years of age, 5 feet, 8 inches in height and weigh 140 pounds. Do you think I will ever be a heavyweight, if so, at what age? Who do you think the more likely to win a bout between Eddie Peirce and Eddie Maguire? What chance do you think Ben Foord has against Joe Louis? Do you think Freddie Miller can beat Henry Armstrong?

A.—It is possible that you reach the six-foot height and weigh about 170 pounds at maturity but not that of a full fledged heavyweight. Peirce should beat Maguire. Not much chance for Foord against Louis. Armstrong would be favored over Miller.

William Alston, Greenville, S. C.

Q.—Can you send me some information about a certain fighter named Willie Reddish? What are his chances, etc.?

A.—Reddish is a first class heavyweight from Philadelphia and is managed by Phil Glassman, 1508 Sansom St., Philadelphia. He was recently matched with Tony Galento but fell through because Galento injured his hand.

Paul Maracin, San Diego, Calif.

Q.—What is your opinion of Lee Ramage, Johnny Romero, Swede Berglund and Kenny Reed? Have you any record on a fighter named Newsy Al Brown, the Tribune Kid, who used to fight in San Diego? How old is Clem McCarthy and Hype Igoe? Is Joe Louis separated from his wife?

A.—Clever boxer, Romero rough and rugged second raters are Romero and Berglund. Reed is not in their same although in a different division. McCarthy and Igoe are both in the fifties. No.

Billy Boggs, Phila, Pa.

Q.—In your question box of a previous issue you failed to mention John Henry Lewis as one of the colored champions. Is he not recognized as a world's champion?

I would like to know the best training method you would suggest for body builder. Will I make the heavyweight division? Who would win the following bouts in your opinion. Bob Pastor vs. Lorenzo Pack, Frank Donofrio vs. Bud Mignault, Natie Brown vs. Buck Everett, Nathan Mann vs. Jimmy Adamick, Jimmy Adamick vs. Tony Galento, Gunnar Barlund vs. Lou Nova, Phil Furr vs. Jack Burke, Bill Robinson vs. Jack Trammell, Barney Ross vs. Henry Armstrong, Benny Lynch vs. Jackie Jurich, Al Hostak vs. Solly Krieger, Andre Lenglet vs. Al Ettore, Peter Kane vs. Jackie Jurich, Glen Lee vs. Ben Brown, Tony Galento vs. Nathan Mann, Jimmy Adamick vs. Roscoe Toles, John Henry Lewis vs. Bob Paster, Tommy Farr vs. Buddy Baer, Joe Louis vs. Max Schmeling.

A.—"How to Train" is the best book you can get for future development. Lewis' name was omitted, but he certainly belongs there. Pastor, Mignault, Brown, Mann, Galento, Barlund, Furr, Trammell, Armstrong, Lynch, Lenglet, Kane, Hostak, Lee, Galento, Toles, Lewis, Farr, Schmeling would all be favored.

Moses Van Slyke, Cedar Rapids, Iowa.

Q.—I am 15 years old. My height is 5 feet 9 inches and my weight is 147 pounds. Will you please tell me what you think I will weigh by February, 1939, and how much I shall weigh when I am matured?

A.—About 159 pounds. At maturity you should weigh about 190 pounds.

Jake Imperlato, New Orleans, La.

Q.—Could you let me know how often must I chin, saw wood and use the pulleys while training for a fight? Also how long must you wait in between fights or how long must I lay off before I begin training for my next fight. I would like to know if eating macaroni every night is harmful, although I don't gain any weight?

A.—Those exercises are not absolutely necessary for a boxer's training but they are quite beneficial. Some boxers can stand more fights than others. Two weeks rest between fights is necessary for eight and ten round boxers while a four and six round preliminary boy can stand about 25 fights per year. Macaroni is no good when in training for a bout.

Henry J. Cassidy, Phila. Pa.

Q.—I would like to know when and where Max Baer and Max Schmeling fight took place? Do you think that Buddy Baer is a coming champion? Do you think that Henry Armstrong will go punch drunk like Terry McGovern? Please tell me Max Baer's address.

A.—Yankee Stadium, New York City, June 8, 1933. He was until the Barlund fight. There are very few boxers inflicted by what you term "punch drunk." Armstrong is as intelligent as any boxer in the game today. Baer's address is Box 134, Route 1, Fair Oaks, Calif.

S. K. J. Brooklyn, N. Y.

Q.—Could a boxer wear an abdominal truss under his aluminum cup? How many years has Ceferino Garcia been in the ring? How many amateur fights must a boxer have before he can get a professional license? Could a professional boxer get fights abroad without a manager?

A.—No. About 12 years. Just enough to get experience to qualify into the pro ranks. Almost impossible.

Jack Custer, Eaton Rapids, Mich.

Q.—I am five feet 5 inches tall and weigh 140 pounds. Will I ever be a heavyweight? How tall is Jim Londos? How tall is the average wrestler? Who would win a match between Jim Londos and Bronko Nagurski?

A.—You did not mention your age which is a very important factor. From the present outlook it does not look possible that you will attain those proportions. Londos is 5 feet 10 inches. From 5 ten to 6 feet tall. Londos would be favored.

A RING Reader, Toronto, Canada.

Q.—Do you think that Louis will be beaten by Schmeling again? What is the address of Jimmy Braddock?

A.—Problematical. Mayflower Hotel, New York City.

George Carter, Beckley, W. Va.

Q.—How good is Young Chappie?

A.—Strong, rough and a pleasing fighter. He is not a first rater but gives all the headliners plenty of competition.

Raymond Harvey, Halifax, Nova Scotia.

Q.—I am 5 feet 8 inches in height and weigh 149 pounds. I used to be a southpaw but changed to the other hand. I can equally well with both hands. Is this any advantage or will it incline me to be open? What will I weigh at maturity and what height might I reach?

A.—You did not mention your age which is the best guide we have for future measurement. It looks like you will develop into a middleweight or a lightheavyweight. If you were able to get away from your southpaw stance you will be much better off, especially if you are able to punch with either hand.

RING Reader, Pittsburgh, Pa.

Q.—I am 15 years of age and I would like to know what my height and weight will be when I am 21 years of age. I weigh 174 pounds and am 5 feet 10½ inches tall. What is good to prevent a boxer's eye from cutting?

A.—You will reach the 210 mark and scale about 6 feet 1½ inches. Bathing the eyes with pure alcohol will toughen the skin in the vicinity of the eye. That remedy was used by the old timers and they very seldom suffered from cut eyes.

K. G. Lee, Prairie City, Oreg.

Q.—Did Luis Firpo ever fight Bill Brennan?

A.—Firpo knocked out Bill Brennan in twelve rounds.

Albert E. Cattouse, Belize, British Honduras.

Q.—Wishy Jones, who is named third and last in the Texas division of the annual ratings has fought twice here. He was introduced on both occasions as lightweight champion of the state of Texas. Is he really the champion? If he isn't, who is?

A.—There is no lightweight champion of Texas and sectional titles of that nature are of little importance. That does not detract from the fact that Wishy Jones may be a very good fighter and still not be champion of that state.

Max Spurgin, Aurora, Ind.

Q.—What's the address of Jimmy Adamick? Do you think he has a chance against Louis, Schmeling and Farr? What are the measurements of Adamick, Buddy Baer, John Henry Louis and Freddy Steele? What were Adamick's leading fights up to last year? Who do you think would win between Buddy Baer and Adamick? Is Adamick's punch as hard as they claim?

A.—He can be reached at the Olympia, Detroit, Mich. Not right now. Cannot provide the measurements at this moment. Rosenbloom and Johnny Erjavec are the most prominent. Baer would be favored. Not a very hard hitter.

J. P. Mullan, Coleraine, Ireland.

Q.—What is your opinion of the second Dempsey-Tunney fight? Was Dempsey not in a way worthy of a knockout victory? Was Tunney "out" or dazed in any way, or was he only taking advantage of the rest until Dempsey would go to a neutral corner? If Tunney had been fighting Dempsey when the latter was in his prime do you not think that the tremendous power of Dempsey would have overcome the science of Tunney? What is Tunney's present address?

A.—The fight is now past history. Dempsey did not obey the instructions of the referee to go to a neutral corner and thereby lost the chance to regain his title by a knockout. Tunney might not have gotten up in time if Dempsey had gone to a neutral corner as he should have. In his prime, Dempsey would have been too much for Tunney. Tunney can be reached at 230 Park Ave., New York. Get a copy of Dempsey's life story, "Jack Dempsey, the Idol of Fistiana." You'll find story on that point.

Warren Yoshizumi, Hakalau, Hawaii.

Q.—How many ounce gloves are used in the amateur bouts? What is the official size of professional boxing gloves? Does it vary with the different fighting weights? Have you in stock a copy of "Trick of Self Defense," written by W. H. Collingridge?

A.—Eight ounces. Five and six ounces. The heavyweights use six-ounce gloves. Not obtainable in this country but only sold in London.

Jack Fourcade, Salinas, Calif.

Q.—What was the result of the Teddy Yarosz-Fred Apostoli fight? How many times did they fight? I am 11 years of age, weigh 82½ pounds. When I am 13 or 14 will I be heavy enough to box as a lightweight or welterweight?

A.—Yarosz and Apostoli never met in the ring. You will not be heavy enough and what is more important you will not be old enough to start boxing. Wait until you are about 17 years of age before you even think of boxing.

Harry Woodman, Edmonton, Alta., Canada.

Q.—Where could I get in touch with Jack Johnson, Dean Detton, Strangler Lewis and the Dusek brothers. Is Pat Meehan to get a chance at the heavyweight wrestling title? Do you believe that Farr will repeat his victory over Baer? Did Braddock deserve the decision over Farr?

A.—Address Johnson c/o The RING. Detton, c/o Jack Pfeffer, Times Bldg., New York City. Dusek Bros., Lincoln Hotel, New York City. Lewis is living in Santa Monica, Cal. Meehan is very promising and may get a crack at the title soon. Yes. No.

Scots Boy, Glasgow, Scotland.

Q.—In one of your recent issues I notice that Sonny Jones' manager claims that his boy was undefeated while on tour in Great Britain. I think that is inaccurate as he was twice defeated by Jake Kilrain, the British welterweight champion. Kilrain is a Scotch boy and we are very proud of his accomplishments. I myself am an enthusiastic if indifferent amateur of 17 years of age. I am 5 feet, 8 inches tall and weigh 146 pounds. What will my measurements be when I am 21?

A.—Methods employed by managers of that type are not good for boxing. It is no disgrace to be beaten but to spread erroneous reports is very misleading and detrimental to the sport. I'm sorry we erred through misrepresentation. I think you will reach 5 feet, 11 inches in height and scale in the vicinity of 170 pounds.

BUFFALO, N. Y.
By HUGH SHANNON

THE amazing success of Jack Herman with his wrestling shows has the town talking. Herman, now over 70, has the pep and enthusiasm of a young man in his thirties. He always has a good story for the newspapermen and he is never too busy to listen to others. In this way he gains a lot of information and generally knows what the fans want in the way of matches.

Herman's mat shows are outdrawing Charlie Murray's boxing offerings by a large margin. In fact, Herman is making plenty of dough while the fight business here is getting worse.

Week after week Herman is putting in crowds of from 3,500 to 7,000. He is a super-showman when it comes to sending the patrons home satisfied. Horse-play or not, wrestling is regaining its grip on the sporting populace of Buffalo.

Mickey Walker, former welterweight and middleweight boxing champion, has been playing to big audiences at the Palace Theater here. Mickey, always good copy, had many a story to tell.

"Who would you select as winner if Joe Palooka and Popeye were to clash in the ring?" one reporter asked Walker.

"Give me Popeye," answered Mickey, without hesitation. "The old sailor's got the punch. Popeye would gulp down a handful of spinach and drop Palooka in a couple of rounds."

SHORT STUFF—Joe Lewis, Cleveland promoter, who staged the Steele-Barth set-to at Cleveland, may get back in the game for regular promotion . . . . The fight business can use a few hustlers like Joe.

The Q. A. C. boxing card staged at Broadway Auditorium resulted as follows:

Teddy Yarosz, 164½, Monaca, Pa., outpointed Paulie Mahoney, 163, South Buffalo (10); decision fair.

Charley Eagle, 168, Waterbury, Conn., knocked out Henry Palmeri, 184, Cleveland, 2:33 of first round.

Schoolboy Andrews, 178, Buffalo, stopped Tommy Roche, 185, Niagara Falls, 1:08 of fifth round.

Rudy Stiller, 170, Buffalo, stopped Joe Monnerat, 164, New York, 2:45 of second round.

Tony Sciolino, 134½, Buffalo, outpointed Jeff Furrone, 134½, Syracuse (6); decision fair.

Jimmy Gilligan, 120, Lackawanna, outpointed Joey Tambe, 118½, Buffalo (4); decision fair.

Officials, all Buffalonians, were: Referee, Jimmy Goodrich; judges, George Needham, John Krysinski; timer, Frank Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz.

The following show of the Queensberry club was a flop financially. The results of bouts follow:

Charley Eagle, 167½, New York, defeated Wally Sears, 171, Minersville, Pa., six rounds; official decision.

Tony Sciolino, 134, Buffalo, scored technical knockout over Steve Gacha, 133½, Wilkes-Barre, Pa., end of fifth round; bout stopped by referee because of bad cut over Gacha's left eye.

Rudy Stiller, 171½, Buffalo, scored technical knockout over Jack Fabian, 170½, New York, in 2:34 of second round.

Nick Rabin, 187, Allentown, Pa., and Mickey Benson, 182½, Detroit, drew, six rounds; official decision.

Jimmy Gilligan, 122½, Lackawanna, defeated Vince Glionna, 126, Toronto, six rounds; official decision.

Joe Lyons, 161, Lancaster, aand Joe Brandon, 159½, Buffalo, drew, four rounds; official decision.

Referee, Jimmy Goodrich; judges, Danny Russo, William Meyers; timer, Frank E. Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz.

STRAY SHOTS—The comeback of Tony Sciolino is nothing less than amazing . . . . Each and every day he does hard, laborious work and has little time to train, excepting in the evenings . . . . Yet here we find him mowing down all comers, many of them pretty fair ringsters.

Bert Finch is working on a new plan for a boxing stable, and the heavyweight manager will be busy again within a few weeks. Finch wants young fighters and will not bother with those who are ready to hang up the gloves.

Billy Michel's new gym at 667 Main Street is already drawing the attention of the best pro and amateur fighters. Jackie Donovan is training there; so is Schoolboy Andrews and Harry Smith.

Art Johnson's amateur extravaganzas are packing the big auditorium. Johnson developed all the best boys in the pro and amateur ranks during the past few years. The affable Orioles' matchmaker brought out Big Boy Brackey, Jimmy Clark, Tony Sciolino, Jackie Donovan, etc.

Jack Herman's wrestling show drew over 5500 fans. It was a sensational carnival of bouts. Results are as follows:

Yvon Robert, 223, Montreal, defeated Bob (Strangler) Wagner, 225, Portland, Ore., two out of three falls; Wagner won first, 24:48, body lift and slam; Robert won second, 1:23, jack-knife arm scissors and cartwheel; third in 12:02 with top body press.

Dixie Dick Powell, 229, Bluefield, W. Va., threw Lieut. Bill Sledge, 222, Navasota, Tex., 21:34, top body press.

Jerry Monahan, 238, Los Angeles, threw Angelo Pati, 216, Italy, 12:35; body lift and slam.

"Baron" Benny Ginsburg, 218, Hollywood, Cal., drew with George Wilson, 205, Tacoma, Wash., 20:00; decision fair.

Officials, all Buffalonians, were: Referee, Jimmy Goodrich; judges, Art Scott, Dan Russo; timer, Frank Klipfel; announcer, Manny Weitz.

Good fighters of all weights who are young and ambitious and have good records will do well to write Hugh Shannon, Crescent A. A., 144 Wallace Ave., Buffalo, N. Y. Boxers should be free from contracts and managerial alliances. . . . Great chance here for fighters who can punch. Heavyweights go good in Buffalo and bantamweights in Toronto . . . . A couple of good Filipino bantams or foreigners would make some money.

Rock-'em-Rudy Stiller, East Side German lad, now managed by Tom Timlin, the "Gray Eagle," looks great. Stiller will be a card here before summer.

FISTIC MISCELLANY — Jackie Donovan, lightweight, and Jacko O'Sullivan, heavyweight, are the best bets among the amateur scrappers of the Niagara frontier . . . . New faces among the pros are needed to build up the wobbly boxing situation in Buffalo and adjacent towns . . . . And a new pro fight promoter, who will adhere to a policy of staging outstanding shows, will be a life-saver . . . . When the game in any town arrives at a point where the approval of one manager must be had in order to get ahead then the Boxing Commission should investigate and purge an unhealthy condition . . . . The Charlie Eagle-Wally Sears setto was a bust financially and otherwise . . . . Radio Commentator Jim Britt roundly panned the show . . . . There's talk around that Jimmy Clark will return to Buffalo to resume fighting . . . . Clark was a riot when he first turned pro but petered out . . . . Playfair Brown's big bantam shows in Toronto are packing 'em in . . . . Brown's Indian Quintana-Baby Yack match drew 10,000 spectators to the Maple Leaf Gardens . . . . Carl Erne, Rochester, won from Hiram Jackson, Lackawanna Negro featherweight, in a lively encounter at Rochester . . . . The boys are first class simon-pures . . . . Gossip has it that a new ice arena will be built but your correspondent has heard the same rumors many times before . . . . The new Buffalo Civic Stadium is big enough to hold championship fights but the next thing to do is to get them in line for Buffalo, which is quite a job . . . . John J. Phelan, chairman of the New York State Athletic Commission, was in town for the Teddy Yarosz-Paul Mahoney battle.

CONNECTICUT NEWS
By LOUIS PRESLOFSKY

FISTIANA'S most popular ex-heavyweight king, Jack Dempsey, acted as the third man on the New Haven Arena professional fistic show.

George Fitch, the New Haven light-heavyweight, turned the tables on Babe Beattie, of Canada, by scoring a technical knockout in the fourth round of the return ten round bout. Beattie absorbed plenty of punishment before referee Dempsey put an end to the ring warfare.

With two smashing fists, Johnny Lasinski, Meriden's warrior, pummelled Joe Levy, of Brooklyn, N. Y., to win a technical knockout in the second round of a scheduled eight round semi-final.

A four round point verdict was gained by Frankie Young, New Haven battler, by outhitting his foe Babe Pease. Snooks Lacey, New Haven featherweight, was a victor in the six round bout over Tony Costa, by scoring with stiff punches in each round. Julie Kogan tackled Joe DeJesus of Puerto Rico and didn't fare so well, for the best that Kogan could gain was a draw decision in four rounds.

Hartford, Conn., at the Foot Guard Armory. In the first two rounds, Johnny Mack, New Britain belter, dropped Gen Gregory to the canvas for a half dozen times before he smacked Gregory senseless with a left hook to the chin in the third round of a scheduled ten round feature bout. The match was an uneven one.

Outfighting his adversary, Armand Massey, all the way, Lou Dell, Hartford leather pusher, came out on top with an easy decision triumph. Larry Teene, of Meriden, had very little to offer in the way of boxing against Bobby Ivy, fast punching featherweight of Hartford, when Ivy pounded away with both fists to head and body to win a decisive victory in four rounds.

In his fight with Jimmy Richie, Snooks Lacey the New Haven mitt tosser, found the going easy to win the decision.

Left jabs and hooks together with rights fired from the guns of Unknown Morgan, hard hitting socker, thudded off Babe Wood's face and body were more than Wood could stand which prompted the referee Billy Taylor to halt the bout, awarding Morgan the fight on a technical kayo in the third round.

Much action was seen when Jackie Clark, Hartford featherweight, and Joey Rosier smacked one another around soundly to a draw in a four round bout. Rosier suffered a knockdown in the second and third rounds. At the completion of the final round, Rosier fainted in the center of the ring.

The eight round feature bout between Johnny Lasinski, Meriden puncher, and Roy Williams was an uninteresting and slow battle that failed to please the fans. Lasinski was given the decision.

The semi-final ended in a technical knockout, which was scored by Julie Kogan, when he tore in swinging stinging blows to Tony Fernandez's head, focing Fernandez to retire. Spotty Spottswood, New Haven welterweight, won a four round decision over Joe Wosinich. Joe Klemba, lightheavyweight of Meriden, copped the duke from Jack Riley in a four rounder.

Charley Eagle continued his winning ways when he handed Henry Palmeri the sleeping powder in the first canto—and then triumphed on points over Wally Sears in the feature bout at Buffalo, N. Y. Eagle put Sears down with a crashing right to the chin in the fourth round for a nine count.

Irish Eddie Dolan, a clever welterweight, met with success in his ring appearance in Scranton when he punched out a popular ten round decision over Six-Second Powell and then whipped Midget Wolgast in Philadelphia.

IN THE COAL FIELDS
By JOE BRADY

AT Scranton (the Armory) . . . . Tony Rock, hard-punching welterweight from Mayfield, drew in the featured ten round bout with Walter (Wildcat) O'Connor of Carbondale, before more than two thousand boxing enthusiasts at Promoter Dinty Waleskie's inaugural fistic show at the local drill-shed. A return match between O'Connor and Rock, within the next month would be a sure sell-out.

In the six round semi-final Joe Orlosky, Carbondale light-heavyweight, got the decision over Carl Mays of Atlantic City, N. J. . . . . Jackie Munley of Old Forge, kayoed Joe Ferrao, Pottsville, middleweight, in three rounds of a scheduled six . . . . Paulie Griffiths, Mayfield welterweight, T.K.O.'ed Elvin Salve of Minersville in four rounds . . . . Al Lewis of Providence stopped Joe Tassie, Scranton, in the first . . . . while Charlie Sabatella of Dunmore, beat Mickey Metro of Olyphant in the opening four rounder.

At Scranton (Town Hall) . . . . In a five bout program featuring two ten rounders, composed of out of town ring gladiators, "Irish" Eddie Dolan of Waterbury, Conn., beat Six-Second Powell of Plainfield, N. J., in ten fast rounds. In the other co-feature Vince D'Angelo of Brooklyn, outpointed Bobbie Allen of Nova Scotia . . . . In the prelims Joe Orlosky of Carbondale, defeated Tom Callahan of Taylor in six rounds . . . . Emil Kozel of Throop, kayoed Joe Dunn of Scranton in 3 rounds . . . . George Marinko of Swoyersville, outboxed Major Bowes of Honesdale, in the opener . . . . The show paid off on sixteen hundred net.

REGION RINGSTERS OUT OF TOWN—Wally Sears, Minersville, light-heavyweight, lost a close decision to Charlie Eagle at Buffalo, N. Y., in Charlie Murray's Auditorium show . . . . On the same card Nick Rabin, Bethlehem, heavyweight "star" outpunched Mickey Benson of Detroit, to see the officials agree on a draw verdict . . . . Rabin made a tremendous hit with the "Bison City" boxing fans and is sure to show his "wares" there again . . . . In the semi-final to the Eagle-Sears bout, Steve Gacha of Wilkes-Barre, suffered a deep cut eye in the fifth round of his bout with Tony Sciolino of Buffalo . . . . The club physician refused to let the Coal Region lightweight answer the bell for the sixth . . . . Over at Binghamton Tony Rock, of Mayfield, kayoed Bruno Tretter, New York City, in the third round . . . . Rego Dell, Dunmore's Italian lightweight, lost a close eight round verdict to Jimmy Fantini of the Bronx on the Rock-Tretter card. Promoter George Pottinger announced a re-match in the near future.

A BIT FOR ALL—Bert Finch, veteran Buffalo fight pilot who brought Lou Scozza to the front ranks among the light-heavyweights a couple of years back, has a great array of high-class talent. Finch has the following "sockers" under his wing: Joe Dempsey, featherweight, "Big Boy" Brackey, a heavyweight, Tony Sciolino, a lightweight and Lew Stiller a light-heavyweight . . . . Gus Browne, has added Johnny Morro, Jimmy Fantini and Trader Horn to his list of fighting men . . . . With the great battle Tony Rock staged against Wildcat O'Connor, Gus Browne will be in line for some "money shots" for his welterweight pride . . . . Mike Latzo, is considering taking over the boxing franchise at Wilkes-Barre, Pa. With the proper shows Latzo should have no trouble in making the town a financial success . . . . The writer would like to hear from some first-class fighting men who are not under contract to anyone. We sure can use some good talent. You can reach me by writing Boxing Enterprises at Scranton . . . . THE RING can be purchased at most newsstands throughout the coal fields. When in Scranton you can buy the RING at Spec's book shop at Linden and Wyoming Avenue.

A Corner in the Fistic Market

By EDDIE BORDEN

BOXING in the period from February 10 to March 11, inclusive, was of the finest, with bouts in all divisions furnishing plenty of excitement, heaps of interesting competition and a number of upsets. The month saw the revival of interest in Joe Louis as he pounded away at Nathan Mann and successfully defended his title for the second time in six months. It saw the rise of Gunnar Barlund to a threatening post in the heavyweight ranks when he stopped the highly-touted Buddy Baer in the sixth. It also found Max Baer right on top of the challenging heap, up from nowhere to second place in the latest rankings, by virtue of his great victory over Tommy Farr, who has dropped down to sixth position. The month also saw Sixto Escobar regain the world bantamweight title from Harry Jeffra, and the defeat of Fred Apostoli, ranking middleweight contender, by Young Corbett III, placing the former world title-holder back in the leading challenging post. Quite a month for fistic activity!

In addition to the bouts mentioned above, Jimmy Adamick defeated Natie Brown and Harry Thomas, while the latter stopped Unknown Winston in the third. Lou Nova defeated Lee Ramage. Red Burman kayoed Hans Haverlick in four rounds, while the latter stopped Big Boy Brackey in seven. Burman also defeated Johnny Risko. Jack Trammell decisioned Andre Lenglet. Phil Brubaker kayoed Hank Hankinson in one round. Maurice Strickland stopped Jack Monroe in one. Chuck Crowell knocked out Red Fields in one and drew with Jack Roper. Johnny Whiters beat Henry Cooper. Abe Simon defeated Jim Thompson.

Buddy Knox defeated Domenic Ceccarelli, Eddie Boyles and knocked out Joe Malinkey in five rounds. Jim Howell beat Obie Walker and Yustin Sirutis. Max Marek kayoed Chester Palutis in the third and Pal Silvers in eight. Wild Bill Boyd stopped Dynamite Bostick in two. Domingo Valin whipped Salvatore Ruggirello but was beaten by "Texas" Jack Thompson. Gus Dorazio defeated Jack Tebo. Heinz Lazek beat Arno Koelblin for the European heavyweight title on a foul in the second round. Steve Carr whipped Pio Pico and drew with Jack Turner. Phil Sommese beat George Nicholson. Jack Fargo won from Russ Wasser. Frankie Edgren defeated Alabama Kid. Jim Robinson whipped Dick Hogan and stopped Jack Moran in two rounds.

John Henry Lewis knocked out Fred Lenhart in three rounds of an overweight match in the light-heavyweight class. Tiger Jack Fox knocked out Gene Mickens and Lou Brouillard in one and seven rounds, respectively, and boxed a draw with Jim Howell. Gus Lesnevich kayoed Jack Kirkland in one. Ralph De John knocked out Johnny Freeman in eight rounds. Dave Clark beat Buddy Ryan. Gustave Roth defeated Van Buren and Joe Besselman, while the latter whipped Dai Jones. Johnny Romero stopped Charley Coates in seven heats. Adolf Heuser whipped Karel Sys. Adolf Witt decisioned Robey Liebbrandt. Ambrose Palmer beat Claude Nichols.

Merlo Preciso kayoed Frank Hough in six rounds, while the latter defeated Emile Ollive. Joe Knight beat Harold Anderson. Ray Miller whipped Frank Zamoris, while the latter in turn scored over Frank Donofrio by a kayo in one. Joe Wagner whipped Nick Young. Joey Parks defeated Tony Bruno. Charley Eagle whipped Wally Sears and kayoed Milton Shivers in two heats. Red Bruce whipped Andy Miller. Johnny Lasinski defeated Roy Williams. James J. Johnson scored over Tommy Tucker, and Ralph Chong defeated Tony Celli.

Freddie Steele led the middleweight brigade with a seven-round kayo of Carmen Barth. Young Corbett sprang into the limelight by whipping Fred Apostoli. Al Hostak kayoed Swede Berglund in two rounds. Solly Krieger knocked out Stanley Hasrato in seven. Ben Brown whipped Al Diamond, who also lost to Eli Dodge. Eric Seelig beat Al Quaill. Ossie Stewart knocked out Eddie Maguire in one round, Gorilla Jones stopped Johnny Davis in the eighth.

Jimmy Clark kayoed Tony Zale in one and Ernie Horn in three rounds. Lloyd Marshall knocked out Angelo Puglisi in four rounds. Frankie Caris whipped John Henry Johnson, Jimmy Jones, and stopped Roxie Forgione in the seventh. Frankie Blair and Lambertine Williams drew. Dave McCleave whipped Dai Jones. Tom Chester defeated Jack Wilson. George Abrams whipped Tony Ciaccio, while the latter kayoed Eddie Guerra in five. Gene Buffalo knocked out Jimmy Jones in eight rounds, while Midnight Bell stopped Ernie Campagno in three rounds.

Ceferino Garcia led the welterweight class by a four-round kayo of Manuel Victoria. Jack Carroll whipped Jimmy Leto. Felix Wouters defeated Gustave Eder. Saverio Turiello decisioned Johnny Lucas. Kenny La Salle whipped Kid Azteca and George Salvatore. Holman Williams won from Jimmy Berries. Milt Aron defeated Vincent Pimpinella and Vittorio Venturi while the latter whipped Wickey Harkins. Andrea Jessurun scored over Tony Ciaccio and Dem Wakerlis, Fritzie Zivic whipped Frankie Blair and kayoed Tommy Bland in eight rounds. Werther Arcelli defeated Bobby Pacho, while the former was whipped by Gordon Wallace, who in turn was defeated by Cocoa Kid. Cocoa Kid also whipped Vince De Angelo, who scored over Bobby Allen.

Bep Van Klaveren defeated Stefanci and Kid Tunero. Al Manfredo won over Chief Paris. Mike Frattini decisioned Lew Raymond. Phil Furr drew with Frankie Cavanna. Cavanna was beaten by Baby Saban. Billy Celebron kayoed Sherman Edwards in the third on two occasions, and Nick Nicholson in the fourth round. George Martin defeated Ralph Zannelli. Jack Kid Berg kayoed Silvio Zangrillo in four rounds and whipped Larry Anzalone. Leon Zorrita drew with Young Peter Jackson. Ernie Roderick beat Jim Purcell and Cleto Locatelli, while the latter was beaten on a foul in the seventh round by George Odwell.

Leonard Bennett defeated Bobby Pacho and Roy Chapman. Paul Cortlyn decisioned Ercole Buratti. Jack Burke whipped Billy Barnes and Roy Cote. Eddie Booker beat Andy Callahan. Paul Junior defeated Six Second Powell. Frank Valeriano kayoed Bert Colima in seven rounds. Al Baker stopped Alfred Kattor in five heats. George Daly whipped Johnny Mack. Jake Kilrain scored over Jack Lord. Bob Winters stopped Tony Falco in two. Eddie Dolan defeated Midget Wolgast and Howell King. Tony Rock kayoed Bruno Tretter in three rounds and drew with Wildcat O'Connor. Andy Bundy beat Pete Mascia.

Lou Ambers engaged in an overweight match and stopped Lou Jallos in four rounds. Jallos was also kayoed by Yucatan Kid in the third, who also whipped Paul Lee twice. Pedro Montanez whipped Norment Quarles. Davey Day whipped Charley Gomer. Wesley Ramey defeated Eddie McGeever. Billy Beauhuld decisioned Irving Eldridge. Johnny Bellus whipped Jimmy Vaughn. The latter was also whipped by Al Roth. Tommy Cross won over Eddie Cool. Petey Sarron defeated Bobby Britton. Maxie Berger whipped Eddie Brink.

Nick Camarata whipped Pete Lello and was in turn defeated by Victor Troise. Jimmy Walsh defeated Patsy Quinn and Jack Carrick. Jimmy Garrison beat Wally Hally. Red Cochrane whipped Mickey Duca and Johnny Rohrig, while the latter scored over Sammy Santillo. Julie Kogan whipped Tommy Fontana and kayoed Eddie Dunne in five rounds. Dunne was also decisioned by Lou Gevinson. Sammy Angott beat Young Simington. Mickey Farber beat Tommy Roman and kayoed George Levy in four.

Henry Armstrong knocked out Charley Burns and Everette Rightmire in two and three rounds, respectively. Freddie Miller beat Len Wickwar. Ginger Foran whipped Al Manriquez and stopped Young Chappie in seven. Manriquez was also beaten by Leo Rodak. Dick Corbett beat Benny Caplan and Frankie Hill. Johnny Hutchinson whipped Ray Ingram. Mike Belloise whipped Frankie Terranova and drew with Al Reid. Reid whipped Vince Dell Orto, who in turn beat George Carlos. Pete Scalzo defeated Cristobal Jaramillo. Johnny Brown defeated Pablo Dano.

Joey Archibald kayoed Johnny Mirabella in nine rounds. Spider Kelly beat Tommy Burns. Benny Sharkey beat Johnny Cusick on a foul in the eighth round. Nickey Jerome kayoed Al Gillette in one and was in turn beaten by Joey Fontana. Johnny McGrory defeated Johnny King. Fillo Echeverria kayoed Piquenito Loughran in seven rounds. Frankie Covelli and Maxie Richards drew.

Sixto Escobar won back his world's bantam title by whipping Harry Jeffra. Georgie Pace beat Johnny Gaudes and Katzumi Morioka. Baby Yack won over Spider Armstrong. Al Brown defeated Baltasar Sangchili, while the latter drew with Poppy Decico. Aurel Toma kayoed Gaston Matan. Jackie Brown beat Joey Skelly. Henry Hook drew with Dave Lifton, whipped Kiu Kong Young, and was in turn defeated by Young Joe Roche. Jim Brady kayoed Rafaelito Valdez in five.

Benny Lynch kayoed Maurice Filhol in five rounds to lead the flyweight division. Peter Kane knocked out Hubert Offermans in the tenth round. Tiny Bostock beat Dave Kellar, who in turn kayoed Peter Miller in the fourth. Little Dado beat Jackie Jurich, who in turn stopped Little Caesar in two rounds. Tut Whalley kayoed Abe Tweedie and Charlie Wilson in eight and seven rounds, respectively.

Valentin Anglemann beat Gustave Van den Bos, and also drew with him. Fortunato Ortega beat Pierre Louis. Frankie Kid Bonser beat Billy Nash and kayoed Tommy Ensor in seven rounds. Pat Palmer knocked out George Pull in six heats. Billy Nash beat Al McCoy and was in turn whipped by Johnny Griffiths.

The eight best prospects of the month are:
Flyweight—Joe Kiely, Ireland.
Bantamweight—Sammy Taormina, Akron, O.
Featherweight—Jimmy Tygh, Philadelphia, Pa.
Lightweight—Mickey O'Connor, New York City.
Welterweight—Vincent Dellicurti, New York City.
Middleweight—Andy Melia, Astoria, L. I., N. Y.
Light-heavyweight—Chester Parks, Los Angeles, Calif.
Heavyweight—Francis Jacques, France.

RATINGS FOR THE MONTH

Here are my ratings for the month ending March 11:

Heavyweights	Light-Heavyweights	Middleweights	Welterweights
World's Champion Joe Louis	World's Champion John Henry Lewis	World's Champion Freddie Steele	World's Champion Barney Ross
1—Max Schmeling	Al Gainer	Young Corbett	Ceferino Garcia
2—Max Baer	Tiger Jack Fox	Glen Lee	Jack Carroll
3—Gunnar Barlund	Jock McAvoy	Fred Apostoli	Felix Wouters
4—Nathan Mann	Gus Lesnevich	Al Hostak	Gustave Eder
5—Tony Galento	Ralph De John	Solly Krieger	Saverio Turiello
6—Tommy Farr	Eddie Wenstob	Teddy Yarosz	Kenny La Salle
7—Jimmy Adamick	Melio Bettina	Carmelo Candel	Holman Williams
8—Lou Nova	Dave Clark	Ben Brown	Milt Aron
9—Bob Pastor	Ray Actis	Eric Seelig	Andrea Jessurun
10—Buddy Baer	Fred Lenhart	Ossie Stewart	Fritzie Zivic

Lightweights	Featherweights	Bantamweights	Flyweights
World's Champion Lou Ambers	World's Champion Henry Armstrong	World's Champion Sixto Escobar	World's Champion Benny Lynch
1—Pedro Montanez	Freddie Miller	Harry Jeffra	Peter Kane
2—Davey Day	Leo Rodak	Kayo Morgan	Tiny Bostock
3—Wesley Ramey	Ginger Foran	Pancho Villa	Little Dado
4—Billy Beauhuld	Jackie Wilson	Baby Yack	Jackie Jurich
5—Johnny Bellus	Dick Corbett	Lou Salica	Tut Whalley
6—Tommy Cross	Johnny Hutchinson	Indian Quintana	Jim Warnock
7—Petey Sarron	Al Reid	Georgie Pace	Valentin Anglemann
8—Irving Eldridge	Mike Belloise	Al Brown	Fortunato Ortega
9—Maxie Berger	Pete Scalzo	Tobe De La Rosa	Frank Kid Bonser
10—Norment Quarles	Johnny Brown	Aurel Toma	Pat Palmer

IN CHICAGO
With GENE ENGEL

THE fight of the month was the encounter between "Homicide Henry" Armstrong, featherweight champion, and Everett (Young) Rightmire of Sioux City, Ia., in a non-title bout at the International Amphitheatre. Armstrong finished his opponent in the third round, flooring his adversary twice for nine counts. Rightmire proved in the second round that the ebony flash can be caught with a right uppercut as he bores in. The card was the finest assembled by a promoter in a long time. On the program, Ginger Foran of England technically stopped the Mexican, Al Manriquez of Sioux City, Ia., in the sixth round. The red-headed Irishman connected with every punch conceivable and displayed adept ring generalship throughout. They are 126-pounders. Everett Simington of Poplar Bluff, Mo., received a shellacking from the Louisville flash, Sammy Angott, in eight rounds; Johnny Stevens, southpaw from Cincinnati, Ohio, gained the duke over his lanky 135-pound contestant, George Dixon II—eight frames; Varias Milling, the ever-pleasing Filipino from Los Angeles, won a two-fisted argument from Lloyd Pine, Akron, Ohio, in six junior lightweights; Tom Keneally, heavyweight prodigy of the C.Y.O., dumped Harry Smith in the fourth stanza, and the opening joust saw the slim-waisted Frankie Agnes outscore Phil Saeli, Jimmy Christopher's protégé, for four rounds. A crowd of 8,042 fistic admirers paid a net gate of $16,000, establishing a sizable financial gain for the first fight affair to be held at this vast arena.

Milt Aron and Davey Day, Chicago's welter and lightweight aspirants to titular recognition, invaded New York with great success. Aron beat Vittorio Venturi and thrashed Vincent Pimpinella, at the Hippodrome and Broadway Arena, respectively. Day, who has righteously earned the No. 1 position as Lou Ambers' rival to a clear championship status, repeated his victory over Charley Gomer. Their first occasion resulted in a three-round kayo in favor of the sharpshooter, Day.

Two other stalwarts from the Windy City's vicinity, Young Jack Blackburn, sleek colored light-heavy, bested Henry Jackson and Elza Thompson, 230 pounder, romped over Gene Bonin in their New York debuts. Harry Thomas, Illinois state heavyweight monarch, proved his durability against the sensational Jimmy Adamick from Detroit for 10 rounds at Madison Square Garden, extending Jack Kearns' dynamiter with a devastating attack of his own, Adamick receiving a close verdict in this spectacle. Thomas next met Unknown Winston of Salem, Mass., and duplicated his knockout over him in three settos. The bout was staged in Des Moines, Ia. Max Marek, C.Y.O. heavyweight kingpin, slashed Chester Palutis into obscurity in three sessions, his first appearance in four months when he was relieved of his state title by Thomas. In the semi-windup, Johnny Barbara, punching welter, now a resident of Chicago, bounced plenty of leather off Tommy Corbett's frame to take a unanimous decision from the Iowan. Barbara in a previous tiff, lambasted an arch-rival, Vern Patterson, into submission in six innings. The Marek-Palutis show, presented at the Cicero Stadium by Billy Cepak, with the competent Eddie Purvis handling the matchmaking difficulties, was his first presentation in a long span of time at this boxing rendezvous. Twelve hundred fans expended into the gate receipts $1,372, a credit to the debit side of the ledger.

In a double windup at the Marigold Gardens Arena, Sammy Angott, Louisville, Ky., outpointed Harvey Woods, St. Paul, Minn., in eight rounds, and Henry Schaft, rugged Minnesotan, was declared the winner over Bob La Monte at the same distance . . . . The inimitable Hal Ryan, promoter in charge of the Rainbo Fronton, had the fast rising Jack Fargo of Winnetka in one of his current headliners in an all-heavyweight pairage. Fargo took the measure of Russ Wasser in the 10-round main event. The sub-attraction revealed Willie Lewis, Memphis Red's gangling heavy, upset Max Zona, C.Y.O. Lewis, in other encounters, fought sterling battles with Alex Kettles and Tom Keneally, losing close calls to both of them. Leo Rodak, Chicago's leading feather and ranking contender, walloped Al Manriquez for 10 stanzas at Memphis, Tenn. Billy Celebron, celebrated kayo artist, returned to the ring wars after an extended retirement, scaling at present 156 pounds, disposed of Sherman Edwards twice in as many appearances in the identical number of rounds—three—in his comeback. Tony Musto, the Windy City "Baby Tank," heavyweight escapader, has chalked up three more verdicts on his most recent barnstorming venture. He soundly trounced the Mexican champ, Pio Pico, and lashed out a heavy-fisted acquisition over the Indian tomahawker, Tyrus Smith. Musto, as this is going to press, lashed out a decisive triumph over J. D. Turner, flooring his foe three times during the bout. The managerial combination of Bob Capocy and Billy Williams, capable handlers of the aggressive Tony, will have him in the national limelight in due time. Musto has the whole South, especially Texas, "ga ga" over his mass of victories, the southerners appearing upon the scene of fistic combats in droves.

In a program featuring three eights and a four at the Marigold, Billy Marquart disposed of Roger Bernard of Flint, Mich., in two heats; Everett Simington won a corker from Lloyd Pine of Akron, Ohio; Dominic Mancini put the crusher on Wesley Martin in three, and in the four-round opener, Sonny Batson emerged victorious over the flaming Irisher, Pat O'Brien. The first three winners mentioned are "Express Charges" of Jack Hurley. His other charge, Carl Vinciquerra, demolished in Des Moines, Ia., his former college and Golden Glove teammate, Paul Hartnek, in five rounds, and then humbled Webster Epperson away in three at Minneapolis. On the same card, stablemate Billy Marquart put the skids on Harry Booker in round three.

Robert Brooks, South Side favorite, decisioned Bob La Monte in the windup at the Rainbo Fronton in a hectic welter embroglio. In the semi-windup, Johnny Helstrom, lethal puncher (of the Helstrom twins), scored over George Nelson, while brother Eddie technically kayoed Johnny Rock in six. The above two bouts were sixers . . . . Jimmy Clark, nationally known middleweight, pulled the surprise of surprises in his confab with the pile-driving Tony Zale of Gary, Ind., by annihilating his opposition in 2 minutes of the first canto. At the gong the fleet-footed Clark nailed the sturdy Bohemian with a vicious right-hand smash to the side of the jaw, staggering and befuddling Tony. This was the beginning of the end. He floored the bewildered Zale twice for nine counts before he lay prone on his back, out like a light . . . . In the semi-windup Johnny Durso of Louisville, Ky., won a biff from the fighting Pole, Tony Petroskey of Muskegon, Mich., in eight frames . . . . Al Nettlow, C.Y.O., drew with Irish Jimmy Vaughan, London, England. Vaughan's continued aggressiveness without any letup was instrumental in the draw verdict, although he was a pitiful sight at the conclusion of the fight. On the same bill, Robert Brooks, South Side welter ace, won over Tommy Howell, Danville, Ill., due to a cut eye sustained in action in the first round . . . . another bout to end in the identical manner at another arena was the fiasco between Willie Joyce of Gary, Ind., and Gene Spencer, with Joyce being rewarded with a win after a scorching battle, the contest ending at the start of the fourth.

Two Chicagoans out on the Coast who are intriguing the Coast fans with their performances inside the squared-circle are Johnny Brown and Andy Scrivani, popular C.Y.O. antagonists and former Golden Glove champions. Brown, a feather-weight, has scored stunning achievements at the expense of Pete De Grasse and Pablo Dano, with stablemate Scrivani securing an impressive accomplishment by pummeling Jess Ackerman in his initial showing.

AROUND THE SQUARED CIRCLE—Bernie Bowman, Jewish heavyweight, hailing from Albany Park, has conditioned himself and is ready for action once more. Bowman in his sparse pro career, opposed Art Oliver and Carl Vinciquerra among the well knowns in his list of foemen . . . . A former luminary who sauntered into Trafton's gym while Henry Armstrong was entertaining an average audience of 400, Eddie Shea, now portly in stature, made the rounds of the swatorium. Shea, you will recall, tested the ability of Fidel La Barba, Charley Phil Rosenberg, Freddie Miller, all former world champions; Johnny Datto, Johnny Farr, Earl Mastro, Carl Tremaine and a score of others too numerous to mention. In all, Shea engaged in some 200 ring wars, weighing no more than 128 at any time in his professional career. He now tips the scales a mighty 158 pounds, just a slight increase of 30 pounds in a period of two years' retirement. Shea at present is a successful business man, being the proprietor of the Cotton Club at Blue Island and Roosevelt Road. He is married and in fact, is the proud dad of a 10-year-old son. I put the question regarding a fistic career for his boy and without any hesitancy averred negatively saying, "Nix on fighting for his son's future."

Jerry Hayes, ace conditioner of portly shaped business men as well as athletes, says that Harry Greb controlled the most accurate timing and the fastest moving legs. Continuing, Hayes stated Greb would have augmented a fusillade of gloves upon his opponent before he had time to get set. Hayes, during his fistic siege, met Greb, which accounts for this assertion of Harry's prowess. Jerry combined training Tommy Loughran with his own fisticuffing, meeting Tiger Flowers (twice), Lou Bogash, Panama Joe Gans, Frank Carborn, Jack Delaney, Larry Estridge and a host of other prominent warriors who toed the mark with varied success.

At present he is grooming a young Italian lad, one Jimmy Santora, 126-pounder, who has compiled an amateur record of 16 knockouts and registering four decision wins in as many matches to date . . . . Pat Robertson, who met world's bantamweight champion Sixto Escobar, in the latter's only tiff hereabouts, will resume his ring warfare after an absence of nine months, illness accounting for his inactivity. Pat tips the beam at 126 which, because of his height, will aid him immeasurably . . . . Jimmy Christopher is rounding himself up a large stable of big 'uns and little 'uns. Anticipates turning Martin O'Gradney pro very shortly. He possesses a likely looking prospect in Marty who will go places with proper campaigning.

Don't forget to have all news of interest in not later than the first of the month, care of Yours truly, 5340 Winthrop Ave. Until next month—bye.

MARYLAND, VIRGINIA AND DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA
By PATSY DONOVAN

LEFTY LOU GEVINSON made his initial start as a lightweight with a victory over Irish Eddie Dunne, of New York, in a ten rounder at Washington. Lou surprised his most ardent admirers by not only outpunching the New Yorker but also outboxing him. In round three Lou caught Eddie on the chin and Dunne hit the deck like a dead man. Manager Benny Leonard doused Eddie's prostrate form with water and revived him to the extent that he regained his feet and wobbled through the rest of the round. From this point on Eddie took a terrific lacing but was still in there making a game fight of it at the final bell. Steve Mamakos of Washington licked Frankie Velez of New York in a fast six round semi-final. Many hundred fans were turned away from the Turner Arena, the building being packed ten minutes before the first preliminary.

Lou Ambers, the lightweight title holder, made a showing in Richmond, Va., with the veteran Lou Jollos on the receiving end. Lou lasted almost four rounds partly due to his courage and partly to Ambers' mercy. The largest house in years was on hand to see Ambers do his stuff and while it lasted he gave them a real show. Red Lewis, of Richmond, knocked out Bob Meyers, of North Carolina, in four rounds. Joey Spangler, of Richmond, took the duke over Stanford Carrier in a six rounder and Eddie Wilson, of Richmond, boxed a six round draw with Chief Wilson.

Young Raspi and Pete Galiano, Baltimore lightweights, fought a furious ten round draw in Baltimore. This was the third meeting of the two boys within six weeks. Sylvan Bass the matchmaker wants to book the boys for a fifteen rounder but the Commission has turned thumbs down on it.

Nick Camarata, of New Orleans, was too strong for Cristobal Jaramillo, of New York, in an eight rounder at Washington. Nick was the aggressor throughout and with the exception of the last two rounds when the Puerto Rican did stand up and make a fight of it, won by a wide margin. George Abrams, undefeated Washington middleweight, punched out a unanimous decision over Frankie Wojack who caught all that George had to pitch but had very little to give in return.

Saverio Turiello, of Italy, won over Johnny Lucas of Camden, N. J., in a fast ten rounder at the Turner Arena in Washington. The veteran Lucas started off in great style and until the Italian's punches started to take effect in round four Johnny was outpointing the highly touted Turiello. As the fight progressed the Italian seemed to come faster each round and at the final bell Lucas was pretty well used up with Saverio fresh as a daisy. Toots Bernstein, of New York, won over Bob Wilson in the six round semi-final.

George Abrams won an unpopular decision over Tony Ciaccio, of New York, in an eight rounder that had the fans on their feet. Ciaccio fouled his way out of the duke being entirely too rough for the inexperienced Abrams who at that made a great fight of it and got plenty experience together with many hard knocks. Steve Mamakos, local Greek fighter, took a licking at the hands of Toots Bernstein of New York in the eight round semi-final.

Cowboy Howard Scott, of Washington, won a ten round nod over Pete Galiano in Baltimore. Galiano who did not appear in the best of shape took quite a licking from the Cowboy but gamely stayed in there until the final bell.

PICKUPS—Marty Gallagher Washington's favorite boxer for many years has announced that he has filed an application to enter the local police force and will retire from the ring. While never an honest to goodness first rater, Marty was a real champion from a personality standpoint and could always be depended upon to pack the house when he boxed in the Nation's Capital. Harry Jeffra has returned to Baltimore after his disastrous trip to Puerto Rico where he lost his bantam title. Harry suffered a fractured jaw in round four of the fifteen round battle and not only gamely stayed in there but according to eye witnesses of the battle Harry won the final two rounds. Jeffra has his jaw in a plaster cast and will be on the side lines for quite a spell.

Baltimore has a rising young colored welterweight that deserves watching in Lambertine Williams. During the past month Williams held the highly touted Frankie Blair to a draw at Lancaster, Pa. Natie Brown, the veteran Washington heavyweight, seems to get better with age. After retiring from the ring some few years back Natie took a swing around circuit as a heavyweight wrestler and the change seemed to improve Brown who recently gave the oncoming Jimmy Adamick a good battle in Detroit. Bob Tow, another Washington heavyweight, with many years experience is doing very good these days.

BROADCAST FROM NEW YORK

By EDDIE BORDEN

THE past month, from the middle of February to the middle of March, was one that will long be remembered in fistic circles because of the upsets in various divisions. In addition, it was the period when Joe Louis, who stopped Nathan Mann, successfully defended his title for the second time since beating Braddock, a feat of activity that set a new record for the heavyweight division. It was the month when the first world title of the year changed hands, when Sixto Escobar defeated Harry Jeffra at San Juan.

In the matter of upsets, the fistic world received a shock when Max Baer, the playboy of the ring, handed Tommy Farr a shellacking to win a fifteen-round decision in the Garden and to eliminate the Britisher, at least temporarily, from further consideration as a heavyweight menace, while Max jumped right back into the heavyweight picture and assured himself of a fight with the Schmeling-Louis winner for next September. While Max won, his brother, Buddy, who was considered to have the best chance of any young heavy to come to the top, was halted by the onslaught of Gunnar Barlund of Finland, who like Livermore Max, placed himself into an enviable position in the heavyweight challengers' scramble.

It was Mann slaughter in three rounds when Joe Louis defended his heavyweight title against Nathan Mann in Madison Square Garden before 19,400 paid admissions, with the gross reaching the $111,698.49 mark and the net attendance figures being $95,314.35.

The fight proved again that the Dark Destroyer from Detroit is the most devastating puncher the game has produced, and also showed Louis as one of the greatest finishers of dazed fighters the game has known. Jolting Joe was never in better fettle, and although he had his dark moments, newspapermen were practically unanimous in their opinion that the champion will retain his title when and if he meets Max Schmeling, his only conqueror to date.

Mann was given an ovation as he entered the ring that lasted for several minutes, and for a moment it seemed that the spectators had spotted Jack Dempsey in the audience. But it was a greeting for the gallant New Haven Italian from a large contingent of fans from his home State who had come out to cheer him on in his quest for championship honors. Louis was roundly booed.

The first round was more or less of a feeler, with Mann's effective punches gaining for him the session, He shot over a hard right to the head and pounded the body as Louis laid back. Midway in the next session, Nathan shot a hard right to the jaw that stunned the champion and sent him into the ropes, and as Mann tried to follow his advantage with another right to the jaw, Louis beat him to the punch with a hard left hook to the chin. That punch was the beginning of the end for the Connecticut challenger.

A series of lefts and rights were tossed by the champion, with one of the left hooks dropping Mann to the canvas, where he took a count of nine. The bell came to his aid and his seconds jumped into the ring to help the New Haven farmer, who was walking off to a neutral corner.

A short left hook to the jaw dropped Mann at the beginning of the third round. Nathan arose on unsteady pins without a count. Another hard punch dropped the challenger again and he arose without the benefit of a count. The champion backed him into a corner, where a volley of blows sent him down again and this time Mann managed to get up only after Referee Arthur Donovan had tolled the final count.

In the semi-final contest that followed the main bout, Johnny Whiters defeated Henry Cooper in six rounds. In other sixes, Phil Sommese whipped George Nicholson, Dave Clark defeated Buddy Ryan, and Jim Robinson scored over Dick Hogan. In the curtain raiser of four rounds, Elizer Thompson won over Gene Bonin.

Gunnar Barlund furnished the critics with a surprise and the gamblers with a severe jolt, when a 1-3 underdog in the betting, he punched the towering Buddy Baer into submission in 1 minute and 36 seconds of fighting in the seventh round of their scheduled ten-round rumpus in Madison Square Garden. The receipts were $23,102.34.

Outweighed by 42¼ pounds, and unable to cope with the tremendous reach of the younger of the Baers, the Gunnar spotted Buddy the first round and went on from there to administer a terrific pasting to his opponent. Barlund's nose and mouth bled freely in the first round. It was never a contest from the second round on, however, with the Finn winning very much as he pleased with the constant use of an effective left jab, and punishing right-hand punches to the head. Barlund had Baer bewildered, exhausted, and confused, and it seemed very much as though Buddy asked Referee Billy Cavanaugh to stop the bout when the Gunnar had him in helpless fashion on the ropes and Cavanaugh looked inquiringly at him. Buddy, however, denied it in the dressing room after the bout.

Johnny Bellus scored an easy six-round decision over Jimmy Vaughn in the semi-final contest, while in other six-round bouts Nick Camarata came from behind to win the decision over Pete Lello with a great last two-round rally, Pete Scalzo remained undefeated by whipping Cristobal Jaramillo, and Johnny Morro scored over Joe Ghnouly. Ralph O'Dell won the opening four-round bout over Al Ryll.

Jimmy Adamick, the Midland Meat Axe and a second edition of Jack Dempsey, to hear Jack Kearns, his mentor, speak, could not find the chin of Harry Thomas with sufficient force to score a kayo, and had to be content with a decision after ten rounds of hard fighting, in a Madison Square Garden bout that marked young Jimmy's metropolitan debut.

Adamick was generally credited with winning six of the ten rounds, with three going to Thomas and one even, with the third round being won by the Detroiter on a foul when Harry accidentally landed with a low blow. In the last round, Thomas landed with hard rights and lefts to the jaw that bewildered the young protégé of Kearns, and for a moment it looked as if he might hit the deck. He weathered the storm, however, and was fighting back at the bell.

Al Roth easily whipped Jimmy Vaughn in eight rounds in a contest that was called a draw by the officials. Nobody seems to know how they came about their decision, as the Bronx Hebrew won six of the eight rounds in convincing fashion. Billy Beauhuld scored over Irving Eldridge in another eight-round affair. After being dropped several times by the hard-hitting Sammy Julian, the referee stopped the fight in the third round to save Slugger White from further unnecessary punishment. Tony Marteliano whipped Bobby Carlton in four and in another bout over the same distance, Sammy Santillo was beaten by Joe De Jesus.

The card attracted a gross gate of $16,069.71.

In a welterweight battle staged at the New York Hippodrome, Milt Aron, Chicago Hebrew, won a ten-round decision over Vittorio Venturi by weathering a near-disastrous seventh round and coming on with a rush to just earn the fight. Another ten-round argument found Andrea Jessurun the winner over Tony Ciaccio. Allie Stolz and Matt Perfetti boxed six rounds to a draw in a contest that should have gone to Perfetti because of cleaner punching and aggressiveness. Augie Arrellano kayoed Jack Garry in one round and Ralph O'Dell defeated Georgie Cole.

Davey Day, Chicago's outstanding lightweight, who is hot on the trail of a meeting with Lou Ambers, had all he could do to win over Charlie Gomer in their ten-round rumpus in the New York Hippodrome. Day had to win the last two rounds to clinch the decision. Gomer won the fourth round on a foul, and made a belated rally to earn the sixth, seventh and eighth rounds, but here Day stepped on the gas and won the last two heats and the decision with it. In sixes, Mario Caroselli whipped Johnny Pavlovich, Joey Greb decisioned Augie Arellano, Red Finnegan beat Al Cocozza, and Nat Litfin defeated Joey Izzo. Joey Gatto bested Vincent Montana in the four-round opener.

Tiger Jack Fox scored five knockdowns over Gene Mickens before the referee stopped the bout in the first heat at the Rock and Palace. George Henry whipped Henry Alexander and Howell King kayoed Pedro Nieves in four rounds—Ginger Foran scored his best victory since coming to the States when he knocked out Young Chappie in seven rounds at the Broadway Arena. Johnny Mack kayoed Andy Miratello in the second—Wesley Ramey, although dropped for a no-count in the last round, scored over Eddie McGeever in eight rounds at the New York Coliseum. Charley Badami drew with Nunzio Bisagno in the semi-final six-rounder—Mike Getz is managing Ray Sharkey and has his lightweight back in winning style. Getz can be reached in Cleveland.

Milt Aron whipped Vince Pimpinella in an eight-round fight at the Broadway Arena while Dom Colan kayoed Lou Fox in the sixth round, and Eddie Conley beat Joe Lemieux—Phil Furr and Frankie Cavanna drew in the feature eight-round event at the Royal Windsor. Victor Troise upset the dope in the semi-final of eight rounds by whipping Nick Camarata, while in another eight, Mickey Farber decisioned Tommy Roman—Maxie Berger defeated Eddie Brink in eight rounds at the Coliseum. Johnny Fernandez bested Jimmy Murray in the semi-final six—Jack White of the 18 Club is at 18 West 52nd Street in New York City and is looking for young heavyweight material.

Jack Kid Berg made his return to an American ring an auspicious one when he knocked out Silvio Zangrillo in the fourth round of their eight-round battle at the Ridgewood Grove. Jack Tolson kayoed Toots Bernstein in one round and Eddie Alzek defeated Paul Di Bella when the latter was disqualified in the third round—Ossie Stewart disposed of Eddie Maguire in one round at the Rockland Palace, while in the semi-final six, Bernie Miller whipped Dominick Barone—At the Royal Windsor, Al Reid beat Vince Dell Orto in ten rounds, and Mike Belloise scored over Frankie Terranova in eight. Jim Robinson kayoed Jack Moran in two heats, while Harold Valan whipped Sonny Reitman—Jim Howell surprised by whipping Yustin Sirutis at the Rockland Palace in ten rounds. Billy Adams beat Freddy Fitzgerald in six.

Joey Fontana dropped Nicky Jerome twice for nine in the first and third rounds to win an eight-round decision at the Ridgewood Grove. Tony Marteliano whipped Jimmy Murray and Harold Valan scored over Eddie Voccia—Al Davis knocked out George Karkella in four rounds at the Ridgewood Grove. Nicky Jerome stopped Al Gillette in one. Eddie Alzek beat Slugger White, Joey Fontana defeated Eddie Voccia and Jarl Johnson whipped George Higgs in six rounders—Werther Arcelli upset Bobby Pacho in eight rounds at the Royal Windsor. Paul Cortlyn decisioned Ercole Burratti in eight, and James J. Johnson surprised by winning over Tommy Tucker. All three bouts were upsets—Al Reid drew with Mike Belloise in the Coliseum before 12,000 fans, many of whom thought that Reid deserved the edge. Tony Dupre beat Johnny Compo and Carl Dell scored over Alphonse Rocco in sixes.

Bernie Friedkin whipped Jimmy Lancaster easily in eight rounds at the Broadway Arena and Julie Kogan kayoed Eddie Dunne in five rounds—Mickey Farber stopped George Levy in four rounds at the Royal Windsor. Vince Dell Orto whipped George Carlos—Jerry Sachs has a training camp in winter and summer in Geneva, Ohio, for fighters who wish to start in the profession—Kayo Morgan is challenging Sixto Escobar for a fight anywhere—In his spare time, Petey Hayes, likeable Ghetto youngster, sells fine quality clothing for Jack Berger's Clothing store, which is situated at 16 Delancey Street, New York City, for the benefit of those who want good clothes.

Baby Saban disposed of his neighborhood rival in convincing fashion in their 10-round affair at the New York Hippodrome. After the third round Saban won easily and had his opponent hurt and bleeding at the finish. Jimmy Murray shaded Angelo Cali in the six-round semi-final. Andy Melia turned in an upset when he kayoed Frankie Castiglia in the second round.

The retirement of Al Weill from the Twentieth Century Sporting Club forces came as a complete surprise to the boys in the boxing profession. Weill, in spite of serious hindrance from those connected with the organization, was turning out a swell job and was giving the fans excitement in the Garden that they had lacked for several years. It is a foregone conclusion that his presence will be missed and it is difficult to see anyone taking his place who will uphold the position in just as capable fashion.

CANADIAN TOPICS
By LAWSON BAMPTON

HENRY ARMSTRONG, world's featherweight king and leading lightweight contender, is sought to headline Montreal's initial major ring show of the year. Raoul Godbout is keen to secure "Hurricane Hank" for his first presentation at the Forum, and if it materializes the season will start off with a bang as the modern marvel is more than likely to pack in a capacity house.

Baby Yack retained his Canadian bantam title by scoring a 10-round decision over Spider Armstrong in an all-Toronto battle that attracted 13,000 fans to Jack Corcoran's card at the Maple Leaf Gardens. Armstrong was weakened, as expected, by making the weight but at that made a pretty good battle of it. Yack scored a knockdown in the middle of the fight when he walloped Armstrong in the body while the "Spider" was arguing with the referee over foul blows allegedly struck by the "Baby." Armstrong's arms were down and he was a target and though it was a foolish thing for Armstrong to do, still it doesn't glorify Yack's sporting instincts, if any, to take that kind of advantage.

Armstrong wouldn't fight Harry Gerson, Montreal challenger, unless the match was at 121 pounds, so the Montrealer got the run-around in the matter of a shot at the title. However, it is understood that the Yack-Armstrong handlers signed an agreement that the winner was to accept a Gerson match within 30 days. If Toronto promoters do not care about staging it, Raoul Godbout will likely make the match for Montreal. If Yack fails to accept it, the Dominion Federation will likely dethrone him and give Gerson the title.

Len Wadsworth, Hamilton's hammering middleweight, earned recognition as the Canuck middle king when he repeated his knockout of Irving Pease, this time in the seventh round. This match was a semi-final to the Yack-Armstrong tussle. Wadsworth had previously flattened Pease and Max Kadin in two heats apiece. Pease nearly turned the tables when he had Wadsworth groggy and reeling but could not connect again and the Hamiltonian recovered to blast Pease to defeat with lethal rights to the jaw. Wadsworth is a terrific puncher, especially with the right hand, and is a smart fighter. He represented Canada at the 1934 Empire Games.

Talking about the Empire Games reminds us that a trio of Montreal amateur boxers did pretty good in the meet just completed in Australia. Tommy Osborne highlighted his ring career by winning the heavyweight title, thus becoming the only Canadian to win an Empire ring crown to date. He scored decisions over two opponents to win the crown. Joe Gagnon and Harry Hurst were runners-up in the bantam and lightweight divisions, respectively, both lost close decisions in the finals. These three were Canada's only point-winners in the boxing so Montreal is ready to give them something of a reception when they return late this month. Amateur boxing is going to get something of a boost this year as plans for pretentious shows at the Forum are under way in which the new Crescent A. C. will be a prominent factor.

STRAY SHOTS—The Shank brothers, Oliver and Al, will likely be a prominent and colorful brother act in Canadian rings this year . . . . lack of sparring partners of their own weights has resulted in the pair working out together frequently . . . . many a time they get a good hand from those present at the Frontenac gym . . . . Oliver is gunning for the Canadian heavyweight title this summer while Al looks to be a coming menace for Len Wadsworth's newly acquired middle crown . . . . Harold "Babe" McLeod, colorful slambang lightweight, is back in training after playing hockey on a championship team . . . . the Babe has yet to be defeated as a pro and is ready for stiff competition this year . . . . Dave Castilloux is down to the featherweight limit and looks better than ever . . . . seems to have picked up more speed with the shedding of excess poundage . . . . not so heavy-footed but still as heavy-fisted or words to that effect . . . . looks as though Castilloux intends to help himself to the Canadian featherweight title.

HOT OFF THE WIRE—Jackie Callura, Hamilton's hopping hurricane, hopped right into the championship lists when he dethroned Frankie Martin as Canadian featherweight king . . . . Callura scored a clean-cut 10-round decision, cutting Martin badly during the latter part of the battle and scoring three brief knockdowns . . . . thus Hamilton now houses two Canuck champs, both titles being acquired a week apart, their Len Wadsworth capturing the middle crown by kayoing Irving Pease in seven heats a week previously . . . . Morris Bowmile, Julius Goldberg's rising bantam star, scored his most important victory to date when he whipped Katsumi Morioka, flashy Vancouver Jap, in the six-round semi-final . . . . Bowmile packs a smashing left hook to the body and slowed the speedy Jap down steadily with this effective weapon.

IN SYRACUSE RINGS
By BILLY SHAW

A CROWD of 3,000 fans saw Ralph De John, sensational Syracuse light-heavyweight, knock out Johnny Freeman, globe-trotting Salamanca heavyweight, in the fifth round of a scheduled eight round battle, at the Arena. De John's superiority was evident as early as the first round, when he jabbed, hooked and right-crossed Freeman at will. The Salamancan was floored five times before he was finally chilled for the full ten with a hard right to the jaw, midway in the fifth.

De John is about the classiest piece of fighting machinery upstate. He is a smart, flashy boxer, and packs a wallop in his right hand. Although he is in reality little more than a middleweight, he has been sent against the bigger, slower fellows to improve his punch. In the order named he has knocked out, George Nichols, Fanis Tzanatopolous and Johnny Freeman. He is now ready for the best.

Joe Boscarino, New York lightweight, stopped Don Eddy of Niagara Falls in the fifth round of a scheduled eight round semi-final to the De John-Freeman skirmish. The two had previously fought a draw, but Boscarino was hot for the return tilt, and made short work of his speedy Falls opponent.

Hans Haverlick, giant Austrian heavyweight, gave a great display of hitting power in knocking out the gargantuan Big Boy Brackey of Buffalo in the seventh round, on the same card. Haverlick had to fight to turn the trick, but he cannonaded Brackey down with right hand blasts that would have felled an ox.

A newcomer, Don Alberts, brownskinned Cleveland heavyweight, scored a sensational two round knockout over Earl (Red) Freeman, rugged Niagara Falls slugger, and Eddie Dempsey, Syracuse lightweight, finished off Norm Cordaro of Batavia in two when Norm was unable to respond for the bell following a trip through the ropes and out on the cement floor in the first heat.

Clarence (Red) Burman, Jack Dempsey's powerful young heavyweight protégé, dropped into town long enough to stop Hans Haverlick, the Austrian, in a spectacular Pier 6 variety of slugfest that had the spectators standing on their chairs. Haverlick suffered a deep gash over his left eye and a long cut on his lower lip, the gore spilling so freely the club physician, Dr. John W. Carter, refused to allow Hans to come out for the fifth frame. It was a humdinger, while it lasted.

In the semi-final, Mickey Devine, slick little Batavia southpaw lightweight won over Steve Gacha, hard hitting Scranton slugger, in an eight rounder crammed full of thrills. Other bouts: Eddie Saxon, Syracuse, defeated Irwin Allen, Baltimore, decision, six rounds; Joey Kolba, Utica knocked out Jimmy Williams, New York welter, first round, and Eddie Dempsey, Syracuse, knocked out Rego Dell, Scranton, in the third round.

Wrestling is going over big in Syracuse every other week, with Jack League and Vic Christy being the big favorites with local fans. Yvon Robert, the champ is also well liked. Among the most hated are Strangler Bob Wagner, Jerry Monohan and Dr. Fred Meyers.

Our office, at 203 Stephens Building, is located in the heart of the teeming business district, and handy for fight fans who like to look over the Olympic Club collection of pictures of fighters and fights from all over the world.

LEFT HOOKS—Pro boxing has come back here with a bang . . . . At the present time it looks as if Babe Risko will come out of retirement to fight Ralph De John if the popular local star continues to win . . . . A fight that would pack any club upstate would be an overweight battle between De John and Bert Courage . . . . Gabe Genovese settled his litigation with Jackie Brady over the earnings of Babe Risko for $750 out of court . . . . Irv Robbins stages weekly amateur cards here on Friday nights that pack 'em in and some great scraps result . . . . Some of his stars are: Bert Courage, Jimmy (Gorilla) Reeves, Chuck Nareski, Frankie Custer and Walter (Red) Johnson . . . . It is impossible for out-of-the-state boxers to sign contracts in New York state without first obtaining a license . . . . Unlike Pennsylvania, in New York fighters cannot be licensed at the clubs upon their arrival . . . . Licenses must be obtained from the State Athletic Commission office, at 155 Worth Street, New York City . . . . Send birth certificate of boxers and two pictures passport size, with application, plus the $5.00 license fee . . . . We receive hundreds of requests from unlicensed boxers seeking to work here . . . . Get the license first, then we will try and do something for you . . . . Bob Gregory, the English wrestling wizard, and his beautiful wife, the Princess Baba of Sarawak visited town, Gregory making a tremendous hit on the mat in beating Jack Curley . . . . Doc Morris, demon purveyor of publicity these many years, was also here in his usual role.

ROCKY MOUNTAIN NEWS AND VIEWS
By T. W. McNIEL

THE third annual Colorado amateur tourney at Pueblo saw the following boys crowned as champions: John Chavez, flyweight; Johnny Coco, bantamweight; Louis Garcia, lightweight; Bob Thompson, welterweight; Le Roy Shackleford, middleweight; Jack Spalpeen, light-heavyweight; Morton Schade, heavyweight.

This Shackleford boy looms up as about the most promising "pro" timber to come out of a Colorado amateur meet in a long time.

Larry Cisneros, popular Questa, N. M., lightweight, is on the shelf for six months with a severe case of rheumatism. After a three weeks' siege of hospital life, he's able to be about again.

At Craig, Colo.—Frankie Russell, Craig welterweight, stopped Bill Hawley of New York in the opening heat of a scheduled eight-round go. In the semi-windup, Johnny Flynn, Steamboat Springs light-heavy, polished off Chief Black Hawk, Utah Indian, in the second session of a gory melee. A pair of flyweights, Bobby Hearst, Mt. Harris, Colo., and Horton Bright of Oklahoma City fought a slashing six-round go with honors even.

At Denver, Colo.—After a five months period of idleness, Denver came back to the fistic wars with a ten-round engagement between the Alabama Kid and Frankie Edgren. 'Bama, colored middleweight from Columbus, O., spotted Edgren 20 pounds in weight and dropped the duke at the end of ten sessions. Each man had the other on the deck three times during the evening's festivities, and the Kid, by a fast finish, rated no worse than a draw.

Ray (Showboat) McQuillan, Denver Negro, pounded out a decision over Joe Jaramillo in the semi-windup. The pair are welterweights.

I've been trying to puzzle out just how the Edgren-Alabama Kid fracas got the endorsement of the State Boxing Commission. Their rules state plainly that there shall be no battles between contestants with more than twelve pounds weight difference. Heavyweights excepted. Certainly the Alabama Kid isn't a heavyweight. How about that one, Mr. Morrissey?

Denver promoters have been trying for months to build an attraction out of this boy Edgren. Now that a middleweight has bounced him off the canvas in no uncertain terms, it is rumored that Promoter Jack Kanner will try and line up a good 112-pound boy for Edgren's next appearance.

At Albuquerque, N. M.—Pete De Grasse, Brooklyn featherweight, pounded out a ten-round decision over Willie Davis of Mexico City. Davis piled up a big early lead, only to have the Brooklynite come from behind in the last four rounds and catch the judges' eyes.

Manny Candia and Benny Cordova, local lightweights, staged a rough-and-tumble six-round semi-windup, with Cordova getting the nod.

The show drew $1,400.

B. B. McCann, St. Paul, Minn.—Mike Gibbons never held the middleweight title. For several years he was perhaps the best 158-pounder in the business, but he never was able to catch the champions in a battle with the title at stake. No, he never fought Les Darcy, the Australian.

A. B. Ryan, Muskogee, Okla.—Carl Morris was of Irish-Cherokee Indian descent. I've lost track of him in the last few years, and I don't know what he is doing at this time. Perhaps some of our Oklahoma readers can tell us.

Ralph Gwartney, a 175-pound youngster from Mosca, Colo., is fast developing into a rare prospect. He's still mingling in the amateurs, but he's about ripe for the "pro" ranks. Tab this kid, we'll hear a lot about him in another year or so. Maybe we couldn't use a good light-heavy out this way right now!

JUST A FEW PREDICTIONS—Louie Nova to be in the top "ten" of the heavyweights in another year . . . . Joe Louis to kayo Schmeling inside of ten rounds . . . . Young Corbett to go down in history as the biggest "spoiler" of all time . . . . Henry Armstrong to be the next lightweight champion.

Remember, the writer has a list of boxing promoters out here in the Southwest that you can have for a two-bit piece. Will also be glad to answer any questions relative to the mitt industry in this neck of the woods. Please inclose reply postage. Address all mail to T. W. McNiel, P. O. Box 126, Blanca, Colorado.

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TIMELY CHATTER FROM GREAT BRITAIN

By JOHN S. SHARPE

FREDDIE MILLER, ex-world's featherweight champion, again made his bow to a Liverpool crowd when he boxed 12 rounds against Billy Charlton, of Gateshead, at the Stadium.

Miller showed plenty of class and scored knockdowns in the second, fourth and fifth rounds, but the Tynesider rallied and gave Miller some anxious moments before the end of the bout when Miller received the decision.

Ernie Roderick, of Liverpool, the best welter in Great Britain, defeated Jack Powell, of Sheffield, in the sixth round when the referee stopped the bout after Powell had taken several counts.

The West Ham Baths promoters staged an all young heavyweight program which provided some very good scraps. Bernard Cook, of Finsbury Park, again defeated James J. Britt, of South Africa, at the end of eight rounds on points. Billy Medhurst, of Swancombe, stopped Archie Norman, of Wembley, when both heads collided in the first round and Norman came off second best with a dangerous cut across the nose.

Jack Roberts, of Northfleet, outpointed Joe Quigley, of Ireland, over six rounds; George Cornwall, of Gt. Yarmouth, outpointed Tommy Windsor, of Peterborough; Lew Lewis, of Wales, outpointed Harry Brazier, of Stonebridge Park, over six rounds, and Martin Thornton, of Ireland, knocked out Jack Rebesdale, of Hull, in the first minute of the first round.

Boxing in good form at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, Frankie Hill of Barrow, beat Johnny Softley in seven rounds of a scheduled twelve round bout when the referee stopped the bout.

Ginger Sadd, of Norwich, and Battling Charlie Parkin, of Mansfield, boxed a twelve-round draw at Kings Lynn.

Jim Brady, of Dundee, scored a T.K.O. over Rafaleto Valdez, of Cuba, when the latter stopped after receiving a blow on the jaw in the fifth round and retired, at Dundee. It was afterwards ascertained that Valdez was suffering from a broken collar bone.

Jimmy Walsh, British lightweight champion, had little difficulty in outpointing Patsy Quinn, of Belfast, over ten rounds at Blackpool.

Boy Boon, of Chatteris, continues to give the fans thrills. In his contest with Tommy Dowlais, of Wales that was scheduled to go for eight rounds, he scored three knockdowns before putting over the coupe de grace, in two minutes fifty seconds of the first round.

Dave Sonnenberg, New York boxing manager, returned to London town with two Canadian battlers in tow, George Burke, heavyweight, and Mike Martyk, featherweight, both from St. Catherine, Ontario.

Billy Mitchie is looking after the boys in the gym and getting them into condition.

Dick Corbett, of Bethnal Green, gave a skillful display of the finer points of boxing in outpointing Benny Caplan, of St. Georges, the Southern Area featherweight champion, over ten rounds at the Ring, London.

Les McCarthy, of Manchester, defeated Phil Bevan, of Poplar, in the fifth round of a ten-round bout when the referee stopped the contest after examining Bevan's cut eye.

Billy Ross, of St. Georges, knocked out Jim McKenzie of Scotland, in the fifth of a scheduled eight-rounder, with a good right to the jaw.

Ben Foord the South African, enhanced his reputation at Hamburg, when he put up a do or die battle against Max Schmeling, over twelve rounds.

Many of the critics thought that Foord would be put away inside of five rounds, but at the end of the fifth Foord was in the lead on points. He put up a strong resistance to lose narrowly on points and the crowd of 25,000 gave him a great hand for his wonderful display.

Adolf Witt, of Germany, outpointed Robey Leibbrandt, of South Africa, and Joe Besselman, German middleweight champion, outpointed Dai Jones, middles champion of Wales, and Charlie Bundy of Wales was forced to retire at the end of the first round of his bout with Paul Wallmer of Germany, owing to a very badly cut eye.

A roar of disapproval greeted the verdict of a draw in the contest between Hanz Lazek, of Austria, and Jim Wilde of Swansea, who met at the N. S. C. show at Empress Stadium, Earls Court.

Lazek seemed to have an edge on each of the hard fought ten rounds and looked a ready winner, but the ruling official thought otherwise.

Jack Robinson, of Nottingham, scored a T.K.O. in the tenth and last round of his contest with Harry Rowles, when the referee stopped the bout after the ex-sailor had been put down and was helpless.

Jimmy Lester, of Dagenham, outpointed Billy Elward, of Wales, in a bright boxing bout over ten rounds.

James J. Britt, of South Africa, stopped Tommy Brown, of Hackney, in the fourth of a six-round bout, a hard hitting heavyweight affair.

Bill Medhurst of Swanscombe, and Packy Paul, of Canada, provided thrills galore in their six-round bout, and the referee's decision was a draw.

Tommy Williams, of Wales won over Mick Carney, of Newcastle, in a spirited eight-round bout.

George Davis, of Notting Hill, improves every time out and his T.K.O. over Hans Weisner was one of his best. He had taken a fair amount of punishment himself before putting the Austrian down for a count.

The bout took place at the Stadium Club, London, and was scheduled over ten rounds.

Dick Titley of Walsall, gained a good points victory over twelve rounds against Ken Barrett of Cardiff, at Birmingham.

Tommy Hyams of Kings Cross, outpointed Johnny Walters, of Chelsea, in a scrambling ten-round contest at Paddington.

Johnny Holt, of South Africa, outpunched Johnny Ryan, of Kilbrun over ten rounds.

Ginger Sadd, of Norwich, scored a good win over Ben Valentine, of Fiji, by a narrow margin in a 10-round bout at Norwich.

Yorkie Bentley, of Canada, was forced to retire at the end of the seventh round of a scheduled ten-rounder against Battling Parkin of Mansfield, at Sutton in Ashfield, owing to a damaged left ear.

Abe Tweedlie, of Wishaw, won the Scottish fly-weight championship at 35 years of age, when he outpointed Freddie Tennant, of Dundee over fifteen rounds at Dumfries.

Ken Robinson, of Canada, was an easy winner over Jack Hart, of Hebburn, who took considerable punishment before the end of twelve rounds at Manchester.

After a lapse of five years, Jack Smith again promoted at the Free Trade Hall, Manchester, for the Lord Mayor's fund for unemployed and the doors had to be closed before boxing started.

Con O'Kelly, of Hull, who has been boxing in U. S. A. for some years defeated Harry Lister, of Tynemouth, in a fifteen-round bout on points.

Stan Kirby, of Oakthorpe, knocked out Kid Scott, of Sheffield, in nine rounds with a downward chop which caught Scott at the back of the head.

Tut Whalley, of Hanley, knocked out Charlie Wilson of Manchester, in the seventh of a ten-rounder.

Albert Demmy, matchmaker for the Regent Stadium, Salford, continues to pack 'em in with his Sunday shows. His top liner, Boyo Burns, of Bolton, and Charlie Chan of Liverpool, put up a sterling display before Burns received the decision.

George Marsden, of Nottingham, gave a skillful exhibition of boxing when he beat Young Chocolate of Jamaica, who failed to toe the mark in the ninth round at Gt. Yarmouth.

Len Rowlands, of Dagenham, easily outpointed Jack Hawthorne of Jamaica, over twelve rounds on points.

Billy "Boy" Watson, of Stepney, boxed in good form and easily outpointed Nat Stewart, of Belvedere, and formerly of Liverpool, over ten rounds at Hertford.

Paddy Roche, of Ireland, was too heavy and strong for Jim Lawlor the Lowestoft southpaw welterweight, and the former won on points over twelve rounds at Briton Ferry.

Tut Whalley, of Hanley, gained a points win over Etienne Ferraro, of France, at the end of twelve rounds at Hanley.

Tiny Bostock, of Leek, nearly came a cropper in his contest with Dave Keller, the Southern Area flyweight champion, at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, for in the second round a left hook put the Leek boxer on his back and he rose at four in a groggy state.

After Bostock had recovered he boxed with good judgment and after a hurricane battle for ten rounds with both boys battling away to the end Referee Jack Hart, rightly gave the duke to Bostock.

Boy Boon of Chatteris, knocked out Jack Hardman, Smethwick, in the third of an eight-round bout.

Peter Kane, of Golbourne, had his first bout since his sensational bout with Benny Lynch, when at Liverpool Stadium, Johnny Best pitted him against Hubert Offermanns of Germany, for a scheduled twelve-round contest, Kane punching with good judgment, knocked out the German last in the tenth round.

Hundreds were turned away at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, when George Markwick, who was Army champion in 1937, met Jim Hales of Stepney. The latter was counted out in the first round from a right to the body.

Tommy Clegg, of Dalston, another ex-soldier, knocked out Ron Schneider, in the first round of a scheduled six-rounder.

Len Beynon, of Swansea, gained a narrow points decision over Dick Corbett, of Bethnal Green, at the end of twelve fast rounds at Swansea.

Ginger Sadd, of Norwich, defeated Jock McKnight, of Belfast, in a 12-round middleweight bout at Lowestoft.

Jack London, of West Hartlepool was too strong for Hans Schonrath of Germany, in their ten-round contest at Colston Hall, Bristol, and won on points after a hard hitting bout.

The big buildup for Frank Hough by the N. S. C. came a cropper when the Italian cruiserweight, Merlo Preciso, stopped the formidable Battersea boy in the sixth round of a bout scheduled for ten rounds.

The Empress Hall, Earls Court, was packed when the big contest started, and it was plainly seen that *too* many contests were taking their toll on Hough, for he did not show the usual force and speed in his work.

The bout was fought at a fast pace, with plenty of hard hitting in the first five rounds but in the sixth Hough could not escape the straight rights from the Italian and after taking all of these without a return, he slid to the canvas and time saved him from a K.O. when he tottered to his corner. His chief second skied the towel.

George Burke, of Canada, made his initial appearance in an English ring, making a good impression when winning on points over Ernie Simmons, of Leicester. Both put up a good battle over ten rounds.

Mike Martyk, a stable companion of Burke's, also made his debut over eight rounds and outpointed Johnny Holt, of South Africa, in a hard hitting featherweight bout.

Billy Bird, of Chelsea, stopped Fred Clements, of Ely, in the fourth of an eight-round bout, and Alec Burton of Hoxton, gained a good win over Harry Lucas, of Covent Garden, on points at the end of six rounds.

Peter Clarke, of Liverpool, gained a quick K.O. over Hal Cartwright, of Tipton, who was put down for the full count in the first of a ten-round bout at Blackburn.

Norman Snow, of Northampton, maintained his form of K.O. wins when at Northampton he K.O.'ed Kid Silver of Jamaica in the first of a ten-round contest.

Billy Clements, of Mitcham and Bill Curran of Walton-on-Thames put up a great bout over twelve rounds at Mitcham Baths, and the local lad received the decision at the end.

Benny Lynch, the world's flyweight champion, had an easy workout when he beat Maurice Filhol, of France, at Kelvin Hall, Glasgow, in what was scheduled for ten rounds. The crowd grew restless, and the one-sided bout was stopped in the fifth round.

Johnny McGrory, the British featherweight champion, and Johnny King, the British bantamweight champion, met over ten rounds with McGrory winning on points.

Jim Purcell, of Australia, stopped Frank Erne, of Glasgow, and Scottish welterweight champion, in the sixth round, when the referee intervened with Purcell in front.

Jimmy Walsh, the British lightweight champion gave one of his rare displays when he beat Jack Garrick, the hard hitting Hull lightweight, and Northern Area lightweight champion, in a ten-round bout at White City, Hull, before a record crowd.

FIGHT MANAGERS

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Dave McCleave, of Smithfield, outpointed Dan Jones, of Wales, in a slow ten-round bout at the Devonshire Club, Hackney.

Jack Hyams, of Stepney, scored an easy points win over the Cuban, Cheo Morejon, after ten rounds at the Ring, London.

Johnny Rice, of Hounslow, scored a K.O. over "Big" George Davis, of Bambury, in the fifth at Hammersmith.

George Odwell, of Camden Town, gained a good win over the fast moving and game Jack McCabe, when the latter retired at the end of the seventh of a twelve-round bout, at West Ham.

The heavyweight bill at West Ham Baths provided some sterling bouts.

James J. Britt, of South Africa, defeated Bill Medhurst, of Swancombe, in the second when the referee stopped the bout. Medhurst sustained a badly cut eye, but it was just as well, as he had taken several counts in the two rounds.

Johnny Carr, of Islington, outpointed Battling Siki, of Preston, over six rounds. Tommy Windsor, of Peterboro, won on a disqualification when Lew Lewis, of Kingston, was ruled out in the fifth round.

Billy Dodds, of Preston, outpointed Joe Quigley, of Ireland, over six rounds; Alf Couzens, of Acton, K.O.'ed George Cornwall in the fifth; Tommy Clegg, of Dalston, who was causing a furore in boxing circles, because of his quick K.O. wins, received a dose of his own medicine, when he met Harry Brazier, of Stonebridge Park, Clegg was K.O.'ed in the fifth after taking several counts.

Paddy Roche, of Cork, won the welterweight championship of Ireland, by defeating Patsy Quinn, of Belfast, at Cork, over fifteen rounds.

At Paddington Baths, Jim Lawlor, of Lowestoft, beat Tom Smith the Welsh middleweight in the eighth of a ten-round bout when the Welsh boy was "all in" and the referee intervened.

Ernie Roderick, whom I claim is the best welterweight in Great Britain, gained one of his best wins, when he outpointed Cleto Locatelli of Italy, over twelve rounds at the Stadium, Liverpool.

Paddy Ryan, of Manchester, forced Willie McCamley, of Scotland to retire at the end of the seventh of a ten-rounder.

After a long layoff of fifteen months, Moe Moss, the all action middleweight from Mile End, made a welcome return to the ring at the Devonshire Club, and outpointed Tom Bodell of Swadlincote, in a hard hitting ten-round bout.

Dick Corbett, of Bethnal Green, was too elusive for the aggressive Barrow lightweight, Frankie Hill, and won the twelve-round contest on points at the Ring, London.

George Odwell, of Camden Town, wasted no time in his scheduled ten-round bout against Jackie Moody, of Wales, at the Devonshire Club, Hackney, for after two minutes of boxing Moody was put on the canvas taking the count from a right uppercut.

The brothers Packy and Danny Paul, from Canada won again at the Stadium Club, London, when they outpointed Jim McKenzie, of Scotland and Battling Siki, of Preston over six rounds.

On the same card Jack Fitzpatrick, of Wales, defeated Lew Lewis, of Kingston, on points after six rounds; Red Pullen, of Wales, outpointed Harry Brazier, of Stonebridge Park, over six rounds.

Frank Hough, of Battersea, beat Emile Ollive, of France, at Earls Court, Empress Stadium, on points after ten rounds. He came near being K.O.'ed in the last round when the Frenchman unleashed a couple of right handers to Hough's jaw that made his legs wobble.

The much heralded Russian prince who fights under the name of Rex Romus, did not show us much boxing skill in his eight-round contest with Stan Kirby, of Leicester, but he certainly put action into his body hitting.

Tommy Hyams, of Kings X, won narrowly over Jimmy Lester, of Dagenham, after a spirited ten-round bout; Johnny Ward, of Ireland, was extremely unlucky when the referee intervened, having sustained a badly cut eye in the third round of his bout with Mick Carney of Middlesborough, and the latter received the verdict.

Ginger Sadd, of Norwich, gained a good win when beating Nat Franks, of Dalston, on points after ten rounds at Norwich.

Frank Hough, of Battersea, outpointed Marcel Brazin of France, in a moderate nine-round bout at Alf Mancini's opening show at Seymour Hall, Paddington, and proved that too many bouts in so short a time must take a toll on his body. He would be wise if he rested up a bit.

In a ten-rounder, George Davis of Notting Hill, a boy who is expected to go places, was put on the losing side when the referee stopped his bout in the fourth, when he sustained a badly cut eye and his opponent Butcher Gasgoine, of Sheffield was named the winner.

Danny Paul, the young Canadian, stopped Archie Norman of Wembley, in the fourth when the referee intervened when the latter received a cut on the nose.

Jack Hyams, of Stepney, won the Southern Area cruiserweight championship when he outpointed Bill Hardy, of Leicester, in a listless fifteen-round bout, at West Ham Baths.

Con O'Kelly, of Hull, outpointed Erwin Klein of Germany in a ten-round bout, at Liverpool Stadium.

In the supporter, Snowball Frame, of Glasgow, caused a surprise when he outpointed a good hard hitter in Pierce Ellis, of Manchester, after a good bout over ten rounds.

George Daly, of Blackfriars, won his first bout since his successful American campaign when he K.O.'ed Johnny Mack, of Carlisle, in the fourth of a ten-round bout at the Ring, London.

The Devonshire Club, Hackney, was packed to capacity when they staged another young heavyweight program.

In the chief bout, George Markwick, the ex-Army champion, beat Tommy Allen, of Leicester, in the third round when the referee, Jack Hart, stopped the one-sided contest.

Billy Ross, of Stepney, and Bob Firmin, of Lewstoft, fought eight rounds to a draw in a bout that was filled with thrills.

Tommy Brown, of Hackney, won a good bout on points over Jeff Johnson, of Chesterfield, in a six-round bout.

Tommy Windsor, of Peterboro, outpointed Fred Hardy, of Leicester, in a six-rounder.

A low blow in the seventh of a ten-round bout at the N.S.C. show at the Empress Stadium, Earls Court, robbed Cleto Locatelli, of what seemed to be a clear cut points victory over George Odwell, of Camden Town.

Although the crowd did not take kindly to the referee's decision it was nevertheless correct, as the Italian had been warned on three occasions.

George Burke, of Canada, and Jack Robinson, of Nottingham, fought one of the fiercest bouts ever seen at the club and at the end, Burke received the decision on points and both came in for a grand ovation.

Ben Valentine of Fiji Isles, outpointed Marcel Lauriot of France, over ten rounds.

Jake Kilrain, welterweight champion of Great Britain, successfully defended his title, against Jack Lord, of Bolton, in a fifteen-round contest, at Manchester.

Ernie Roderick, of Liverpool, again defeated Jimmy Purcell, of Australia, on points over ten rounds.

George James, of Ebb Vale, won the Welsh heavyweight title when he beat Jim Wilde, of Swansea, in the fifteenth and last round, when the latter was ruled out for an alleged low blow, the bout taking place at Mountain Ash. It was for one of the titles that used to rest on the head of Tommy Farr.

Freddie Miller, the Cincinnati Southpaw, defeated Len Wickwar, the Leicester lightweight, in a twelve-round contest at Gramby Halls, Leicester, before a big crowd.

Willie Smith, Margate, outpointed Joe Curran, of Liverpool, in a slashing twelve-round contest at Blackburn.

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ROCHESTER, N. Y., BOXING NOTES

By SAM PORCELLI

THE following shows took place during the month:

Pro boxing—Freddy Steele, middleweight champ, kayoed Bob Turner in one round. Al Traino, Rochester, defeated Drago Dell of Scranton, Pa., in six rounds. Joe Boscarino, Rochester, defeated Joe Nealon of Scranton, six rounds. Tommy Tedesco of Niagara Falls defeated Steve Gacha of Scranton in six rounds, and Jimmy Downs, Rochester, won over Johnny Hoffman of Syracuse in four rounds.

Pro wrestling—Everett Marshall, 227, La Junta, Colo., threw Danno O'Mahony, 225, Ireland. Bob Gregory, 175, England, defeated Lester Ryan, 180, Boston. Felix Miquet, 225, France, and Vic Christy, 222, Los Angeles, drew in thirty minutes, no-fall match.

Joe Castle, Rochester, 145 pounds, won judges' decision over Chiselchin Stewart, Rochester.

Sam Trenchard, Fairport, 156 pounds, won technical kayo over Don Meinhand, Gates; 45 seconds, third round.

Red Johnson, 145, Jamestown, won decision over Joe Denise, Charlotte; five rounds.

Ossie Sussman, 126, Rochester, won decision over Jimmy Evans, Auburn; five rounds.

Frankie Custer, 126, Hilton, won decision over Joey Stefano, Rochester; five rounds.

Pete Husser, 153, Rochester, scored technical knockout over Huy Courage, Hobart, in fourth round. Time 1:10.

Tony DiCarlo, 150, Rochester, knocked out Johnny Lippa, Rochester, in first round. Time 20 seconds.

Tony Antonucci, 140, Rochester, won decision over Dick Haynes, Springwater; three rounds.

Shorty Dowd, 110, Brighton, won decision over Alex Costa.

Jim Curley, 128, Toronto, won decision over Ossie Sussman, Rochester; five rounds. Henry Smith, 135, Rochester, won by technical knockout over Steve Curley, Toronto, in fifth round; time 1:55. Bus Hurdman, 160, Toronto, won decision over Don Stevens, Rochester; five rounds. Bill Seide, 170, Rochester, won decision over Ray Smith, Rochester; five rounds. Vern Esso, 175, Toronto, won by technical knockout over Joe Mack, Rochester, in third round; time 0:10. Don Piano, 118, Avon, knocked out Stanley Feberg, Rochester, won by technical knockout over Stanley Cortiss, Rochester, in second round; time 1:48.

PARDON MY PUNCH—Playfair Brown is packing 'em in at his shows in Toronto . . . . Sammy Keller has many good fighters working out at his gym . . . . Steve Rocco is managing the bantam champ of Canada, Baby Yack . . . . Sammy Luftspring and his manager, Doc Cook, are planning on going to England soon and doing a little "cleaning up in the 147-pound class" . . . . Good luck, boys . . . . Frankie Genovese, the Canadian welterweight champ, is gunning for a shot at Barney Ross' title . . . . Jack Allen has a great stable of fighters around Toronto and is keeping them busy . . . . Tom Stanley of Cleveland is getting plenty of work for his boys.

MAILBAG—Al Decani, Montreal, Canada: I turned your letter over to Johnny Burba, the amateur matchmaker, and you will hear from him soon . . . . Tony DeCarlo, brother of Joe, is coming along in great style and is making it real hot for the so-called good middleweights. Tony won his last two fights by one-round kayos . . . . Johnny Burba is packing them in at his weekly amateur bouts and is planning on running semi-monthly amateur wrestling shows.

If you want to read your notes in this column, send them in before the first of the month. If I didn't answer your mail, the reason is that you didn't send me a U. S. stamped envelope. THE RING is on sale at Clinton and Main Streets on the first of each month.

IN AND AROUND SAN FRANCISCO

By SHERIDAN BROWN

SEALS' Stadium, San Francisco: Ralph Giordano, nee Young Corbett III, 33-year-old, left-handed geezer from down Fresno way, utilizes his 15 years of ring experience and comes through a winner over Fred Apostoli, "uncrowned middleweight champion," after 10 blazing rounds fought beneath a blazing sun at the town ball orchard. Referee Toby Irwin's decision in the veteran's favor meets with the approval of the sizable crowd although there are some morning-paper scribes maintaining that Fred deserves a better fate than this.

But there is no denying the sheer mastery of Corbett's performance, no denying that this chunky, ringwise Italian puts on a splendid performance in checkmating the ripping, bruising offense that is typical of Apostoli. There can be no overlooking the fact that Corbett, an outside 2 to 1 betting underdog, puts up the fight of his life against a younger, more powerful Apostoli, of whom it must be conscientiously said that he lacked the cold fire, the very will to win that carried him to scintillating victories over fighting men the likes of Steele, Lee and Thil. It is a magnificent Corbett against a sluggish Apostoli and the die falls to Corbett.

During the first four rounds the portsided Fresnan, cautious, maneuvering, completely outboxes Apostoli, who seems puzzled by the unorthodox, crouching, Corbett style. But comes the fifth and Fred's relentless attack begins to take its toll as he slashes with heavy fists at a retreating, desperate Corbett, clinching, counter-punching, using all the tricks he knows in staving off the sudden disaster carried within the short left hooks and vicious right-hand shots of the ex-bellhop. From that fifth into the waning moments of the ninth round, Corbett is purely on the defensive, Apostoli is barging in, punching, punching—yet unable to bring down an apparently thoroughly whipped Corbett. Then suddenly the veteran lashes out with both hands and he has Apostoli covering up at the bell.

Corbett is out for the tenth and springing in with the desperate, two-handed closing flurry that is typical of him. For three solid minutes Corbett throws punches—punches that do not hurt the rockbound youngster—but punches that are points on scorecards. Fred retaliates hard with both hands into the body but the Corbett attack is flashier and Irwin, impressed, hoists the soggy right glove of the Fresno family man as a sentimental crowd applauds its battered hero.

How Corbett carries on with legs apparently gone, one eye tightly shut, and his defense being shattered by Fred's slugging wallops, is nothing short of miraculous. How he can come out for that 10th and throw a leather barrage for three hour-long minutes—How he can take and give in kind as he does—How—? Well, it's Young Corbet III, and he's been surprising the boys for quite some time now—the old cutie.

Earlier in the month, that man came to our town and went through his paces at the spacious Civic Auditorium before a packed house of 10,000 of the faithful. "That man" being none other than Henry Armstrong, featherweight champion of this man's world, and the chocolate-colored buzzsaw flattened our Al Citrino in the fourth round after flooring him about 13 times with his murderous, two-fisted attack. Citrino had nothing but gameness and that alone isn't quite enough to offset the champion who throws dynamite until thar's nothin' left to throw it at. Armstrong is best described as being simply terrific and it'll have to be a lot of fighter that brings a halt to the kinky-haired knockerouter from St. Louis. The Citrino affair shouldn't have been allowed to go into the third round, so obvious was Armstrong's superiority.

Jackie Jurich's claim to the American flyweight championship suffered a depreciation in value when he blew a duke to Little Dado, newest Filipino importation in a 10-round go at the Oakland Auditorium before 10,000 fans. Dado was too strong and punched too hard for the slight, speedy Jurich and it would look as though Filipino fans have another idol to follow in the footsteps of Pancho Villa, Clever Sencio and Speedy Dado.

Phil Brubaker, the hard-socking ex-parson from Dinuba, furthered his comeback attempt quite a bit by stiffening towering Hank Hankinson in exactly 55 seconds with a vicious left hook to the jaw. If nothing else, Master Brubaker is punching harder than he ever did, and it wouldn't be so very surprising if the young man hits the top again.

"Texas Jack" Thompson, Tommy Cello's light-heavyweight, spotted tough Domingo Valin of Haywards some 15 pounds and gave him a nifty boxing lesson over the 10-round route. Thompson has a veddy nifty left hand and looked very good.

"Newsboy" Joe Gavras, Norman Smiley's rugged lightweight, won the city lightweight championship by giving Lester Marston a 10-round walloping at the Dreamland Auditorium before a small gathering. On the same card, Eddie Booker John Burdick's undefeated colored welterweight from San Jose, shellacked veteran Andy Callahan of Boston in 10 episodes and Henry Woods, flashy colored lightweight from Yakima, Wash., impressed with a nice win over 10 frames against Johnny Fasano of North Beach, who outweighed him by 10 pounds.

HERE 'N THERE—Young Mr. Hostak of Seattle, whom we believe can really hit, laid out "Swede" Berglund of San Diego among the petunias in two rounds of their Seattle meeting . . . . Hostak is coming fast . . . . "Newsboy" Millich, a rugged Soviet from Sacramento, turned in two nice wins during the month, walloping "Red" O'Malley at his home town, and coming to San Francisco to outbox big Bob LaRue in a National Hall top . . . . Al Manfredo of Fresno outpointed "Chief" Paris, Oklahoma Indian, in a 10-rounder at Fresno . . . . They are welter weights.

Henry Hook broke even in two California starts, losing to young Joe Roche, San Francisco bantam, in a tenner at Modesto, and then coming on to trounce Kui Kong Young, Japanese southpaw, over six frames at National Hall locally . . . . On the Hook-Young card, Horace Mann, San Jose bantamweight, who not so long ago was rated among the best, had a tough time getting a draw with Little Caesar, a so-so Filipino . . . . Dave Lefton, Tommy Cello's good-looking protégé from Aberdeen, Wash., came from behind to get an even break with Danny LaVerne at San Jose . . . . Holman Williams, Detroit colored welterweight, impressed as a very nifty performer when he shellacked the rugged Jimmy Berres of Sacramento in a six-round semi-windup to the Armstrong-Citrino holocaust . . . . The fighting Lunny brothers, respective creams of the local amateur colony, turned in nice wins at a special Olympic Club . . . . Ray, a sweetheart of a boxer, trimmed Vern Bybee, 1937 Golden Gloves champion, while the younger Jackie pasted Frank Pennisi for a thee-I-sing and took a decisive nod after four rounds . . . . Dick Foster will be right up there if and when he gets over Ken Overlin at Dreamland, which bout is not far off as this is being pecked out . . . . From all reports, Gunnar Barlund did a very neat job on the younger Baer . . . . Following his win over Apostoli, Young Corbett is recognized as world middleweight ruler by the state commish led by Mr. George Payne . . . . Corbett is hot after a crack at Steele's crown.

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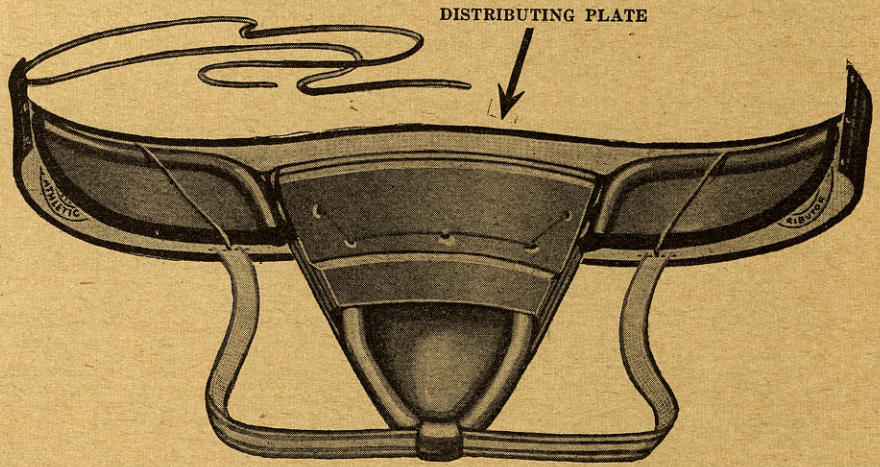

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BOXING IN BRITISH HONDURAS

By MIKE GARBUTT

KID HARTLEY and Tiger Hamilton arrived by *S. S. Connector* Jan. 24th.

Defending the middleweight title of British Honduras, Sam Bill 151 lbs., gained a victory over Johnnie Higgins of Miami, Florida. Higgins landed his big Bertha after one minute and twenty seconds of the 1st round. Bill arose at the count of eight and took the decision.

Young Jim Flowers and Kid Verdugo, of Spanish Honduras, caused very little thrills. Flowers added him to his already long list when Verdugo failed to answer the bell starting the 4th.

A packed theatre with very little standing room turned out to see Kid Hartley 128 lbs., and Wishy Jones 134 lbs., fight ten hard rounds. Jones got the decision of one judge and the ref thought that a draw should have been given. Hartley is a credit to the manly art and to Jamaica boxing.

The Bill-Higgins return bout was the greatest flop seen in this country. Luckily for the fans the other two cards were good, hand-shaking marred the progress of the fight. Sam Bill was awarded the decision.

Wishy Jones gained a decisive victory over Ray Codera the Mexican rubber man.

In the semi-finals, young Jim Flowers stole the show by stopping Kid Dominica in the 4th round. The victory was impressive. Flowers is making steady improvement under the management of Mr. LaCroix.

Tiger Hamilton, Jamaica welter, made his professional debut at the Palace against Kid Koffey, the Cuban bearcat, who is making a comeback. The Cuban got home one of his haymakers after 1 min. 42 secs. of the 1st round. Hamilton mounted his Raleigh (bicycle) for the remainder of the fight and left Koffey content himself with the unanimous verdict.

Young Jim Flowers gained a classic point victory over young Tiger Hamilton after six heated rounds.

BOXING IN CUBA

By MILT BARON

YOUNG SOUVAL, Cuban soldier, is the newly crowned lightweight champion of Cuba, by virtue of a 12-round decision over Joe Coego. Coego and Souval are both southpaws, and the evenly fought contest gave the packed arena a thrill for their money.

Rene Sanchez, Cuban welter of note, who once ruled as king of his division, won a 10-round decision over Kid Bradad, also of Cuba. It was a speedily fought contest, and both men received heavy applause.

Kid Chocolate, Cuba's greatest fighter, and world's ex-champion featherweight and junior lightweight, is getting into splendid shape for his tilt with Fillo Echeverria of Spain. Pincho Gutierrez, his mentor, plans to tour the U.S.A., and has some good bouts signed up for the Kid. Fillo will give the Kid a tough battle, as the Spaniard is a rugged little fighter.

Mariano Arrilla, Spanish bantam, won over Kid Jabao of Cuba in 10 rounds at Sagua la Grande. Pancho Villa lost a four-rounder to Chino Mercado, but gave a good account of himself. Manolo Gomez drew in six steaming rounds with Valentin Pedroso of the Cuban navy. Both southpaws put up a hectic battle and received the applause of the packed stadium.

Jimmy White, corking middleweight, is here in town and will be seen in several bouts against local lads who are in the limelight. In his workouts, White has shown class, and looks like he's going to be a popular man around this town.

Goyo Rico, Cuba's star heavyweight, will have it out with Fred Malibran at a benefit show for the heavyweight championship of Cuba. Goyo has a mighty wallop and knows boxing.

IN HAWAII

By FRANK S. FUJIMOTO

HONOLULU—In the first bout of the year, Mark Choo offered a grand card on paper but failed to produce thrills that were expected when Kid Moro took a close ten-round decision from Buenaventura de Guzman at the Civic Auditorium.

Henry Moreno of New Orleans crashed home a hard right to the jaw of Cris Crispin to dump him for a count of five in the fourth round, but was able to gain only a draw verdict. Al Silvano beat Joey Carreira, Kid Waianae T.K.O.'ed Young Goldie in the second heat, Benny Visayan T.K.O.'ed Johnny Cabanila in two heats, and Baby Samson won from Hilo Francisco. Crowd of only 2,500 attended the card.

Honolulu—Before a packed house of more than 4,000 fans, Kid Moro again graced the hero role by taking a ten-round decision from California Joe Rivers, recently from the mainland. Rivers hit 136 and Moro at 134 pounds.

Anson Rego went down to defeat in a close eight-round bout to Flashy Sebastian. Flashy floored the Portuguese boy twice in the first canto and again in the second round. Rego made a gallant stand during the close of the rounds, but the lead accumulated by the Fil was too much to overcome.

Little Reynes defended his flyweight crown by winning a technical kayo in the sixth round over Toy Tamanaha, a newcomer. Joey Rosenberg finished Kid Javellana in three rounds with a hard blow to the midsection. Joey Carreira stopped Kid Visayan in the third heat. Frank Torres kayoed Henry Gloring in the last round.

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UPS 'N' DOWNS IN MIAMI

By KEN FERGUSON

QUITE naturally, Ben Brown's loss to Gus Lesnevich, highly ranked Jersey Russian light-heavyweight, takes precedence over other Miami attractions during the last twelvemonth, inasmuch as Brown is Dixie's leading pugilist. Lesnevich decisioned Ben in 10 rounds at Captain W. H. Peeples, Jr.'s, swanky Coral Gables Coliseum after Brown had knocked out Texas Joe Dundee at the Armory in a warmup match.

Ben was ahead on points going into the ninth round when he tired at the fast pace and weakened to lose the last two rounds decisively. There were no alibis forthcoming from the Brown camp following the decision. But Ben Brown was definitely overtrained for that fight. And his unfamiliarity with the ten-round route definitely lessened his chances with the rugged Lesnevich. Brown has been bowling over minor league opposition in two and three rounds.

It must be remembered that Ben Brown took on a light-heavyweight in the person of Mr. Lesnevich, one who is not far from the champion's rung in his division, and it may be that Ben will stick to middleweight competition from now on out. We'll see what we'll see. But there are a lot of Crackers living north and south of Flagler Street who think Mrs. Brown's boy can whip Mrs. Lesnevich's kid any time they meet.

And up at West Palm Beach a capacity crowd watched two light-heavyweight Leviathans meet over the 15-round distance in a bruising, slashing fight which was in doubt until the last three rounds. Tony Celli, Boston bulldog, and Bill Gore's Chinese monkey gland man, Ralph Chong, were the principals and Tony Celli was awarded the decision and the hundred dollar added purse as winner. Chong and Celli had cleaned up all available opposition at West Palm Beach and the match was a "natural." Box seats were sold out long before initial gong time.

Melio Bettina, New York light-heavy, knocked out old Bob Godwin in another Palm Beach main event. That fight signified the end of a great southern fighter's career, one that extended throughout arenas in all parts of the country.

Johnny Risko, ye olde rubber man of Way Back When, blasted young George Brown of Texas into the Land of Nod in three rounds at Miami Beach and then made the mistake of taking on Jack Dempsey's rough and ready Red Burman at Cap Peeple's Coliseum. The ancient Johnny was lucky to last the route against a foe who waded in and sank ponderous right hands into the blubbery Risko stomach. Such tactics would have been fatal a decade ago but the 1928 model is a bit antedated now.

Another Coliseum show found Petey Sarron, your erstwhile featherweight champion, administering a thorough boxing lesson to promising young Bobby Britton over the 10-round distance. Petey hit Bobby every place it was legal to do so, even to the mole on the back of his right shoulder. And Yucatan Kid was matched with another ancient in Lou Jallos of Cleveland at Weinberg Twin's Armory Arena in a fight which was a travesty upon an unsuspecting public. Jallos is definitely through as a pugilist and he bounced gamely off the canvas to his feet several times to face the Mexican's siege gun right hand. It ended in round three.

Captain Peeples is now attempting to match the hard hitting Kid with Petey Sarron. Yucatan has beaten Norment Quarles and Tommy Speigal in his previous major league starts.

He was matched to fight Joey Zodda of New York at Miami Beach but his manager, Rolando Herrera, refused to allow the Kid to enter the arena when Zodda weighed in one pound overweight. As matters turned out, Herrera outsmarted himself because Joey Raymond, Tampa lightweight, outgunned Zodda in 10 rounds, and Raymond is admittedly no Yucatan Kid. The Mexican "cutied" himself out of a $300 guarantee in that one, although he was technically within his rights.

Joey Raymond was matched with Dale Gardner's Snag Trowbridge, lanky Palm Beach destroyer, following Raymond's defeat of Zodda, and the Snagger edged Raymond out in a great fight.

Wishy Jones, classy Louisville lightweight, returned from British Honduras with the scalps of Kid Hartley, lightweight champion of Jamaica, and National Kid, Nicaraguan champ, dangling from his belt. Jones is one of the country's best lightweights. He has beaten Orville Drouillard, Georgie Hansford, and Galitto Ramiriz among others. Johnny Higgins, a middleweight veteran from Iowa, accompanied Jones and fought two great fights with Sam Bill, Honduras middleweight king. Johnny dropped decisions twice but he had the tough Bill on the canvas several times. And it's rumored that Sam Bill, who had a reputation of standing up between rounds in his corner, called for the stool when he fought Higgins.

Win Lambert, Duluth middleweight, outpointed Johnny Paulus, Jersey Greek, in a good club fight on the same card, and Johnny Cedar, a new face in Miami from Erie, Pennsylvania, got off to an auspicious start when he flattened the crafty Bobby Sylvester in five rounds. Cedar has knocked out nine of his ten initial professional opponents. He packs a terrific punch in either hand.

Leo Kavanagh, Sarasota promoter, has done yeoman duty with that club in elevating it into the six-hundred-dollar class, considering the size of the town.

Jose Estrada lost to Percy Watson in one main event there. Ceal Yancey and Joey Raymond went to a 10-round draw in another top billing, and Paul Greenwood was awarded an unpopular decision over Bobby Sylvester in another. Prior to that, Greenwood stiffened Young Pop Hardee in four rounds.

Irish Johnny Dean, Philadelphia's perpetual motion 140-pounder, twice victor over Bobby Britton, was inactive last month due to ear injuries suffered in the last Britton match. Johnny is one of Miami's favorite sons.

PALM BREEZES—Merchants in Sarasota give the main bout winner a prize of a case of beer, something new to well conditioned athletes . . . . Little Clarence King, Palm Beach youthful lightweight, impresses with his boxing ability and punch . . . . Ralph Chong, New Orleans Chinese middleweight, became a married man a month ago, marrying a Memphis girl . . . . Kid Lovett, Negro heavyweight champion of Florida, may try his luck around Sioux City, Iowa, this summer, his manager, B. T. Pate, informs us . . . . And good natured, rotund Dave Weiss, Brooklyn undertaker, leaves for New York shortly following two months of vacationing on the Beach . . . . Al Ketchel, St. Petersburg promoter, has built that club to fair proportions in this, his first year . . . . Tampa, howeyer, is still a problem . . . . Tony Cancela, former heavyweight of ability, is now wrestling in Miami . . . . Red McLachlan, who fought Stribling and other greats years ago, is now a deputy in the Miami area . . . . And Gus Campbell runs a gas station . . . . Cap Peeples will be idle during March out at the Coliseum while the Roller Derby holds sway . . . . A Lesnevich-Brown rematch may materialize in April after the dog tracks close . . . . The same goes for a Yucatan Kid-Petey Sarron fight . . . . Hialeah's horses are playing to record crowds as are the numerous dog tracks and Dick Berenson's Biscayne Fronton Jai-Alai . . . . Mike Jacobs' gigantic Ice Carnival featuring Sonja Henie and her Hollywood Troupe outdoors in the Orange Bowl in Miami was a huge success . . . . Crowds of 15,000 people turned out on four nights, proving that Arctic in the Tropics had the tremendous appeal we anticipated it would . . . . The ice sheet was protected from Florida's sun by a canvas canopy in the daytime.

Stanley Porado, Detroit lightweight, went on a winning splurge in Palm Beach rings and is undefeated at present in semi-finals . . . . He whipped Frankie Fischer of Quebec, Toby Scroggins of Augusta, Georgia, and Herb Fischer of Quebec . . . . He drew with Joey Green of Washington, D. C., in a great slugfest on the Celli-Chong card . . . . Pete Sumpter, Augusta lightweight, whipped Spike Spangler and Tesser Hall in eight rounders at the Armory and lost to Pete Leto's promising New Orleans kid, Jerome Comforte, at West Palm Beach . . . . Comforte also licked Spike Spangler at Miami Beach.

Ben Brown whaled the tar out of veteran Al Diamond of Philadelphia in half of a double windup at the Coral Gables Coliseum in his first start following the Lesnevich affair. Brown cuffed Diamond around the ring at will and looked his old self again, coming down the home stretch in the ninth and tenth rounds as strong as a bull. Ben staggered Al several times with hard lefts and rights to the head.

But Yucatan Kid was very, very fortunate to get the nod over fast stepping Paul (Tennessee) Lee, Indiana 128-pounder, who made excellent use of a good left hand. This match also went 10 rounds. Lee maneuvered the Mexican out of position constantly to keep away from his potent right hand. The decision was roundly booed.

Watching Joe Knight working out in the gym we were immediately impressed with his new spirit, a serious-minded Knight for the first time in years, in fact, the first serious aspect Joe has given to the boxing game since he was robbed of a rightful win over Maxie Rosenbloom in a title shot several years ago. Joe Knight is still young, being 27 years old, and he reported for gym duty weighing 175 pounds as a result of his laborious construction work, pursued for the past few years. He is a married man now with a family.

We will be glad to answer any questions concerning the sports picture in Florida if a self-addressed, stamped envelope is enclosed.

Write Ken Ferguson, Box 448, Hollywood-by-Sea, Florida.

HEARD AND SEEN IN MICHIGAN

By MICKEY McINTIRE

JIMMY ADAMICK, Michigan's kayo king, made his Madison Square Garden début and though he failed to flatten the pride of Eagle Bend, Minn., the rough and ready Harry Thomas, he managed to punch out a unanimous decision. Adamick whipped Natie Brown, cagy clouter from Washington, D. C., in their ten rounder at the Olympic in Detroit.

Joe Doty, veteran lightweight, turned in two important wins when he copped decisions over Teddy Dickerson and Ralph Barnett. Doty is becoming a favorite at Bert Lambs' Fairview club.

Bobby McIntire surprised when he easily defeated Irish Charley Burns, seasoned socker from Johnstown, Pa., in a six rounder at the Rainbow Fronton in Chicago. Burns formerly ranked high in the lightweight class, and only recently put up a swell fight with Lou Ambers in St. Louis. On the same card Sammy Chivas, Detroiter, was stopped in the eighth by Johnny Barbara, a swell welter from South Bend, Indiana.

Natie Brown came through with a sensational victory when he flattened Lorenzo Pack in the tenth and final round of a headliner at Arena Gardens. The knockout climaxed a rough brawl in which both fighters bled profusely.

Al Nettlow was in Florida the past month but didn't box there. On his return to the north Nettlow tangled with Irish Jimmy Vaughan at Marigold Gardens in Chicago, the result being a draw.

Bobby Wood, classy Flint redhead, returned to the ring after a layoff of over a year, and showed that he is still a swell 130-pound prospect, by turning in two grand fights. His first a sixer with Eddie Scott, lanky stylist from Ann Arbor, resulted in a swell setto, and in his next time out Wood really got going winning a popular decision over Gene Barrett, willing battler from Roger Bernard's stable. Since going with Johnny MacIntyre, Wood seems to have taken a new lease on life, and will cause plenty of trouble for the best of the 130-pounders.

Billy Bengal, terrific hitting Detroit 150-pounder, turned in a sterling triumph when he technically kayoed Dave Egan, former amateur star, in the sixth round of a Fairview headliner. It marked Egan's first defeat as a pro.

Frank Egan, murderous punching southpaw lightweight, slugged his way to a hard earned victory over George Riley, rangy colored veteran, at the Fairview Gardens. Egan was down in the second round, but rose to win handily. Frank Egan is about the hardest hitting body puncher we have seen.

Bobby McIntire, Michigan's leading lightweight journeyed to Toronto twice in the past month, each time coming through with a nice performance. In his first appearance he treated Joey Bagnato, Toronto favorite, to his first defeat since turning pro. Two weeks later McIntire defeated Billy Lee, rugged Indian puncher from Vancouver, Reno, and points west.

Red Casson, Detroit 122-pounder, who has clashed with some of the best in the business, is boxing again, and although plenty rusty from his long layoff, did well against the hard hitting Angelo Callura, though losing the decision.

George Burnette, Dave Knight's middleweight ace, took a tough "nut" when he whipped Frankie Hughes, Terre Haute's 155-pound terror, at South Bend, Ind. In the semi-final Ralph Barnett, pugnacious Detroit lightweight stopped Don Swartz of Terre Haute.

SOUTHERN OHIO JABS

By J. JIMMIE AMANN

BUDDY KNOX, Dayton's "white hope" heavyweight, added two more victims to his fast rising list. Buddy knocked out Joe Malinkey in five heats and then followed through with a ten globe decision over Eddie Boyle. Both bouts were held in Dayton, Ohio. S.R.O. sign was flipped over the arena entrance at both shows.

Much of Knox's rise in the game is claimed by Oscar Koff. The former Cincinnati lightweight brought Buddy along and has developed the Daytonite into a serious contender for world's title honors. The outdoor season will probably find Buddy fighting two or three of the "first ten."

The Gem City seems to be taking all of the play away from the other southern Ohio towns. Dayton, besides Knox also has Bobby Kraft, a light heavy; Jack Delaney, welter and Al Wardlow a hard punching junior light heavyweight. Kraft decisioned Kid Edmundson in an eight stanza scrap; Wardlow flattened Young Whiteford in less than a full session and Delaney drew with the much more experienced Gene Luker in an eighter.

Cincinnati will get back on the map with some major fistic attractions by the time this goes to press. With Herman Katz definitely back in the promotion line with Henry Armsrong scheduled to make a March appearance and Katz scouting for suitable heavyweight talent for Don Koons the Hamilton blaster, Cinci dyed in wool fight fans will be sure to see some snappy battling before warm weather hits these climes.

Koons helped train Carmen Barth for his Freddy Steele go in Cleveland and Barth, according to reports helped considerably to brush up the instructions Doc Shevlin and Whitey Eckwert gave the former collegian, while on the coast last fall.

Mickey Kilcher, Cleveland fight mentor, is in the heavyweight race with Jack Munroe a big six footer. Kilcher's protege middleweight George Baratko punched out a winner over Harold Dettman in the ten bell semi windup to the Steele-Barth mill at Cleveland.

South Bend, Ind.: George Burnette, Chicago, won the ten round decision over King Wyatt, Ft. Wayne, Indiana.

Around the Square with the Punchers and their Pilots . . . . Mickey Kilcher punches through that his middie ace, George Baratko would have kayoed Harold Dettman if their ten round go had been scheduled longer on the Steele T.K.O. over Barth in seven at Cleveland . . . . Herb Gilmore, Fred Batsche's featherweight ace, followed through from a decision over Lloyd Pine in trimming Billy Ferris of Brooklyn . . . . three heats was the limit for the easterner . . . . Johnny Stevens took a verdict for George Dixon 2nd on the Armstrong-Rightmire bill in Chi . . . . Soldier Maguire, Fort Thomas, Ky., lightweight, looks like the goods . . . . the Army boy beat Jerry Martin in eight circulars in one of his last times to the bat . . . . Franky Canzoneri, hustling New York fight manager, bulletins that all visiting fighters and those interested in coming east to contact him at his new headquarters, the National Gym, 158 West 125th St., New York City . . . . Canzoneri's welter ace, Young Gene Buffalo kayoed Jimmy Jones in eight stanzas on a recent Philadelphia program . . . . watch Sammy Taormina, Joe Basco's Italian bantam . . . . Sammy knocked out Pancho Valdez, rugged Mexican in one heat on Barberton's big show . . . . aces to Eddie Johnson, Fred Batsche's assistant . . . . Eddie knows the game to the Q . . . . and a real fellow to work with . . . . Sammy Taormina, sensational Barberton, O., bantam knocked out Orville Willoughy in five rounds at Akron . . . . Bobby Roberts, Akron light heavyweight, is looking better with every start . . . . Cincinnati might get a new spacious Municipal Auditorium if present plans work out okay . . . . Joe Schaglyi, Detroit welterweight is challenging all of the leaders in his division . . . . Jimmy Dell, Louisville promoter is seeking Bob Pastor to top his Kentucky Derby Eve show on May 6th . . . . Pat Wright, former Cincinnatian, is the new matchmaker at Miami Beach . . . . the writer would like to hear from all live wire managers who wish to keep tab on complete results of boxing all over the country . . . . the writer is innovating a new service of this type for promoters and managers . . . . you can contact the writer . . . . Jimmy Amann, 2810 Sidney Avenue, Cincinnati, Ohio.

AKRON, O: Gorilla Jones, Akron, won on technical knockout in eight rounds over Johnny Davis, Louisville; Sammy Taormina, Barberton, stopped Orville Willoughby in five; Johnny Taormina decision over Troy Bellini in six; Bobby Roberts stopped Bruce Britt.

HOLYOKE NEWS

By GEORGE KID ROSS

BILLY "BANGER" IRBY, of Alabama, is boxing very often in the southland, and winning consistently. He K.O.'ed Red Goss in four rounds, Frankie Simms in three rounds, decisioned Johnny Winslo, Jim Bowden and Barney Brock. Irby is a young heavy, who has fought on three championship cards winning the three fights. Irby will be seen soon in the New England rings, as he has signed with the writer.

Donald "Red" Barry is still on the warpath and would like to get a few bouts with the big heavies. Barry is not as fast as he used to be but feels confident he can come back as he has just turned twenty-four.

Mickey Makar, of New Jersey, won a ten round decision over Wickey Harkins. Harkins hurt his hand in the fourth round. Eddie Hass, of Worcester, won over Larry Teane, of Meriden in a six. Eddie Carroll, of Lowell, won a close decision over Oscar Suggs. Joey Dillon of Meriden, won over Eddie Schaeffer, of New Jersey, in a six rounder. Roy Carvell, of Springfield, started his pro debut with a K.O. win over Harry Thomas of New Haven.

Mike Frattini, of Italy, won a decision over Lew Raymond, of Baltimore, in ten rounds. Freddie Pease scored a technical K.O. over Jerry O'Neil, of New Haven, in the third round. Eddie Reed, of Hartford, won over Willie Dorenzo of Albany, N. Y., in six rounds. Unknown Morgan, of Hartford, technically K.O.'ed Frank Leonard, of Syracuse, in the fourth round of a six. Sammy Maltempo, of Meriden, won on a technical K.O. in the third from Terry Rogers. Maltempo outweighed Rogers ten pounds. Manny Almeida, of Providence, attended the show. Almeida is promoting in Providence. Phil Pugliese of North Adams, refereed the show.

Elmer Ciccone, of Schenectady, now runs a newsroom and confectionery store in that city at 1022 Crane Street. Elmer has retired after 188 professional bouts. He was never knocked out in over twelve years of boxing.

Cocoa Kid, of New Haven, won over Gordon Wallace, of Vancouver, in a ten round bout. Eddie Hass won over Snooks Lacey of New Haven, in a six. Oscar Suggs, of Newport, won over Charley Gordon, of Boston, in six. Roy Carvell won over Teddy Morris of Boston.

Vittorio Venturi, of Italy, won over Wickey Harkins in ten rounds before a crowd of around five hundred spectators. Perhaps the small crowd was the cause of Venturi's failure to extend himself.

Tommy Brouillard, of Worcester, won over Lou Lima, of New Bedford, in a six. Doug Murchie, of North Adams, had the best of a six rounder with Bill Connerty, of Boston, but received a draw. Babe Beattie, of Worcester, Maurice Lamoine's new prospect, won a six rounder over Johnny Duarte of Providence.

Bobby Little, of Holyoke, turning pro, defeated Art Lloyd, of Maine, by a K.O. in the second round.

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IN THE NEW JERSEY CORNER

By I. Q. GROSS

THE writer has a list of boxing clubs and promoters in New Jersey which will prove valuable to managers and boxers. Send twenty-five cents in coin to the writer whose address is listed below . . . . WISH DEPARTMENT: That Ray Caffrey, Elizabeth sportsman, comes up with a position worthy of his fine ability soon . . . . The Tony Galentos are readying a layette for the expected bambino . . . . New Jersey fans are anxiously awaiting to see Tippy Larkin of Garfield meet Billy Beauhuld of Jersey City but they will have to wait until summer when it will probably draw $10,000.

THE MAILMAN KEEPS BUSY:

Tom Savino, Ossining, N. Y.—Some fighters are willing to send their autographed pictures. You can reach them by writing to the gyms where they train.

Jimmy Phillips, Abington, Tenn.—Since you have limited experience our best advice to you is to continue boxing around Memphis until you have a better record. Keep punching!

Sylvester Davis, Worcester, Mass.—We have turned your letter over to Teddy Williams of the Arena Gym, 104 Mulberry Street, Newark. He will try to help you.

Paul Levits, High Bridge, N. J.—Fighters wishing help from the writer should be those who like to fight and who have plenty of courage. If you have those traits your letter is welcome.

John A. Hogan, New Haven, Conn.—A willing fighter can always make money. A quitter won't make a dime. If you are serious about fighting and will pay attention to your business the writer will help you.

Heinz Volkmer, Gruenberg, Germany.—Your letters are always appreciated. We join you in hoping that some day soon you will be able to come to the greatest country in the world, the grand U.S.A.!

Steve Yasko, Honolulu, Hawaii.—So you expect to be out of the army in July, 1939? We can give you advice on boxing but it would be better if you buy Nat Fleischer's books, *"How to Box"* and *"How to Train"* from The Ring magazine. They are the best books on the subject in circulation.

Ray Miller, Newark Negro light heavyweight, made rapid strides by flattening Wally Sears of Minersville, Pa., in the first round of an eight rounder at Newark in an upset and then going on to decision Frank Zamaris, of Orange, in ten rounds at the same club two weeks later. Miller got his start under the handling of Sunny Banks, popular Newark manager . . . . Mickey Makar of Bayonne continues to win at Holyoke. His latest victim there in an eight rounder was Wickey Harkins of Philadelphia . . . . Buster Hardy of Newark, managed by the astute Hughie Gartland and Pete Van, returned to action after a long suspension when he outpointed the veteran Jay Macadon of South Orange in eight at Newark . . . . Macadon came back later to trim Roosevelt Rowe in Atlantic City.

SUCCESS STORY: What a difference time makes! Two years ago when we were in Miami Beach we formed a committee of one to welcome Gus Lesnevich, New Jersey light heavyweight from Cliffside, and his manager, Joe Vella. Gus and Joe were financially embarrassed and Gus pleaded for a fight with the local promoters for two weeks before he got a six round assignment in the preliminaries with a boy named Billy Hood from Orlando, Fla. Gus won the decision but injured his hand and to add insult to injury he received a mere $25 for his trouble.

Lesnevich couldn't get another battle in Florida so he headed for California where he climbed rapidly into the top ranks of the light heavyweight division. But Gus and Joe never forgot the sands of Miami Beach where they once lingered without funds. So during the last month they returned there and Gus proceeded to burst the Ben Brown bubble when he trounced the Southern light heavyweight champion from Atlanta, Ga., in ten rounds at the nearby Coral Gables Coliseum. Gus then flattened Jack Kirkland of Wichita, Kansas, in the first round at the Miami Beach Ocean Arena in the main bout at the same club where two years before he was lucky to fight in a preliminary for pin money!

Jim Woodruff, Nutley sailor man, has returned from California with a welterweight, Ernie (Spider) Hewitt, also fighting as Willie Fool . . . . Manny Tillman, Jewish lightweight from Newark and brother of Harry Jacobs, is back in action under the new name of Harvey Jacobs and is doing well in sixes . . . . Newark has four good boxing writers in Joe Donovan of the *Ledger*, Willie Ratner of the *News*, Anthony Marenghi of the *Star Eagle* and Gus Falzer of the *Sunday Call* . . . . Sam Rose, popluar Newark fight manager, is still looking for a good heavyweight, while his pal, Harry Rapaport, suns himself by the blue and green waters of the Gulf stream on the sands of Miami Beach.

PUNCHING THE BAG—Frank Zamaris may not look so good in his Newark fights but he does very well in Philadelphia rings. After losing to Stan Hasrato and Ray Miller in Newark Frankie stopped Frank Donofrio for the third time in the first round at Philadelphia . . . . *To Farmer Joe Marlin, Souderton, Pa.*—Send along your fight record if you wish to show here and remember you must be willing to pay your own traveling expenses . . . . Six Second Powell of Plainfield lost a decision to Heywood Storey in Portland, Maine.

Paul Cortlyn, Newark welterweight, scored another upset when he decisioned Ercole Buratti of Italy in eight rounds at St. Nick's in New York . . . . Frankie Blair drew with Lambertine Williams of Baltimore in an eight rounder at Lancaster . . . . Joe Wagner won a close ten round decision over Nick Young, of Philadelphia, at Laurel Garden, Newark . . . . Ralph Lenny, Union City lightweight, essaying a comeback, outpointed Jimmy Cogman and Jack Sheppard of Philly, in six rounders in Newark . . . . Willie Harris of Newark and Bobby Carroll of Trenton were eliminated in the late rounds of the Golden Gloves tournament in New York.

Joe Donovan of the Newark *Ledger* spent his vacation on the golf courses and race tracks in Miami. Another visitor to the Magic City was Izzy Rapaport, Newark lawyer, who spent much time with his brother, Harry, fight manager, who hasn't missed a year in Florida since the World War . . . . Hope Sayles, pretty Chatham lassie, is one of the country's leading women authorities on fights. She never misses an important battle and knows many battlers personally.

POSTMAN RINGS TWICE:

Sinclair Potter, Greenville, Texas.—If you are willing to pay your own traveling expenses you may be able to get a start here. Your letter will be turned over to a local manager.

D. W. Chester, Surrey, England.—We're always glad to hear from foreign readers. Nat Fleischer of The Ring has a supply of pictures. Wrestlers don't take the punishment you may think. They know how to fall on the mat and use various tricks the crowd can't see to escape punishment. Wrestling, as conducted in the U.S.A. today, should be considered an exhibition and not a sport. Please give our best regards to Ted Broadribb, a real gentleman whom we respect, and his pleasing fighter, George Daly.

Passaic has blossomed out as a successful fight center mainly because of the fine work of Angelo Pucci of Nutley. They turned 'em away in the first show in which Johnny Rohrig of Clifton defeated Sammy Santillo of Paterson and Tippy Larkin of Garfield stopped Jackie Stewart of Paterson. In the second show Freddy (Red) Cochrane of Elizabeth came through with a surprise victory over the fast rising Rohrig in a ten round bout. In the six round semi final Johnny O'Keefe of Garfield attempted a comeback by fighting a draw with Joey Ryan of Roselle Park . . . . Joey's brother, Buddy, was beaten by Dave Clark in a six on the Louis-Mann show at the Madison Square Garden.

Newark fighters took to the road when Tony Fisher, only a shell of his former self, knocked out Tom Steele of Baltimore in the second round of a ten at Salisbury, N. C. On the same card Eddie Capanna, expert at the "Big Apple," outpointed Rough House Smith of Kannapolish, N. C., in eight rounds . . . . Red Cochrane drew with Mickey Duca of Paulsboro in eight rounds at Wilmington, Del.

Camden's two star welterweights, Frankie Blair, and Johnny Lucas, recently tasted defeats. Blair's colors were lowered to Fritzie Zivic in ten rounds at Pittsburgh and Lucas bowed to Sarverio Turiello in Washington in ten . . . . Mickey Moran is helping Joe Grace manage Danny Tauriello, brilliant Newark amateur, who continues to win in sensational style . . . . New Jersey possesses the finest training camps in the world. Joe Louis trained at Doc Bier's camp in Pompton Lakes and Nathan Mann prepared at Madame Bey's in Summit while the Baers, Max and Buddy, took advantage of the facilities at Lakewood.

DOWN CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Paulie Walker of Trenton pounded out a decision over Tony Ciaccio of Norristown at Harrisburg where the club is run by the grand old man of sportsdom, Dick Curley . . . . Be prepared for an important announcement from Willie Hilberg of Newark, who promotes boxing at the Ocean View A.A. in Long Branch during the summer. Hilberg is a real sportsman and he knows the game thoroughly . . . . Don Petrin, the Newark heavyweight, will return to the ring during the summer, according to his brother, Emmett, who says Don now weighs around the 200 mark. Petrin has been engaged in the tavern business since his last fight.

Fighters who love to fight can find plenty of action in New Jersey and New York if they will write *I. Q. Gross, 68 Huntington Terrace, Newark, N. J.* Enclose complete fight records, personal history, pictures and self addressed stamped envelopes for reply. Fighters must have some ability and plenty of courage to make good here.

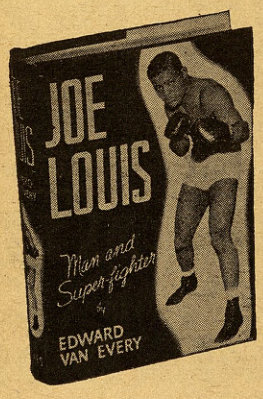
Was it Hans Steinke, the wrestler, we saw playing the part of a pirate in the picture, *"The Buccaneer"* starring Fredric March? . . . . Wrestling is outdrawing boxing in Newark and the club favorite is the Polish star, Henry Kulkovich . . . . Carl G. Anderson deserves a hand for the fine method he employs in building up amateur boxing talent at the Newark Athletic Club.

RINGSIDE RAMBLINGS: Attractive Adele Kassiwitz of East Orange informs this column that her brother, Chick, is taking boxing lessons from Jim Savage, the former heavyweight star . . . . Adele is now a member of the staff of the Orange *Courier* and likes to attend boxing bouts . . . . At this writing Tony Galento of Orange is contemplating going to Europe in April with Joe Jacobs in order to see Max Schmeling battle Steve Dudas, a New Jersey boy from Edgewater. It seems only a short time ago that we saw Dudas fight in the amateur ranks at the Newark A.C. putting up stirring battles with Norman Barnett of Irvington, who was the pride and joy of Al Thoma, former handler of Steve Hamas.

LEST WE FORGET: Ernie Schaaf, the great heavyweight of a few years ago, has "come home" at last. Schaaf, who possessed the physical proportions of a Greek god, suffered premature death after a battle with Primo Carnera. He was buried in Attleboro, Mass., but now his mother has moved back to Elizabeth, N. J., where the late lamented Ernie was born. Wanting her son to be near her, Mrs. Schaaf had his remains removed to an Elizabeth cemetery so that he again can be close to his boyhood pals and admirers. A sad and touching ending to a great sportsman and a great fighter. May his memory linger on.

Carmen Cook of 270 Frank Street, Bridgeport, Conn., writes he has retired and now is a manager . . . . *To Jack Bayor, Irvington, N. J.*: If you wish to learn how to box see Tom Ross, Arena Gym, 104 Mulberry Street, Newark.

IMPORTANT—Because of the large amount of mail received by this column correspondents must include self addressed stamped envelopes if they wish replies. Letters not including return postage will NOT be answered.



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IOWA, NEBRASKA AND SOUTH DAKOTA SPARKS

By BILL HAWKINS

LAST month we were the guest of Harry Lennon, St. Paul boxing promoter, and his assistant, Billy Colbert, who promoted the non-title bout between John Henry Lewis, light-heavyweight champion, and Freddy Lenhart. While in St. Paul we visited with several old friends, including Tommy O'Loughlin, who is promoting in Minneapolis, Murry McLean, veteran manager, and a host of others. The Twin Cities are the leading boxing centers in this section.

St. Paul, Minn.—A right cross by John Henry Lewis, light-heavyweight champion of the world, put Freddy Lenhart out in the third round after 2 minutes and 50 seconds of vicious fighting. The card attracted 8,000 fans and a $12,000 gate. Red Bruce of Pittsburgh and Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavyweight, battled to a six-round draw; Frankie Androff, Minneapolis heavyweight, knocked out Willie Davis of South Bend, Ind., in six; Marvin Wasson, St. Paul middleweight, won a six-round decision over Claude Wampler of LaCrosse, Wis., Al Bache of Superior, Wis., won from Red Martin, Minneapolis lightweight, in four; Billy McFarland, St. Paul welterweight, won by a T.K.O. over "Coons" Peterson of Eau Claire, in two. Mike Gibbons was third man for the feature event.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Everette Rightmire, Sioux City, Ia., featherweight, scored an impressive 10-round win over Moon Mullins of Chicago. In the semi-windup, Frank Androff, Minneapolis heavy, knocked out Peter Doss of Sioux City in the first round; Russ Wasser, Minneapolis heavy, knocked out Bruno Dooley of Chicago in 1 minute and 44 seconds of the first round; Marvin Wasson, Minneapolis middleweight, gained a win over Cliff Cooms of Superior in four; Paul Atlas, Minneapolis heavy, knocked out Sherwin Bogie of Excelsior, Minn., in the third round, while Stan Savoldie, St. Paul, knocked out Buck Rogers, Minneapolis heavy.

Sioux Falls, So. Dak.—Jimmy Salvatore, Fort Dodge, Ia., featherweight, outpointed Myles Martinez of St. Paul in eight; Glenn Musselman, Fort Dodge middleweight, won over Johnny Dobbins of St. Paul in eight; Harold Burhenn, Sioux Falls lightweight, drew with Pug Barron of Minneapolis; Chet Baugher, St. Paul lightweight, beat Speedy Clayton of Sioux City; Billy McFarland, St. Paul welterweight, scored over Phil Montgomery of Sioux City; Sherald Kennard, Sioux Falls welterweight, knocked out Joe Harsha of Sioux City in four rounds.

Readers, Attention—Please try and have your notes in my hands by the second of each month, and please mail same to either the Sports Department, Sioux City *Tribune*, or our home address, 2206 N. Lafayete Pl., Sioux City, Ia. Thanks.

Omaha, Nebr.—One of the largest crowds of the season turned out to witness the heavyweight fight between Carl Vinciquerra and Paul Hartneck, two Omaha prospects. The bout was a slashing affair all the way, with Vinciquerra taking the decision at the end of six rounds. Red Bruce, Pittsburgh heavyweight, won over Webster Epperson of Sioux Falls in another good bout.

LAST MINUTE SPARKS—Al Manriquez, Sioux City featherweight, dropped a 10-round decision to Leo Rodak at Memphis, Tenn. . .. . The Sioux Cityan took a severe punching about the head, but made every effort to force the fight throughout . . . . A record crowd turned out to see a 50-round boxing card at Kingsley, Ia. . . . . Henry Armstrong, featherweight champion of the world, halted the winning streak of Everette Rightmire, Sioux City featherweight, when he belted the latter out by a T.K.O. . . . . The Sioux City hope made a game stand but was unable to hold up under the punching power of the Negro . . . . A veteran fighter 50 years old made an effort to enter an amateur boxing tournament at Des Moines . . . . He was punched out by a youngster who gained a T.K.O. over him in his first try . . . . Nick Pope, veteran Sioux City fight follower, may enter the field as a promoter.

There are two fighters out here by the name of Andy Miller, and both light-heavyweights . . . . One hails from Minnesota and the other from Iowa . . . . As in such cases it is a pretty hard job to keep the records straight . . . . Babe Barnes, veteran Sioux City featherweight, tips the beam at 160 pounds . . . . Plans for a new gym in Sioux City are in progress . . . . Des Moines, Ia., is coming to the front with several big time cards in the making under the direction of Pinkie George . . . . Omaha, Nebr., is also making a strong bid for fistic honors, along with Sioux Falls, So. Dak. . . . . Sioux City is closed down until the summer months, with nothing certain at this writing . . . . Leo Kimberly, who fought around the Middle West several seasons back, is training hard for a comeback . . . . Gene Tunney, former heavyweight king, made a visit to the Twin Cities . . . Mike Ferrozza is the manager of Freddy Lenhart, and a host of other tough fighters.

Wadena, Minn.—Everette Rightmire of Sioux City won over Jackie Sharkey, Minneapolis featherweight, in eight rounds; Harry Thomas of Eagle Bend, Minn., appeared in a four-round exhibition bout with his brother, Harry Pontius; Sherwin Bogie of Excelsior, Minn., was knocked out by Andy Miller of St. Cloud, Minn., in two heats; Russ Wasser won over Stan Savoldi; Frankie Androff scored a kayo over Buck Rogers in one round.

FLASHES HERE AND THERE—Jimmy Amann of Cincinnati has a dandy little mag called "Fight Flashes" . . . . H. E. Leach of Avoca, Ia., who is 82 years old, has been following the fistic sport since the days of John C. Heenan . . . . Several Iowa cities sent amateur teams to Chicago for the Chicago *Tribune* Golden Gloves Tournament . . . . Regret space will not permit us to publish all amateur results from this section . . . . A boxing card was staged at Allison, Ia.

Minneapolis, Minn.—Henry Armstrong, featherweight king, added Charley Burns of Johnstown, Pa., to his list when he knocked the latter out in the second round of their billed 10-round bout. In the semiwindup, Red Bruce of Pittsburgh, Pa., defeated Andy Miller, Sioux City light-heavy, in six rounds. Miller kept the bout on fairly even terms but had a bad fourth round when he kissed the canvas for short counts. In the other bouts Carl Vinciquerra, Omaha heavyweight, won by a T.K.O. over Webster Epperson of Sioux Falls, So. Dak.; Billy Marquart of Winnipeg knocked out Harry Booker, Chicago lightweight, in the second round; Paul Atlas, Minneapolis heavyweight, defeated Stan Savoldi of Minneapolis in four; Midge Palmer, Minneapolis heavyweight, won by a T.K.O. over Chet Baughers of St. Paul in two; Marvin Wasson, St. Paul, scored a T.K.O. over Lloyd Victor of Minneapolis in two.

Westphalia, Ia.—In a no-decision boxing card, Bob Biffy clashed with Young "Kid" Anderson in a fast fight; Sylvan Wike opposed Francis Peterson in another good match; Young Tony Fruent met Don "Kid" Jensen.

We have had so many requests asking us to carry the results of amateur boxing cards around this section it is our thought that an amateur department devoted exclusively to the youngsters would be another added asset to the good old RING. What do you think, Nat?

Des Moines, Ia.—Rugged Harry Thomas, Eagle Bend, Minn., heavyweight, scored a three-round kayo over Ed "Unknown" Winston of Hartford, Conn., in a billed 10-round bout. Winston made a game fight before he went out.

FANFARE FROM MISSOURI

By ROBERT D. DANA

ALLEN MATTHEWS was Missouri's tough luck fighter of the month. It looked as though St. Louis' Black Dempsey was all set to get a crack at Glen Lee whereupon Steele was stopped by Apostoli and Mr. Lee made other arrangements. There followed rumors from the northwest that Matthews might meet Apostoli in San Francisco. Young Corbett the thrice put an end to that when he trimmed Apostoli and as Corbett showed no inclination toward Matthews last year it is not expected that his enthusiasm will run away with him now; in that direction at least. Allen has been idle since he put the thump on Bob Turner a few months back.

Bill Beauhuld returned to winning ways by disposing of Maxie Berger and Irving Eldridge. William is a good sound workman with the ultimate in what it takes. This scrappy little guy should be good for plenty of anxiety among his fellows in the years to come.

Promoter Pete Fabro, Lou Dietrich, popular inspector, and your correspondent, went out of bounds and journeyed to Chicago for the slaughter of the lamb. Everett Rightmire was the party of the second part with Henry Armstrong wielding the bludgeon in person.

Jack Trammell completely outclassed Andre Lenglet at the Auditorium before three thousand odd outraged pew holders. Ostensibly a good show, this affair, due primarily to Lenglet's gross ineptitude, turned out to be a three alarm insomnia cure. Buddy Knox won an unpopular, but we thought justified decision over Ceccarelli, Italian lightheavyweight. In another ten rounder Jim Howell took a close one from Obie Walker, bulbous Georgia negro. Howell was substituting for Roscoe Toles who was A.W.O.L.

With the exception of the above card the whole month was given over to the Golden Gloves. And for the first time in their history here something approaching talent was forthcoming. Sad to say they were eliminated with dispatch in Chicago but for once there were a few who at least looked the part. Leon Hare, gangling negro bantam appeared to be the class of the crowd, followed closely by Clarence Jones, 175, and Lou Wallach, lightweight. Another boy who showed promise was Ted Robinson.

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AUSTRALIAN NEWS
By STANLEY R. PRING

IZZY JANNAZZO and his manager, Guy Anselmi arrived in Sydney on November 20, and one month later climbed in the ring at Sydney Sports Ground to make his Australian debut. He was faced by Jack Carroll for a ten-round encounter. Jannazzo really won the first round, drew in another and Carroll won the other eight. Jannazzo was clearly outpointed, but he was not disgraced. Official figures for the contest were announced as: Paid attendance, 20,300; gross gate receipts, £4,300; net, £4,000. Carroll and Jannazzo each received £935.

Jannazzo's second contest in Australia was against Dick Humphreys, one of the most improved boxers in recent months. That was late in January at Sydney Sports Ground over ten rounds. Humphreys weighed 10.8 and Jannazzo 10.7¾. Until the eighth round Humphreys mostly outspeeded and outskilled Jannazzo. From the eighth round, Jannazzo speeded up and won the last three rounds, his only three of ten. Why he did not start earlier, nobody seems to know. But the referee gives his verdict on the fight performance and on that alone, so Humphreys was entitled to the decision which Harald Baker gave him.

Jannazzo and Manager Anselmi left Australia shortly after. To say they were disappointed would be pretty close to the mark. Whatever they have to say on return to their homeland, it must always be remembered that they both were treated exceptionally fair in Australia. They were given every opportunity of success, and if they think they were entitled to more chances than they got in Australia, well, they have only themselves to blame. Jannazzo, first up in Australia, fought the greatest drawcard we have—Jack Carroll. Carroll easily defeated him. Then Jannazzo was matched with the next best, Humphreys. He allowed Humphreys to defeat him with ease. He could not expect a return with Carroll on that performance.

Alf Blatch has not been the same little warrior since he was defeated by Henry Armstrong in U. S. A. He lost all interest in his boxing, even before he came back home. Then Frank Kirkland, his manager, took him to Western Australia. After that Blatch defeated Hockey Bennell and afterwards dropped two decisions to "Clever" Henry. Shortly after that, Blatch's retirement was announced. Now Stadiums, Ltd., are running a lightweight tournament to decide who shall wear the Australian lightweight crown.

Since 1932, Blatch, who is now twenty-four years of age, has had fifty contests. Of these he has won forty, fifteen by K.O. He has drawn three and lost seven. His losses were to Cecil "Kid" Como in 1933; Bobby Fraser in 1934; Jack Portney in 1934; Phil Zwick in 1935; Henry Armstrong in America last year, and twice to "Clever" Henry in December, 1937. He holds decisions against Jimmy Purcell, Saverio Turiello (twice), Joe Hall and Jimmy Leto. Quite an impressive record.

Jack Carroll and Jimmy Leto engaged in a return contest of ten rounds at Sydney Sports Ground in January. It was last March when Carroll defeated Leto in their first battle. Leto's camp this time was very sore about Carroll weighing 10.8½ at the afternoon's check. I have great respect for Carroll and his connections, but if Leto's manager had been smart enough, he would have insisted on Carroll being 10.7 at the ringside, too, not hours before the fight. If Carroll was not the agreed weight, then he should have already made arrangements for a heavy forfeit. Since my association with boxing, I have never understood clearly why boxers weigh in during the afternoon. That is not their fighting weight. If a boxer has to get into condition again after his effort in making a limit, he should fight in the heavier division.

However, Carroll clearly outpointed Leto again, but such a keen critic as Jim Donald of *The Referee* agrees that Carroll is only the shadow of the fighting man he was. He says he is still a virtuoso of the gloves, but his stamina and punch destructiveness were waning. Otherwise, Carroll is still a wily and clever boxer, capable of defeating world class boxers over ten rounds. Attendance was given as 27,000; receipts, £6,000; and the cut to each man about £1,300.

On the Carroll-Leto program, Ambrose Palmer, former Australian heavyweight champion (12.3¾), clearly outpointed Claude Nichol (13.6), Western Australia champion, over eight rounds. Palmer was master of the situation nearly all through, but Nichol, who has only been boxing a few years, and had few fights in that time, showed himself as a very promising boxer. At the time of writing, Olympia Sports Promotions (Charlie Lucas' show) is negotiating to bring out Jock McAvoy for Palmer to fight for the British Empire title. The position is unique, because Ron Richards is really the Australian champion. If Palmer and McAvoy fight, Richards is sure to press for, and receive, a chance at the winner.

Charlie Lucas has severed relations with Olympia Sports Promotions, Ltd., and intends going to England to promote boxing contests there. If he does go, I would not be surprised if later in the year he succeeds in persuading Jack Carroll to make the trip to the Continent and England. Mr. Benny Bear is now the "big fella" of Olympia doings at Sydney Sports Ground. He has intentions of extending business to Melbourne. He has negotiated with Exhibition Track organization and has intentions of promoting another Jack Carroll-Jimmy Leto contest in Melbourne, which would give Victorians the chance to witness Leto's boxing.

Three more boxers have arrived in Sydney. They are Frank Rowsey, for Ambrose Palmer; Atilio Sabatino, for Ron Richards, and "Young" Stuhley, for Fred Henneberry. Stuhley was beaten by Henneberry in his initial start.

With the influx of boxers into Australia in recent months, it is noticeable that some of them are accompanied by managers and trainers, who, even if they are successful business men, are certainly not worthy trainers. They may know how to draw up contracts and see that their charge enters the ring, but in manner of training and seconding, they have a lot to learn.

Lou Farber, in his Australian debut, was outpointed by Mickey Miller, bantam and featherweight champion, over twelve rounds at Sydney Stadium in December. In January at West Melbourne in a return contest, he defeated Miller on points. So at the moment, the score is even.

Tom Chester (11.8½) made a successful appearance in Australia. In December at Sydney Stadium, he made his debut against Fred Henneberry (11.4). Although Henneberry was ahead on points at the time, it was unfortunate that Chester had to be disqualified. It was claimed he used his knee. The fans have forgiven that breach, which occurred in the seventh round. On January 17, Chester outpointed Jack Wilson (11.6½), the Victoria middleweight champion, over fifteen rounds. Back in Sydney, Chester defeated Tommy Vaughan (Queensland) on a T.K.O. in the eleventh round.

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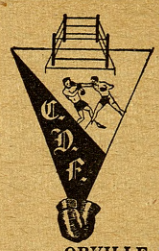

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NEWS OF TEXAS RINGS
By BILL DAVEE

NO sports figure in years has made the hit with local fans as did Gene Tunney, when the former heavyweight champion paid Houston a short visit last month. Tunney, while here on business, proved himself to be the prince of regular fellows, and to the host of friends he left behind him, is just as much a champion, though in different fields, as he was when he lifted the crown from the brow of Dempsey.

Attending the local fight card merely as a spectator, Gene volunteered to referee the bout between Joey Parks and Tony Bruno because he "liked the appearance of the local promoter, Hugh Benbow, and the manner in which he was conducting the boxing game here." The ex-champion turned in a nifty job of refereeing, with Parks being returned the winner.

Once again it has become a proven fact that the boxing game, handled in the proper manner, will pay dividends to all concerned and provide first class entertainment for its host of followers.

Promoter Hugh Benbow, who has just completed his second year as the local impresario, reached a new high the past month with four complete sell-outs. A show every Tuesday night, honest, well-matched bouts, a square deal, minus the usual chiselling, to all fighters and managers, has been the secret of the success of the fight game in Houston. Inasmuch as there are five other clubs operating successfully in the state at present, we believe there is a real opportunity here for pleasing fighters. Anyone wishing to show here may contact the local promoter, Hugh Benbow, at 214½ Main Street, Houston, Texas.

Max Ross, who was evidently handed a very raw deal on the West Coast, is a welcome addition to Houston's fistic colony, along with his sensational Jewish middleweight, Al Bernard. Ross, who happens to be one of the squarest fellows it has been our pleasure to come in contact with in many a year, was not just doing the customary managerial sounding off, when he said his boy Bernard was a FIGHTER! Upon his arrival here, he was tossed in with Cowboy Owens, the toughest of punchers, and came off with the duke. To prove it was no fluke, he gave Owens a return shot and showed the stuff of which champions are made, when he came up from three first-round knockdowns to flatten the Cowboy in seven heats of thrilling battling. It was his twenty-second knockout in twenty-five fights, which isn't a mean batting average in any man's league.

The king is dead! Long live the king!

George Salvadore, who for three and a half years has ruled supreme among the state's welterweights, was decisively, if not gently, removed from the throne room by that new crown prince of sock, Kenny LaSalle. LaSalle, whose record lists wins over many of the world's best welters, including Izzy Jannazzo and Andrea Jessurun, had been clamoring for a shot at Salvadore ever since he came here a year ago. His effort against George was his fifteenth without a defeat, and he looked better than at any time in his career, showing plenty of class and color. Salvadore, however, was said to have been suffering from a cold and is seeking a return shot with his conqueror.

Dick Griffin, Dallas promoter, has that city drawing well once again, using as his main assets Tony Musto, heavyweight, and Lew Jenkins, lightweight. Both are busy, colorful ringsters and seem to be headed up the ladder to bigger things. Griffin also plans to reopen a club in Ft. Worth and should do well there.

Phil Flake at Galveston, Bob Kline at Corpus Christi and Bill Morrow at Port Arthur, are all drawing good houses, and with the outdoor season coming on, should pack them in all summer.

OTHER RESULTS OVER THE STATE:

Kenny LaSalle stopped Johnny Lindsey in three rounds. Bill Raggio beat Les Morris. Young Maxie Rosenbloom drew with Andy Anderson. Sammy Musco beat Ralph Vitela. "Pork Chops" Alexander defeated Leon Washington. Johnny Lindsey beat Jack Conway, but lost to Julio Esquirdo and Bob Kirkland. Jimmy LaMarr trounced Pete Girolamo.

Young Phil Sharkey, transplanted New Jersey feather, made it five wins in as many starts with victories over Frankie Rao and Coldon Aubert. Andy Anderson beat Chet Bristol and Jack Conway. Jimmy LaMarr defeated Johnny Mattar.

Billy Deeg punched out a clean-cut win over Julio Esquirdo. Sunny Smyer K.O.'ed Bobby Ortega. Frank Kaponowski decisioned Clarence Wilkins. Wilkins won from Jack Rodriquez and kayoed Young Phillips. Tracy Cox and Julio Esquirdo drew. Cox stopped Bob Kirkland. Lou Duran K.O.'ed Huey Long and K. O. Baer. Cullen Williams beat Ted Tellos and Monterrey Kid Pancho. Tellos won from Jack Conway. K. O. Castillo stopped Johnny LaCaille. Maxie Long and Fonzo White split a pair of decisions. Pete Girolamo flattened Huey Long. Dick Porter drew with Louis Arriola. Frankie Rao beat Coldon Aubert. Bill Boring defeated Eddie Flores. Lew Jenkins K.O.'ed Frankie Graham and Young Ernest.

The writer's address: Houston *Press*, Houston, Texas.

KANSAS AND VICINITY
By L. R. FORD

LES SHOWERS, leading amateur boxing promoter of the middle-west, reports a complete sellout all three nights at his last spot in New Mexico. Carlsbad proved to be the logical spot for such a brand of entertainment and Showers will return there again this fall or early next spring for another tournament. He has not decided on his next spot.

Salina, Kans.—Winners of the three day amateur contest sponsored by the Salina *Journal*. The winners competed in the Tournament of Champions held at Kansas City. H—John Crawley. L-H—Jack Stephen. M—Billie Ray. W—Dale Ellison. L—Bud Bailey. F—Bob Davis. Fly—Kid Hohman.

Pittsburg, Kans.—A duel of Golden Glove amateur boxing champions between this city and Sedalia, Mo., found Pittsburg winning six of the bouts. Louis Jackson knocked out Arnold McAlpine in 2. Phil Prather knocked out Luther Hyatt in 1. Charley Depew knocked out Aggie McMillan in 3. Herman Fuller beat Matt Young. Tom Neal beat Johnny Mitchell. Millard McMurray beat Dean Murray. Louis Prenk beat Bud Martin. Harold Wheeler beat Walter Martin. Lloyd Bowers beat Max Pixley. Pete Stuart beat Bat Green. Billy Smith beat Joe Kaido.

Junction City, Kans.—Amateur boxers from Ft. Riley were selected after an elimination contest among the soldiers to carry the colors of the Fort in the gigantic Tournament of Champions held in Kansas City, Mo. L-H—Tuffy Folk. M—Jesse Law. W—Ernest DeKeyser. F—Frankie Briglia.

Atchison, Kans.—St. Benedict's amateur boxers beat Conception College. Joe Moore beat Joe Kresl. Pat Doherty knocked out Wally McDonald in 2. Johnny Murphy beat Eddie Jaraczewski. Dan Butler beat John Rice. Vince Boyce beat John Mullane. Bernard Woolsey beat Jack Pruess. Jack Hayes knocked out John Kelly in 2 rounds. Later, an article from another paper stated Conception College won the meet. I don't know.

Salina, Kans.—Amateur boxers of this city won the majority of bouts in matches with the Goodland, Kans., team. Walter Hickel beat Don Styles. Dale Ellison beat Bob Mathes. Clarence White beat Corky Peters. Dean Ellison beat Charles Bowles. Leslie Baer knocked out Dick McErnie in 2. Darrell Keer beat Lyle Borst.

Topeka, Kans.—Winners of the Golden Gloves championships in the three days amateur boxing tournament. To compete at K. C., Mo., in the Tournament of Champions. H—Robert Barber. L-H—John Gates. M—Hobart Gates. W—R. J. Lewis. L—Manuel Gonzales. F—Jean De Baum. B—Jack Couture. Fly—Tony Ortego.

Kansas City, Mo.—Some two hundred champion amateur boxing champions from various tournaments held in Mo., Kans., and Okla., battled it out in a three day elimination to see who was the tops in the eight divisions and the trip to Chicago. The fans witnessed some great fights and a packed house was in attendance each night. Strange as it may seem the winning fighter of each division was a Kansas City lad. It can be said that all Kansas City boxers did not win their bouts but they did get the decisions. For example in the final bout between the middleweights, Charley Depew gave Terry Nolan a neat lacing but Nolan was handed the decision. More than 12,000 fans booed this decision for more than fifteen minutes, the announcing of the next fight could not be heard. The fans were actually mad and really put on a demonstration to prove it was a rotten piece of work. The Kansas City *Star* sponsors of this annual show figured the less said of this affair the better for them. They can't be blind to the fact this lad was given a raw deal. I have no interest in this lad but I have seen him whip several so called good middles and lightheavies, and I think him the best in this section and the master of Nolan.

Boxing has slowed down considerably since all the big tournaments are over, a few spots have started, Parsons, Independence and Coffeyville.

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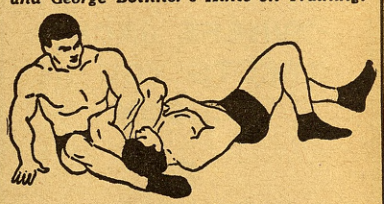

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SMOKE RINGS FROM PITTSBURGH

By WILLIAM PIKER

FRITZIE ZIVIC, Lawrenceville welterweight, climbed another step toward titular recognition when he outpointed Frankie Blair of Jersey City in the 10-round headliner. The contest was a dull affair throughout. The brand of fighting employed by Blair did not permit Zivic to use his punching ability to advantage. Al Quaill, popular Smoky City middleweight, made an excellent impression against Eric Seelig, German trial horse, in the supporting feature. Seelig was declared the winner. Ralph Gizzy, Donora 140-pounder, was decisioned in a rousing six-round bout by the up-and-coming Carmen Notch. In the curtain-raiser, Anson Green of Homestead came back to the battlefront to win an unpopular verdict from Kid Teeko, middleweight boxer of McKeesport.

Four thousand fans paid $7200 to see Tommy Speigal, lightweight sensation from Uniontown, trade punches with Pedro Montanez, number one challenger, in Motor Square Garden over the 10-round journey. The local boxer fought gamely and gallantly and—while losing—gained a world of experience which should aid him considerably in future bouts. In the semi-windup, an eight-round affair, Abe Simon, 253-pound heavyweight boxer from New York, made a hit with the crowd when he outslammed Big Jim Thompson, mammoth Pittsburgh Negro. From the standpoint of sheer punching the brawl was fast and spectacular. Roy Chapman, Negro middleweight from Uniontown, fighting out of New York as a stablemate of Pedro Montanez, kayoed Whitey Schramm, Smoky City slugger, with a savage attack shortly after the echoes of the opening gong passed into oblivion.

Abe Simon, gigantic Gotham heavyweight, and Big Jim Thompson of Pittsburgh collided at Motor Square Garden in a return engagement. Simon again was proclaimed the victor. Thompson slapped Honest Abe into the resin-dust in the first session for the count of nine. The battle was a 10-rounder. In sensational eight-round supporters, Leonard Bennett, 150-pounder from Cleveland, came on as a substitute to Whip Roy Chapman of New York, and Emil Josephs, Pittsburgh lightweight star, trounced Lloyd Pine of Akron, O.

GEMS FROM THE FISTIC BROADWAY—Freddie Wilson, Gus Greenlee's Negro middleweight, dropped his first bout in 17 straight when he was decisioned on the John Henry Lewis vs. Emil Scholz card at Motor Square by Domenico Ceccarelli of Italy . . . . Joe Fenton, chiropractor, has been added to the health staff of the Pittsburgh Lyceum . . . . Billy Soose, Penn State intercollegiate middleweight champion, plans a professional career in Hollywood under the four-round system . . . . Charley Burley, the flashy colored welter, packs oodles of class . . . . Billy Conn, the popular East Liberty Irish lad, is back home heavier and tanned after a brief sojourn through Miami and the southern states in general . . . . Al Fay, former heavyweight, who fought George Godfrey among others, is at work with a construction gang . . . . Eddie McCloskey, Jr., who turned professional boxer in the second bout on the Speigal-Montanez program, is the son of the ex-boxer, former mayor of Johnstown and erstwhile chairman of the Pennsylvania State Athletic Commission.

The Steve Cox-Jack Hollister combine maintained their policy of staging weekly development cards. During the month four shows were held in Duquesne Garden, the mixed results of which follow:

Charley Burley whipped Johnny Folio and Carl Turner. Jimmy White came through with kayo victories over Joe Straface and Jackie Fields and then decisioned Wesley Martin. Ralph Gizzy split a pair of wins with Rich Gregory, who whipped Bobby Roberts. Zack Robinson scored kayoes over Mike Slevinsky and George Liggins and also decisioned Keith Goodballot. Minnie Demore registered triumphs over Silent Strafford and Mac Verge. Irvin Sarlin whipped Charley Fiore and Andy Lucas. Freddie Linn received decisions over John Henry Thomas and Lee Sala. Joey Sulk got the nod over Ray Minteer and lost to Sammy Toarmina.

Woodrow White and Duke Yankee drew and in a rematch White emerged the victor. Jackie Walls made strides with decisions over Kid Roberts and Ted Pritchard. Pritchard was stopped in the first round by Homer Doughty. John Henry Thomas defeated Casey Rhodes. Jackie Fields stopped Val Vallera. Joe Straface whipped Chuck De Santo. Mike Slivensky knocked out Bob McCarthy. Leroy Franklin outpointed Bobby Steel. Leo Rittenour scored on Silent Strafford. All the bouts were scheduled at four rounds.

Promoter Jake Mintz has a signed and sealed document which calls for John Henry Lewis to make a light-heavyweight titular defense in the Smoky City in June with the outstanding contender, Al Gainer of New Haven, Conn. This event, the first title match staged here since the middleweight championship contest between Babe Risko and Teddy Yarosz, will be a ball park attraction in Forbes Field. Lewis and Gainer, who attracted a $30,000 gate in a non-titular bout here in 1936, are expected to draw the largest fight attendance in local history with the championship setting as an incentive.

JUST A MINUTE—Sammy Angott, lightweight boxer from Washington, Pa., is making good in Chicago as a headliner . . . . Tony Sala, Eastern Intercollegiate light-heavyweight champion in 1935, is a cousin of the fighting Sala brothers of a few years ago, Bruno, a light-heavyweight, and Lee, a middleweight . . . . Leo Sweeney, Pittsburgh lightweight, was once the amateur welterweight champion of the United States . . . . Purely Personal Prediction: Jimmy Adamick, Detroit heavy, will go places inside the next 24 months . . . . Address your letters to the scribe in care of 333 Locust Street, Donora, Pennsylvania . . . . Isn't it so? The boxer with a sincere manager would make better headway in the game if he would allow himself to be propelled by the manager instead of trying to guide the manager.

CLEVELAND CHATTER

By SPARKY RUDOLPH

FREDDIE STEELE left Cleveland with his middleweight crown still on his head after stopping Carmen Barth in seven rounds, to climax Joe Lewis' Charity Show for Mgr. Smith's soup kitchen. Barth won the first four rounds by a wide margin. From the fifth on it was all Steele. Carmen could not keep up the pace at the weight he made. The fifth, sixth and seventh Barth was just in there, unable to throw a decent punch.

Ted Keating, Toronto and Cleveland, disposed of Mike Mitchell in two and looked very good doing it. Leonard Bennett of Detroit defeated Eddie Morgan in six, dropping Morgan with a left hook in the fifth for nine. Young Oscar Gardner upset the dope by knocking out Len Jones of Canton in one with a crashing right to the jaw. Harold Dettman defeated George Baratko in a slam-bang affair. Mike Gamiere won the duke over Ray Sharkey to make it two out of two.

The Golden Gloves played to a large house on the final night to see Little Paul Almy, the blond terror, win the flyweight title over Herb Lomona in the best bout of the night. Almy should go places in the boxing game. Don Canales won the bantam crown; Johnny Giachetti the feather; Johnny Joca the lightweight; Alonzo Brooks showed plenty of class winning the welter, defeating Pat Murphy, the fighting Marine. Horace Greshem took the middle. Billy Koerlin, also a farmer, upset the dope by defeating Willie Muldune. Dan Merritt took the heavyweight title. Sam Otis, sports editor of the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, gave the amateur boxing trainers a lot of credit for their co-operation with the *Plain Dealer* to put the tournament over.

The Forest City Sports Club opened its small pro club with good fights if not great houses. The first show Tiger Rosy Grier stopped Midge Mangine's winning streak by getting a close decision over the little show-stealer from Collinwood. Charley Baxter will not box in Cleveland again the rest of his days for refusing to go on with Hank Pershing, because the house was small. Mike Minnich looked good in defeating John Scully; Tiger Brown stopped Steve Smith in one; Steve Zack stopped Mike Kihorney in three; Sailor Nolan stopped Joe Marvin in two, and Harry Conroy T.K.O.'d Al Mucci in two.

Johnny Shepherd floored Joey Boldin twice to get the nod in the feature bout of the Forest City Sports Club's second show. The house was much better than the first show. Mike Minnich stopped Johnny Taft in the second round; Frankie Bojack, former amateur champion, kayoed Harry Conroy in the fourth round. Tiger Brown T.K.O.'d Max Dempsey, who decided to turn pro, the last minute in the third round. Tommy Taylor knocked out Sailor Nolan in the second heat with a right-hand counter to the button.

Herman Katz, from Cincinatti, was in town with his good looking heavyweight, Don Koons. Herman is talking of promoting some big shows again in his home town. Franny O'Donnell is straightened out with the commission again and is back announcing. Frankie Wallace is in training again after a brief vacation.

JABS FROM CAULIFLOWER ALLEY—Charley O'Connell is operating a night club and doing fine . . . . Matt Brock is a referee . . . . Johnny Karr is working for the county as well as refereeing . . . . Young Kivi is a business agent for the Dry Cleaners and Dyers Union . . . . Tommy O'Neil is the proud father of a baby girl . . . . The original Oscar Gardner is in on the Forest City Sports Club . . . . Phil Bova is a city detective . . . . Phil fought some great fights with Johnny Risko in the amateur days . . . . Jimmy White is a sensation in Pittsburgh . . . . the amateurs are packing them in . . . . Sergeant Bill Kelch of the Cleveland Police Department is well liked as an inspector for the Boxing Commission . . . . Johnny Papke is the boss trainer for the Golden Gloves team . . . . Lew Raymond is back in St. Louis where he is packing them in . . . . Dick Duetsch is dickering for Adamick and Simms for the Arena . . . . Walter Taylor has been named matchmaker for the Arena wrestling shows.

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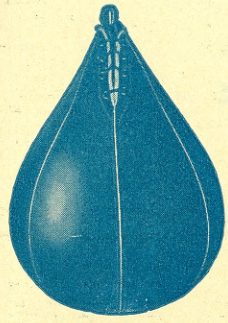

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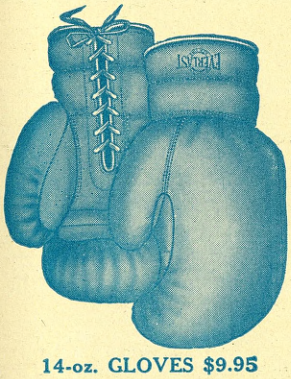

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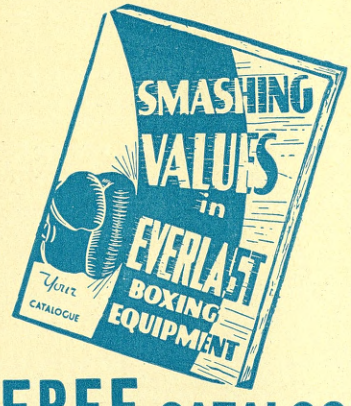

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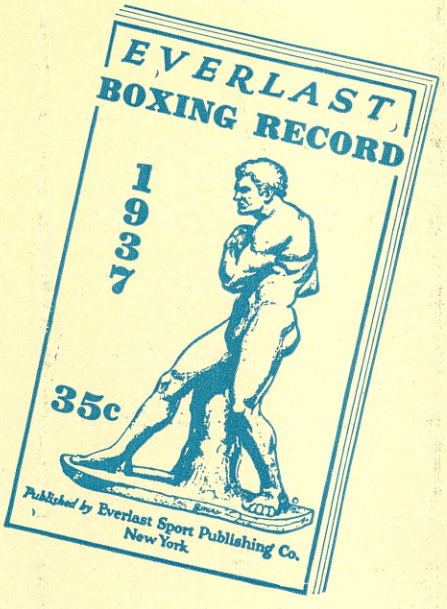

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